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TUPUSELEI.

Frontispiece.

PIONEERING

IN

NEW GUINEA

BY

JAMES CHALMERS

OF NEW GUINEA

AUTHOR OF 'WORK AND ADVENTURE IN NEW GUINEA,' ETC.

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With a Map, and Illustrations engraved by Edward Whymper from Photographs taken by Lindt of Melbourne

LONDON

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

56 PATERNOSTER ROW, 65 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD AND 164 PICCADILLY

1887

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PREFACE.

THIS volume contains sketches of travels and labours in New Guinea during the years 1878 to 1886. The author has made no effort to work them up into a finished book. Had he attempted to do so, they would have never seen the light. He is more at home in his whale-boat off the New Guinea coast than in his study, and his hand takes more readily to the tiller than to the pen. Hence the bulk of this volume is made up of journals somewhat hastily written while sitting on the platforms of New Guinea houses, surrounded by cannibals, or while resting, after a laborious day's tramp, under a fly-tent on some outlying spur of the Owen Stanley Mountains, or while sailing along the south-eastern coast in the Ellengowan. Writing thus, liable to manifold interruptions, the author has sought to preserve only what was essential to his purpose, viz. to record exactly what he saw and did; how the natives look and speak, and think and act; what in his judgment New Guinea needs, and how her needs can be best supplied. Solely for this end has he printed this volume, and he can only trust that,

as some compensation for its roughness, the narrative may be found both vivid and accurate.

The circumstances of the author's work have given him a unique position in the great Papuan Island. He is well known to many of the tribes, and he is the personal friend of many of the chiefs. He has travelled up and down in all its accessible districts for the last nine years, so that now both the villages and inhabitants are more familiar to him than to any other white man. The influence of the Gospel of peace is already so marked, that it is working rapid changes in the thoughts and habits of the natives. Hence it is more than probable that no white man of this generation can possibly see New Guinea and her people under exactly the same conditions as the writer. Succeeding missionaries and observers can never see these people in the same stage of savagery as when he acquired their friendship. So that another reason for printing these rough sketches of the life and habits and beliefs of New Guinea is that they may be on record, and thus serve to measure the progress which is now being made in New Guinea, and will continue to be made in the upward growth towards Christianity and civilisation. When, twenty or thirty years hence, the workers of that day give their descriptions of the great island, it may be both instructive and interesting to have on record an account of what she and her people were like in the decade when Christian work began upon her shores.

With regard also to the Proclamation of the Protectorate, the accident of our influence and reputation with the natives gave the missionaries a unique position. We accompanied all the Government Expeditions along the coast, and may fairly claim to have done a good part of the work of making thoroughly clear to the natives the meaning of what would otherwise have been to them dumb show. They now comprehend what the hoisting of the flag and the reading of the Proclamation meant. At the same time, we are bound to say that unless Great Britain does her part in the way we have sought to indicate in the chapters devoted to the Annexation, our influence in New Guinea cannot fail to be hurtful. The Annexation is accomplished, and the author does not doubt that the native rights will be reserved, and that for once we shall attempt to govern a savage race in such a way as best meets their needs. It is open to us to hope that for once we may not exterminate the race in the process of ruling it. At the same time, he has grave fears that if New Guinea is handed over to Queensland—and this seems to be by no means improbable—there will be a repetition of one of the saddest and cruellest stories in Australian history; the weaker race will go to the wall, and might will be substituted for right. The young colony will not readily admit that the savage has any rights, and it is altogether too fond of the doctrine that the day of the savage has gone, and it is time that

he made way for the robuster, so-called civilized race. The Australian pioneer of the nineteenth century has more faith in physical than in moral suasion, and it will need careful watching to see that England's annexation promises are not like pie-crust, made only to be broken.

Before leaving New Guinea in 1886 on his present visit to England, after a twenty years' spell of work in Polynesia, the author had hoped to accomplish his whole scheme of work there. Through sickness and other causes this has not been possible. On his return in the present year (1887), at about the time when this volume is published, he hopes to begin where he left off, and complete the planting of Christian teachers along the whole Papuan Gulf and the south-east coast. Eight years ago people thought him mad even to dream of what has been already accomplished. He trusts, by God's help, to push forward the work to completion.

These pages, moreover, will have been written in vain if they do not show that the New Guinea savages are men *worth* saving, that they are worth the sacrifice of life which the Polynesian Church has already made on their behalf, and that 'New Guinea for Christ' is not only a dream, but will at no distant time become a reality. Christianity alone can protect and civilize these people. The death of Sir Peter Scratchley has been a great loss, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the men entrusted

with New Guinea affairs will not only be willing to look at them from the native point of view, but will also be men of high Christian principle.

It only remains to add that some portions of this volume have appeared in the *Queenslander* and other colonial newspapers. For the illustrations, which form such a valuable part of the book, and which represent New Guinea scenery and people with an accuracy never approached before, he is indebted to Mr. E. Whymper, who has engraved them from the magnificent series of photographs taken by Mr. Lindt of Melbourne, who accompanied the late Sir Peter Scratchley on the expeditions described in the volume. The map is reproduced, by permission, from that prepared by the Royal Geographical Society to accompany the paper the author read before them in January, 1887.

JAMES CHALMERS.

April, 1887.

HEATHEN TEMPLE AT TUPUSELEI.

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MAP OF
SOUTH EASTERN PART OF
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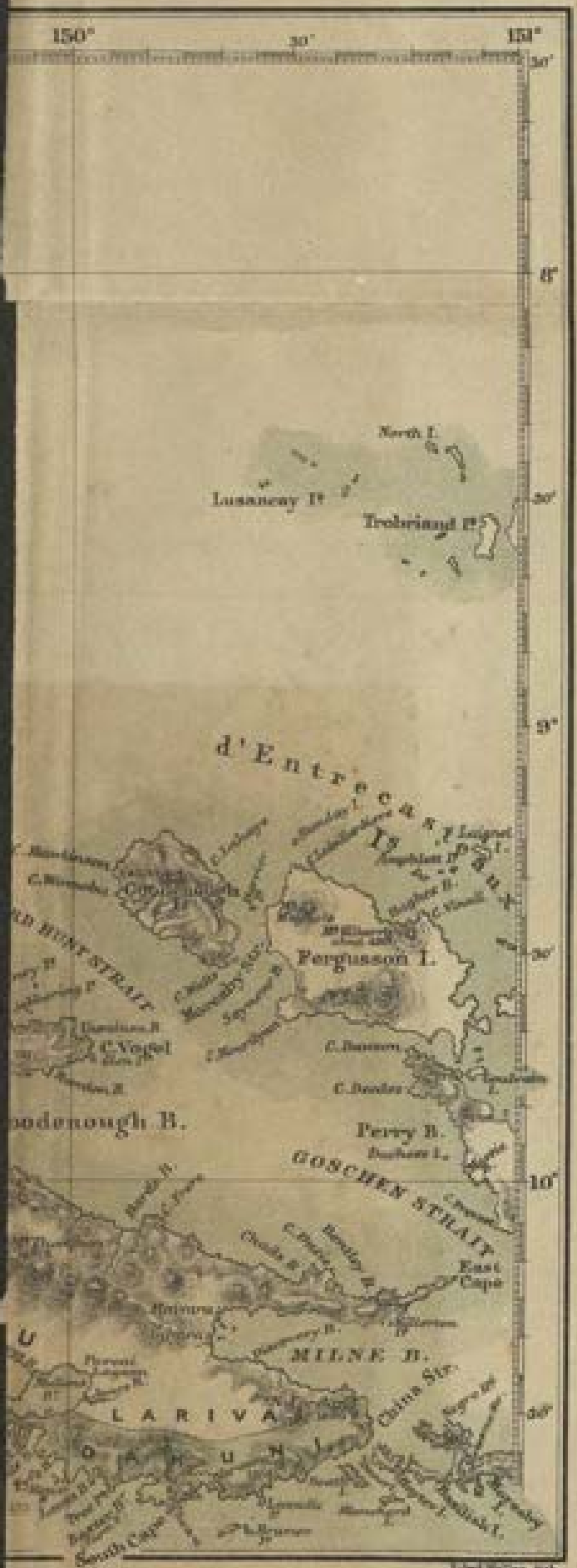
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China Str.
South Cape

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CHAPTER I.

A TRIP TO OIABU AND MEKEO.

My first travels in New Guinea, and their consequent pioneering work, were undertaken in order to discover suitable stations for mission work and good spots at which to establish the Polynesian native teachers. The two journeys described in this chapter may be taken as examples of many others.

Visiting the West in 1883 and placing teachers at Maiva afforded us a good opportunity of seeing the district of Oiabu. Three years before, when visiting in the Gulf, we passed the eastern villages of this district, leaving them unvisited because the natives with us would not land, and spoke of the inhabitants as a tribe of pirates and murderers. As we were about to land young and inexperienced teachers in a new field, we were very anxious, and intended staying near them much longer than we are generally able to do. Invited by an old Oiabuan chief, who visited us at Maiva, to go to his village, we sent him home, saying we should soon follow. Before starting on a trip there is a good deal of work and excitement about the station. Orders are being given on all hands; sails, oars, mast and boat are all under way;

swag-making, food-boxing, collecting articles for trade, such as knives, tomahawks, beads, and tobacco, are all in full swing.

It was a beautiful morning, a fine land breeze and a smooth sea, little surf on the beach, and our small colony all alive long before daylight. A hurried breakfast, and soon it is, 'Launch boat and let us away.' For the first time Maiva natives are to act as crew; only one Motu native accompanies us, our friend Vaaburi, who swears he can never leave me, but where I go he must go, and where I stay he must stay. It was delightful sailing along the coast, light wind and two oars out. On rounding Cape Possession we had a strong current from the west, and the wind getting very light we had to put out four oars and pull in close by the breakers. Soon our Maiva crew gave in and pulled away weakly, our Motu friend blowing them up, and saying he thought they were strong and able for any distance. 'Only wait until we become accustomed to these oars, and then!' 'Ah, do you think you will beat us then?' And so the quiet chaff goes on, helping to keep up the Maiva boys a little. About 11 o'clock a.m. we were off the first western village, where no white face had ever been seen. Getting through the surf, we struck on a bank, where we were met by the natives. Just beyond was another sheet of water, then the shore. Anxious that Mrs. Lawes should have the satisfaction of being the first to land among these pirates and murderers and on this part of the coast, a teacher on board picked her up and attempted to carry her from the bank to the shore, but misjudging her weight, by comparing her in his mind with fever-stricken and worn-out beings, he was compelled to let her down

in about three feet of water, when she waded ashore, the first really to land amongst these savages.

What a reception! Men, women, and children gather round, all are talking and shouting; a number come off to us, and help us into the lagoon, and soon we are all received in grand style, our boat is caught up, and away they walk with her far beyond high-water mark into the bush. What boots it now? We are entirely in their hands, and away we go, they carrying our goods to the village, a miserable collection of houses for New Guinea. There was one large temple. When Mrs. Lawes saw it she said, 'Why, impossible, I cannot go there. You surely do not expect me to ascend that ladder to such a height!' 'Ah, well, madam, if a better can be found, and something more terrestrial, so much the better. Take our gear somewhere else; the lady cannot climb up these poles!' Away we go to another. Well, it was one foot lower, but certainly not more, and there were, perhaps, one or two more rungs in the ladder.

There it is now, a house 70 feet long and 20 feet broad, built on posts 18 feet from the ground; in front a large entrance or platform, in shape like a crocodile's mouth, under jaw—platform, upper jaw—shade. Ah, dear lady, and what now? No weapons of any kind, and a crowd of excited savages all round, all urging ascent. Rungs are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart and made for more nimble legs. Here goes; and we climb. Not nearly so bad as was anticipated: the shaky binding gave way, and we might easily have gone over; but never mind, up, and wait to go down. The dubu is clean, and is at once handed over to us.

'Tamate, you take all for yourself and friends.'

I was never here before, yet find I am an old friend.

'Why have you been so long in coming to see us?'

'Never mind, I have brought ladies now.'

A loud laugh, and an order to the young men to get food at once.

'Well, well, and we are sorry; most of our young men have gone with their fathers wallaby-hunting, and will not be back for some days; but never mind, you must stay and allow us to show some hospitality.'

'We are sorry, but we cannot stay; some months hence we must return and spend many nights with you.'

'You have landed foreigners at Maiva?'

'Yes, children of ours, who are to teach the Word of God, the word of peace.'

'Send us some to teach us, and we shall receive them with joy.'

'Wait a little.'

Having been long without food, we soon had a good fire on the platform and kettle and pans on. I enjoy this kind of camping when with good, free-hearted companions, men and women who look upon a little roughing as thoroughly enjoyable, and who for the sake of it would leave their comfortable homes to have a spell of it. The dubu has only one small door into it from the verandah; inside it is dark, but when the eyes become accustomed, benches down both sides are seen, and nets, drums, bows and arrows are all about. A large crowd of men gather on the platform, in order to have a good look at us. No women or children are allowed to ascend the ladder. The cooking was intensely interesting to them. While we were dining they behaved remarkably well, permitting us to eat in peace, and sitting down, making quiet remarks amongst themselves.

In the afternoon Vaaburi came to say he was going to another village to see a friend, and we need not be anxious about him. Some time after, when cooler, we strolled out to visit the several villages. At the first a mat was brought out and spread in the centre, and we were requested to sit down; doing so, an admiring crowd gathered round. They brought us coconuts to drink, and, lest we should be hungry, bananas in abundance. On our leaving, the chief proffered his services to lead his new-made friends about.

The houses are built on the high sandhills seen from the sea; they are poor wretched things, and very similar to those at Silo. There are some good coconut groves close by the villages, and in some instances they quite surround them.

We crossed the creek and came to a tolerably large village, where there was drumming, dancing and feasting. It was one of their annual feasts. Squatting right in the centre of the village is our friend Vaaburi, surrounded by an admiring crowd. He is teaching them some new music, accompanying it with the drum. When he was with me on the *Wolverene* one of the tars presented him with a blue jumper, of which he was very proud, and wore for months; he now had it on. Our appearance, however, proved to be a more forcible attraction. A mat was spread and we were invited to be seated. The crowd increased very much. After a little, three finely-dressed swells appeared, one of whom immediately claimed friendship with Mrs. Lawes. Vaaburi was interpreter; he said:—

'Misi Haine, that is your friend; you met him and were kind to him long, long ago. Tamate, these are your friends. When you called here before their fathers gave you coconuts and bananas and became

your friends; they are dead, and now these are glad to see you.'

Mrs. Lawes' friend had happy memories to relate, of tobacco, rice, and yams; and remembering, he said, the many times his hunger was appeased by the white lady, and his tobacco desire satisfied by a smoke, he was delighted beyond measure to meet his old kind friend.

He is a fine-looking fellow, understanding thoroughly how to dress, and proud of the notice taken of him. After drinking coconut milk, the sun being near the horizon, we arose to depart.

'No, no; you must stay. When I was in your land you fed me, and I never left your house without something; now sit down until I give you a piece of pork.'

Away he went, and brought a large leg of uncooked pork, several bunches of bananas, and betelnut sufficient to keep our party chewing for some time, and placed them in front of Mrs. Lawes, saying,—

'Misi Haine, these are for you; it is little, very little indeed, and not worth accepting, but stay with us and you will see. Stay here and sleep in our dubu; these can return.'

'No, we must go back and live in our place; but I shall return some other time.'

And now begins a string of questions.

'Where is Charlie?'

'At school in Sydney.'

'Has he grown much?'

'Yes, he is now a big lad.'

'Send for him that I may see him again, and that all my friends may know him.'

'Where is Curley?' (a black dog belonging to Mrs. Lawes).

'Curley is dead.—It will soon be dark, and we must go away.' We all rise and go along the beach accompanied by a crowd of natives, our particular friends taking us by the hands. When near our village our friends said,—

'We must return and see the friends who have come to our feast, but when late we shall again visit you.'

During our absence the ladder to our dubu had been strengthened and the rungs put much closer. We spent the hours until 10 p.m. singing, and then spread our mats on the platform, fearing to go inside because of the mice with which the dubu was invested. A little after ten our native friends arrived to see how we were getting on, and insisted on Mrs. Lawes accompanying them to their home. They remained long, and would have remained all night but for a few presents, and being asked to leave us to sleep and return in the morning.

In the morning, at daylight, our friends returned, and with them a number of men, women and children, carrying cooked and uncooked food. We had morning prayers, during which all remained very quiet. When we had finished breakfast we sang 'Auld lang syne,' and joined hands. The shouting and roaring were something terrible, and again and again we had to sing it, they joining hands with great delight. Encore and again encore, and sing we must. Every new arrival must hear the song and join hands.

They brought us food and pigs; the latter we left for another occasion, the former filled our boat. They carried all our things down, and then walked the boat into the sea. What a farewell! Men, women, and children handshaking and shouting,—

'Now do return soon; go, but let not many moons pass until we see you again.'

'Goodbye, Oiabu friends! we hope soon to return;' and away we went through the surf and returned to Maiva.

How stale things become! Perhaps of all things travelling becomes stalest after long continuation. Visiting new districts in a very little known land, there is little to write about that has not already been written of regarding other districts, for what is written of one may be written of nearly all. During my various visits to Maiva, the chief Meauri and his friends have always been anxious that I should visit a district friendly with them called Mekeo. They spoke of it as inhabited by a kindly people, who grew large quantities of various kinds of food, and had betelnuts in such abundance that they knew not what to do with them. On two occasions I met a few men and women from the district, who pleased me much. The men were well covered, and the women wore short, bushy grass petticoats that did not come to their knees. They are terrible smokers, and had pipes an inch in diameter, made of bamboo and open at both ends; a large cigar of leaf-tobacco was stuck into one end, and the smoker drew vehemently at the other. Such clouds of tobacco smoke I have never before seen.

During our present visit Meauri reminded me of a promise made some time ago that I certainly had forgotten, and begged me to go in and fulfil it.

We arranged to start on Monday morning, Meauri to accompany us; but when the morning came his lordship found some plausible excuse to remain behind, and we started, led by Meauri's two uncles, several cousins following. Dr. Ridgley, who recently came out

from home to join our mission, being anxious to accompany us, was the only other white man with me.

We found swamps at the back of the inland Maiva villages, between the latter and the low range of hills, about half a mile in breadth. I believe it possible to take a boat from the mouth of the creek west of Maiva one mile, and pull right round to Kevori and out at Cape Possession. We waded through the swamps and ascended the range, which had higher peaks than the near coast ones. I do not think the highest point of the coast range is more than 350 feet, and that of the other 500 feet at the outside. I propose calling both ranges the Ridgley Ranges. From the top of the first we proceeded along a ridge that led us to a valley with several swamps. We then ascended and crossed over to the long stretch of flat country, extending, as far as we could see, right back to the Yule Range, although I could never see any distinction from the Stanley Range, Mount Yule only being one of the high peaks of that great New Guinea backbone. Descending into the plain, for some time it seemed to be only a constant crossing of creeks and mud swamps, until at last our leader turned round to me and said, 'Water all finished.' Hoping that now we were to have pleasant travelling over a fine level country, we were somewhat cheered by the information, but lo! when scarcely a mile on, we again entered into swamps that continued more or less for many miles.

We came to the first village, about nine miles from Maiva, close to a large deep swamp. The houses were few, and built on very high posts. The natives were much afraid at first. It was soon evident that our guides had only to order what they desired, and it

was at once fetched. After being refreshed with coconut we again started, and having walked about four miles we came to another small village, where we met Anapanau, chief of Aepena, who was living here because he had recently lost one of his wives. He is a fine old fellow, light-coloured, tall, and well-proportioned, with enormous teeth, one formed like a horse's hoof. In the house in which we were resting were two large peculiar-looking things, made from the fibrous network, of a light-brown colour, got from the top of the coconut and sago-palm. The various pieces were carefully sewn together with the fibre from the bark of a tree. They were about seven feet long and three broad, and looked like cases in which dead bodies might be kept. Finding no peculiar effluvia, I made bold to ask, and was informed they were used as mosquito nettings; the sleepers crawled inside from the top, and then fastened down the door, preferring rather to be stewed than eaten.

The chief told us he was sorry he could not go on to the large village, but his brother would certainly receive us kindly. From the first village to this we had no swamps, only muddy patches here and there; the country was tolerably open, with long grass and clumps of trees. So it was from Aepena to Inauepae, three miles. We were right in the village before we were observed. We were warmly received by Anapanau's brother, Maino Parau. The afternoon being well advanced, cooking was soon begun, and a cup of refreshing tea made us feel less tired. The village is a large one, with an extensive coconut grove running right round. There are two rows of houses, with a nice clean street in the centre, and a miserable reception-house at each end. Some of the houses are

well built, but not much can be said of others. The natives bury their dead in the front of their dwellings, and cover the grave with a small house, in which the near relatives sleep for several months.

After resting awhile, the doctor, who is a sportsman, shot some paroquets, to the fear first, and afterwards to the great interest, of the natives. We had been visited by crowds of natives from the village we were in, but after the firing great crowds of new natives—men, women, and children, the latter swarming—crowded round our lodgings to see the distinguished visitors. We felt sure there was some large village or villages near at hand. Later on our guides told us there were in all a group of six villages like the one we were in.

Smoking long, we at last made a show of retiring, when fires were lighted all round and underneath. Down blankets, up mosquito nettings, and turn in. I really cannot say which was worse, to be eaten by mosquitos or smoke-dried while living. Without the smoking our faces would be like those of the boys who went to steal the honey in the night. By tucking our nets carefully under our blankets we were soon able to give orders to remove the underneath fires. The flooring of our house was only round pieces of different kinds of wood. We slept well, and were up betimes, walking about. Again our last night's visitors returned, and we determined to follow them. Our guides and new-made friends objected, but it was no use, we told them we must go on.

After tramping through a rather thick bush for about a mile we came to Ameamo, a village as large as the former.

In the centre of the village was a dubu, or temple,

of considerable pretensions, with peculiar stuffed figures outside, one representing a man armed for the fray, with bow strung and arrow ready to shoot; another, just inside, represented a crocodile, and over the doorway were the representations of a man and a woman. Several old men were seated on the platform, and after giving them a present we returned.

The natives are a very fine-looking people, light-coloured, tall, and well-built, and resemble those of Hood Bay more than any others I know. Having got our swags ready in the early morning, we were soon on the road for our homeward journey. Our carriers were heavily laden with betelnuts, and one with a dead dog and taro. Shortly after our arrival our hosts killed two dogs to entertain us, which our followers soon dismissed; the third was killed and sent to Meauri. In killing the dogs they struck them on the head with a large stick, and then broke all their legs. We arrived at Maiva about 2 p.m., wet and tired.

A Port Moresby Girl.

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CHAPTER II.

PREPARING FOR THE TRADING VOYAGES.

In September, 1883, the village of Hanuabada (Port Moresby) was a scene of life and animation, a spirit of activity pervading the whole crowd, from the oldest man scarcely able to crawl to the youngest bairn kicking in its net-cradle, rocked by an elder brother or sister to still its impetuous cries. Who could sleep amidst the thud-thud of many native hammers (long sticks) used in shipbuilding, or the slap-slap of native wooden trowels used by women in the manufacture of pottery?

Port Moresby is a village of 1000 inhabitants, 700 pure Motuans and 300 Koitapuans. The former are seamen and great travellers, coming in past ages from the distant west, and settling first at Taurama (Pyramid Point), notwithstanding its barrenness, and living principally on fish and wallaby, not objecting to an occasional dog, or, better still, a pig. Generations passed away, and then the tribe thought a better place could surely be found than that barren rocky hill, so they struck camp and came to the most commodious harbour, and perhaps the most central spot in New Guinea. Plantations were made on the barren hillsides and in the somewhat more

fertile valleys on land belonging to a once powerful tribe of sorcerers known as the Koitapu tribe.

Now this Koitapu tribe to the present day is of note on this coast. Once they lived well back near the Koiari or mountain tribe, owning then, as now, all land back to the Laroge River, the Koiarians claiming all on the other side. These Koitapuans are much feared because of their supposed wonderful power over sun, rain, heaven and earth, north-west and south-east monsoons; specially do the winds belong to them. Only yesterday one old chief, an arrant blackguard, from Padiri, about four miles distant, marched through Hanuabada, and some occupant from nearly every house came out to meet him with a present—a stick of tobacco, a tomahawk, an arm shell, or some other article of value, so that he might be friendly to the proposed trading expedition.

They are no doubt the real owners of the soil, and, it may be, some day in a land court with a British Judge they will have much to say. By no conquest do the Motuans live here, but simply because the Koitapuans allow them, saying, 'Yours is the sea, the canoes, and the nets; ours the land and the wallaby. Give us fish for our flesh, and pottery for our yams and bananas.' What a power these Koitapuans are supposed to possess—midnight spirits travel at their will, strong men are laid low by them, canoes on distant voyages because of their anger never return! They are the cause of the burning sun, cracked earth, dried-up bananas, harvest-time, and famine. Who will not try to appease their wrath, to gain their favour? He is dead now, my old friend Taru, a Koitapuan, of Redscar Bay; but I remember well how all along this coast he was feared, and how

from far and near they came with offerings to him. But, worse than all that has been said, they often murder, or cause murder, to carry out their dark designs. To hang a few of them may yet become necessary, although, since the missionaries have come here, they are not so exorbitant in their demands, and the others are not so blind.

The Motu tribe number about 2000 only; their dialect is spoken by about 5000, and they being the people of commerce—the Britons of New Guinea—through their dialect it is possible to communicate with nearly 20,000 people.

The Koitapuans are to be found tacked on to the Motu tribe at all their villages, as well as on the east side of Redscar Bay; also at Padiri, and at Kevana, about thirteen miles inland of Caution Bay. They number about 2000, very much divided amongst themselves. I have never heard of the two tribes fighting, but often the Motu tribe has helped the Koitapu against their enemies; especially have they prevented the Hulans making raids on them.

The Motu natives are the traders; theirs is the sea, and from Bald Head in the west to Kerepunu, Hood Bay, in the east, they have a clear coast, and will allow no interference. Now it is interesting to go back to the origin of things, and just as interesting for these natives as it is for us. With all gravity they tell how yams first grew from bones, how of a family of Motuans, five sons and a daughter, the daughter married a man far away, given to cannibalism, and four of the sons were eaten by him, the sister preserving the bones. At last the fifth visited *this* cannibal brother-in-law, and when he was about to be murdered he rose to the occasion and murdered the

cannibal, looked round and found the bones of his brethren, wound them up, and returned to his father and mother. After weeping over the bones, they were buried. Some time elapsed, and the grave was visited, when, lo! a peculiar plant had grown from them, and on digging down the bones were found no longer bones, but large and small yams, the large bones producing large yams and the small bones small ones. The yams were of different colours, and were so because springing from bones belonging to different parts of the body.

Everything has an origin, and this yearly trading voyage to the east is no exception, and, myth, or whatever it may be, here is the native story:—Away in the hoary ages (or rather, young ages) a canoe, with several men on board, went out fishing for turtle; they cast their net, and all dived. One, named Edae, dived near a large rock, in which there was a cave, and into which he looked, when one of the spirits of the deep seized him and kept him down, only leaving his toes above water. His companions wondered what had become of him, and on looking around saw his toes, and at once tried to pull him up, but could not succeed. Letting go, he disappeared entirely, and they returned home disconsolate, and weeping all the way. When the sun was near its dipping, and the tide was low, they again returned, and found Edae's whole feet above water, and had no difficulty in getting him on board. They laid him on the canoe, crying bitterly over him as dead until near the shore, when he opened his eyes and told them what he had seen, heard, and been told to do. He told them there was a large cave, in which a great spirit dwelt, who caught him and kept him down; that when they tried to pull him up by the feet the spirit

just pulled him right in, and told him not to fear, but wait patiently, and hear how the hungry north-west monsoon season might be got over. He was told to have a season of sacredness, then to cut large trees, dig them out, and when finished lash them together, then get mast and sails, and when all was finished take all the pottery the wives and daughters had been making on board and sail away to Elema.

On his arrival at home he told the same tale to his wife, and at once became sacred. His brother-in-law, Nobokinoboki, a Koitapuan, opposed his going, and said, 'Why leave us? I have plenty of yams, some in the house for the north-west season, and some to plant;' but Edae would go and get the food the spirit had praised so much. He told his wife he should be long gone, and on no account to despond or give him up. All was made ready according to instructions received from the spirit in the cave, and the day of sailing arrived. Edae had not seen his wife for a long time, and lest at the parting when the lakatoi was leaving he should be tempted to look, he covered himself in a large mat, his wife remaining in the house doing the same.

They sailed far away towards the setting sun, to the many rivers about Bald Head. They were in the midst of plenty, but the friends left behind were not so well off. Anxiously they waited for Edae's return. Months passed and he did not come, and on every hand it was said never again would that lakatoi come back. The men who accompanied him left their wives, hoping to be soon back; and because they did not return when expected the wives were wooed by and married to others, and began to forget Edae and his large party; but his wife never gave him up, and she encouraged her daughter-in-law to hope on. At length

she had a dream and saw Edae, who told her he was leaving Elema on his return journey. She waited a few days, and then early one morning sent the daughter-in-law up the highest hill, and instructed her to look away towards the place where the sun set. The young woman did as instructed, and on her return reported something on the horizon beyond Varivara (islands in Redscar Bay), but could not say what it was, perhaps only drift-wood from the west. Later she returned again, and after sitting awhile saw it larger, and came home to report. The wife felt convinced it was Edae, and was up next morning long before the sun had climbed the hills at the back. The daughter-in-law again ascended the hill, and this time returned with the thrilling news that it was Edae, and the lakatoi was near. Both took sticks and beat them on the floor and shouted for joy. The people came running to know what was the matter, when they were told Edae was coming, was near, and that very day would anchor opposite the village.

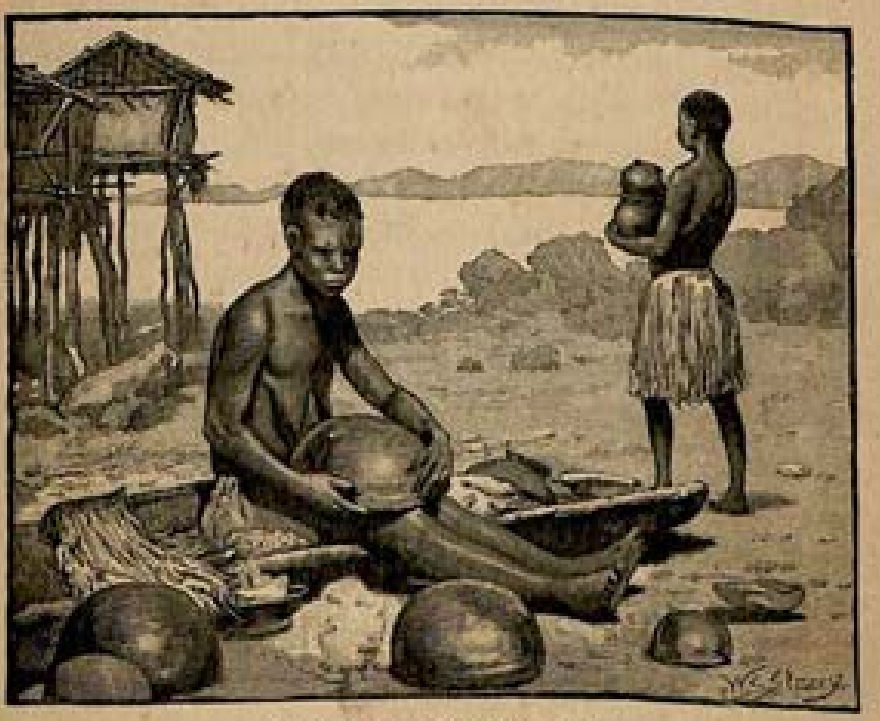
During all the time Edae was gone, his wife never allowed the fire to go out, did not go to other houses, had nothing to say to other people, and never bathed. Now she swept the house, set things right, and had a bath; then she anointed herself with oil and dressed in her best. The lakatoi was nearing, and she gave orders for a canoe to be got ready, and getting into it she was paddled off. When alongside the lakatoi she beat on the bulwarks, and shouted, 'All your wives are married again; I only, with our daughter-in-law, waited faithfully until now.' The men were struck dumb, and felt much pained. Edae was full of delight, and on seeing his wife broke forth in song. Receiving some sago, the wife returned and set to

cooking, preparatory to her lord's landing. Great was her joy on landing, and rehearsing all she heard and saw; sago in indescribable quantities, and everybody on board looking well.

As soon as the lakatoi anchored, and after the visiting was over, Edae landed amidst the plaudits of the assembled villagers—another Columbus returning from unknown regions. The Enoch Ardens were full of sadness, and had no heart for merry-making. Some took their faithless wives back, others sought new ones. The first part of the night Edae spent in rehearsing in a loud voice from his own house the incidents of the journey, the people he had visited, their kindness and anxiety to have uros. He wound up his discourse by an attack on the faithless wives, who were terribly ashamed. In the morning his sister-in-law, Nobokinoboki's wife, came to get some sago, but he sent her back to her husband to live on their yams. Day after day she returned, until at last he relented, and told her to tell her husband not to be so bumptious in future, and gave her sago. When Nobokinoboki tasted the cooked sago, he could do nothing but praise Edae and condemn himself.

This journey to the west for sago has been continued ever since, with all its accompaniments, and at present great are the preparations. Long before daylight may be heard women making their pottery, and a walk at any time during the day through the village is indeed interesting. Some women are just returning from the clay pits with heavy burdens of clay of various kinds—black, red, yellow, and brown. These pits are very deep in some places. A few years ago a number of women were busy digging clay in a large pit, when it fell in and buried

all alive. Some are spreading the clay out to dry; others are pounding with a stone the dry clay; some are damping and kneading it, mixing it with very fine sand. Salt water alone is used in softening. Others have a lump of clay, and are beginning to make various kinds of pottery; some have theirs half finished, others quite finished, whilst others are burning theirs in large fires and staining them when hot with a dye made from mangrove bark. Every



WOMEN MAKING POTTERY.

woman has her private mark, and marks everything she makes. Here is a list of their pottery:—

Hodu—water vessel.
Uro—cooking vessel.
Nau—dish for serving food.
Ipuro—large cup.
Keikei—small pot.
Ituru—small cup.
Kibo—basin.
Kibokibo—small basin.
Kaiva—pot with rim.
Tobe—large vessel for holding sago.

The men have nothing whatever to do with the manu-

facture of these things; the art belongs entirely to the female portion of the community. They are, however, busy getting their canoes together, working all day and at night poling them well out, where the man who is captain sleeps with a few others. There are six officers in all—one fore and one aft, two for the mast and two for the sail. For a long time the captain has been sacred. In the morning at sunrise the lakatoi is brought in for construction. Four large canoes are lashed together, then bulwarks are made from leaves of the Nipa palm, sewn together, well fastened with long strong mangrove poles, and caulked with dried banana leaves. A stage is made all round, so that the sailors can work her without getting inside of the bulwarks. Masts of mangrove with the roots are stepped on to the centre, and large sails, made of mats all sewn together and shaped like crab toes, are fixed for working with ropes made from the bark of the large yellow hibiscus. The anchor is a large stone made fast with long canes, sometimes 100 fathoms in length. Fore and aft are small covered-in houses strong enough to withstand a very heavy sea, where the captain, mates, and boatswains sleep and smoke. There are strong divisions of wicker-work in each canoe, into which pottery is put, each division having an owner. The pottery is well packed with dried banana leaves, and only when thrown ashore in a gale do they have much breakage.

A day or two before leaving they sail about the harbour racing,—with all the young swells, male and female, dressed in the height of New Guinea fashion, on board,—and then they have a hearty song with drums beating and bodies and grass petticoats swaying —altogether making a very pretty picture.

At last the cargo is on board, and the wind being favourable, the crew pull out a mile or two to windward, then set sail and away, with a fine breeze following fast, whilst friends at home remain to weep. The men most worked are the steerers. Of these there are several, with large paddles standing aft, whilst the others are drum-beating and singing. One of their songs is the following, taught Edae by the spirit :—

Bokibada oviria nanai,
Ario viriu na bo veriauko ;
Bokibada craroi nanai,
Irope umanai ela Dauko,
Ela lao nauaore diaia ;
Pinuopa diaia uruero nairuovo,
Ela lao melarava memeru.

Here is another :—

Edae Siabo hidia daquai
Ba negea dobi,
Edae Siabo, Edae a Siabo,
Edae tu mai,
Bava hadaquai balaru dobi,
Edae Siabo, Edae a Siabo,
Edae a Siabo, Edae Siabo,
Hidia hadaquai.

For hours it is gone over with drums beating. There are many others, but the above are sufficient.

When the port whither the traders are bound is reached they are received with great delight; pigs and dogs are killed for the reception feast, after which they distribute their pottery, to be paid for when they are ready to take their return journey. They sleep on the lakatoi, the shore friends cooking them food and taking it to them. The first month they do nothing but enjoy themselves; after that they ascend the rivers, cut down large trees and make canoes of them, to take home on their return journey laden with sago. When they return they will have as many as fourteen or fifteen canoes for one lakatoi, making it very cumbersome. In rough weather they labour fearfully, and often they have to cut all away but two, in which they save their lives; sometimes they are never heard of.

Now they go in these trading voyages much better equipped than formerly, taking with them tomahawks, knives, beads, looking-glasses, red cloth, and tobacco. They return with many tons of sago, which they dispose of to Tupuselei, Kaile, Kapakapa, Hula, and Kerepunu, these paying them in arm-shells and other native articles. They keep very little for themselves, so little that often about a month after they are quite out. During the time they have it the whole settlement smells of nasty sour sago. They put it away in tohes, and keep it damp, as they like it best in its 'living' or fermenting state.

A list of the places they visit for sago may not be out of place—namely, Oiabu, Jokea, Lese, Motumotu, Moveave, Karama, Uamai, Silo, Pisi, Kerema, Keuru, Vailala, Herau, Orokolo, Maipua, Ukerave, Kailiu, Koropenairu, Kaiburave.

Now as to trade. The great trade on the coast and inland is pottery, the natives very seldom making a native oven, like the Maories of New Zealand and the South Pacific. In the east most of the pottery is made on Teste Island and the islands of the Engineer group, and that is traded as far west as Orangerie Bay. Their pottery, I think, looks nicer than that made west, but is not so well liked. Travelling west, we find the next pottery-makers in Aroma, chiefly at the large village of Maopa. They supply as far east as Mailukolu (Toulon), and send a little to Kerepunu on the west; but the great supply for Kerepunu and Hood Bay comes from the Motu tribe. The Hula natives (Hood Point) bring coconuts to Pari, Port Moresby, Porebada, and Boera, and in exchange load up their canoes with earthenware of various kinds. Pottery is made at the above men-

tioned places; also at Lealea, in Caution Bay; Manumanu, in Redscar Bay; and Delena, in Hall Sound. An article of very great value to the native is the tola, or arm-shell, made from the *Bonus generalis*. A few small ones are made on this part of the coast, but the best come from the east, as far away as the d'Entrecasteaux group. They trade them for pottery, and to the natives of the Dahuni district, whilst the Dahunians sell them again to Mailukolu for sago, dogs, &c., and these to the Aroma natives for pigs, dogs, and canoes. The Aroma natives trade them to the Hood Bay (Kerepunu, Kalo, Hula, Papaka, and Kamara) natives for birds, plumes of various kinds, and these to the Motuans for sago, whilst the Motuans carry them to the far west, and trade them to the Elemaites for sago in bulk. Another much-prized article is the taotao, a long shell necklace, made from small shells ground down. This manner of making necklaces and frontlets was only discovered a few years ago by a cripple at Kerepunu, who got all the information one night in his sleep from a spirit. The following morning he went out at low tide and collected a large quantity of the small shells, rubbed them down on a stone, and then sewed them all together. They are much prized to the westward, but I have never seen them east of Kerepunu.

From the time of the return of the trading canoes the Motuans keep collecting things until the next season. The most industrious woman is the one who attends best on the plantations, and so arranges her work that she makes the most and best pottery. She is sure to have her husband's praise, and she 'has of the fruit of her hands, and her own works praise her in the gates.'

A Street in an Aroma Village.

To face page 24.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF THE GULF.

In the last chapter we have described the preparations for a trading voyage to the West. In this we shall, by means of brief extracts from the journal of a voyage undertaken in 1883, endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of its most interesting incidents. The extracts are given at length, and it may not be amiss to point out that this is the only voyage that has yet been made along the Papuan Gulf by a white man with natives in their lakatois.

Oct. 5th, 1883.—Long before daylight, sounds of weeping and wailing came from the village, and we knew that at last the sago traders to the west were really going to start. Long have I had a desire to take a trip in one of the lakatois, so yesterday I took my passage on board of the Kevaubada, commanded by Vaaburi and Aruako, and was, therefore, early astir this morning. A few tears and a little wailing awaited my exit. Saying good-bye to friends, I took the whaleboat and followed the canoes, which had left some time before, and joined mine at Kohu, about two miles from Port Moresby. Many friends were there to bid farewell to the adventurous spirits who for at least four months would be absent from their homes. Wood and water were put on board, sails were squared, and

then began a terrible scene, weeping, howling, tearing hair, scratching faces until the blood flowed, clasping dear ones in long embraces; wives their husbands; children their parents; and young ladies their future husbands. It was enough to melt a stony heart.

At Idlers' Bay we parted with the last of our friends, and there tears were dried up and the ocean-singing began in right earnest. The laughing and joking was, however, strained, and not the hearty outburst of joyous hearts. We were thirty-five all told. Our lakatoi consisted of four large canoes lashed together, with good bulwarks made of leaves strongly bound together with mangrove saplings. We had two masts of mangrove, stepped on top of the canoes with stays and backstays of rattan cane. Our sails were made of mats and shaped like the large crab claw. Fore and aft were good-sized houses, made of wood, and packed full of pottery. Running right round was a platform 2½ feet wide. The canoes were full of pottery, and in the centre, between the masts, was a large crate also full. On the top of the crate were two planks covered with a mat, and on these I slept. Close by me was Vaaburi, who seldom or ever spoke, and who, until we passed Idlers' Bay, kept himself covered with a blanket; and on the other side was Keroro, a lad of ten years, who was acting for Aruako, and who was also considered helaga [1]. Hanging close by each was a small pot, in which was good-wind and favourable-weather medicine, consisting of burnt banana leaves. They told me although it was a good breeze it was impossible for the lakatoi to sail well to-day, as there was too much feeling with the friends left behind, but to-morrow I should see what could be done.

[1] = sacred.

We went about four knots an hour. We had several boys on board; each had his station, and was kept pretty constantly baling. About 11 p.m. we anchored eight miles east of Hall Sound. All were tired, and throats were very sore from singing so much, so there was no need to drone to sleep.

Oct. 6th.—Not early awake, as when we rose the sun had already appeared in his gigantic striding over the high mountains of the Stanley Range. We have on board several Church members, and before turning-to we had morning service, and then breakfast, when we poled in towards the shore reef, where all the young men landed to get wood, cane, and a large stone, to be used as an anchor. They did all heartily, and seem to have got over the parting of yesterday. We have four cooking-places—two on the platform, and two inside, close by my quarters. The latter belong to the two chief men, and they being sacred can only have their food cooked there, and each has a man to cook for him. The food must not be touched with the hands, and when they are eating they never speak. The former belong to the crew, and only there may they have their food cooked. The food in its uncooked state is first presented at each mast, when something like a prayer is offered to the spirits of their ancestors. On this voyage, a Church member engaged in prayer to the only living and true God.

I was showing them some pictures in the *Magazine of Art*, and the one that struck them most was that of 'The Miser.' They seemed at once to see his bad qualities. A portrait of Leon Cogniet pleased them, but did not strike them in any particular way; and that of Keeley Halswell seemed to them as that of a pleasant man. The miser had to be seen by all, old and young.

The other canoes are anchored close by, and we are having frequent visits from friends, who return with food and tobacco. A Maiva canoe on the way to Cape Suckling, in quest of wallabies, pays us a visit. They give me a present of food and coconuts, and say they are astonished to find me on board of a Motu lakatoi.

All ready; but we have to wait for wind, so the time is spent in going over their wealth. What a collection! Arm-shells, large and small; tomahawks, old and new; beads, foreign and native; cloth of all colours, nose-jewels, frontlets and breastplates. All exhibit, and in rotation.

I am anxious to press on, as I fear wind will fail in a day or two; but other canoes suggest our spending Sunday here. I am decidedly opposed, and propose spending Sunday at sea. Some of our crew are busy lashing the anchor—i. e. a large stone about three hundredweight—and they say they will soon be ready.

Noon.—I insist on leaving, so up sails, in hawsers (canes), and we clear away, soon followed by others, who are growling all the time they are getting ready. Everybody seems master, and I fancy all do as they like. Orders are given with great hesitancy, and in such a manner as if doubtful whether they will be attended to. Some wish to return and wait, and I fancy would be glad of an excuse to go back. To them this journey of 200 miles is something awful. The excuse is that the wind is not strong enough. I am asked to give orders for a short time, but decline, as I am anxious to see how they will act. All I insist on is that they keep on, and on no account dilly-dally so as to lose the wind. They have become very scrupulous about Sunday, and are anxious to put into Delena; but I explain to them the day can be more quietly and profitably spent at sea.

We were quite away, and I was standing on my deck bunk—dinner being spread for the crew—when Aruako, an old robber-chief, who was the cause of much suffering in past years, said, 'Tamate, would you sit down for a little until I ask God's blessing on this food, that my boys may eat?' He lacks knowledge, but from all I have seen of him he means well.

When in front of Hall Sound entrance, the lakatoi was brought right up in the wind, and the robber-chief took his little nephew by the hand and handed him two wisps of cassowary feathers, stood in front shaking them with a peculiar motion of the body, and turning to the foremast did the same, then came aft, and turning to the mainmast went through the same performance. When breaking her off again all shouted, as if driving something away.

Long ago, it seems, the Motuans, to keep an open coast, killed many Loloans, who had interfered with one of their canoes, and since then the Lolo spirits have been troublesome in that one place, detaining the lakatois; hence the above incantation to drive them away. We were successful, and got beyond the passage all right, the tide being on the slack at the time.

Immediately after, several bunches of bananas were brought to each mast, which formerly would have been presented as a thank- and peace-offering to the spirits of ancestors, and I doubt not were so in many minds now, only the Church members sought blessing on food from Him whom they profess to love and serve. How busy all are scraping bananas, cleaning pots, and getting water. Nothing is thrown overboard; the banana skin is carefully kept, to be thrown into the river we enter. To throw anything overboard now would be a terrible crime, and cause the spirits to oppose us in

every way. Unfortunately, I cannot remember, and so often offend with banana skin and coconut-shell.

At sunset we were off Maiva; the other lakatois put into Delena.

SUNDAY, *Oct. 7th.*—During the night there was very little wind, and at daybreak we were only off Oiabu, round Cape Possession. All night long the singing and drumming were continued, so now that it is morning all are quiet and many asleep. In the singing Vaaburi coaches them. We are nearing Iokea, and hope to have communication. The wind has entirely failed, and after pulling for two hours we found we were going back with the strong current; so out anchor, with about thirty fathoms of cane rope. The cane is made fast to the mast. After anchoring, all are assembled; and we have a very pleasant service, conducted chiefly by the Motuans. It was short, but I think to the point. Many of the Motuans have a tendency to exceedingly long prayers, but to-day, having been told beforehand, they were short and precise, not wandering over many fields. The Iokeans seem to be away from home, possibly hunting.

Afternoon.—We have been anxiously waiting for wind, but, alas, that commodity seems scarce indeed, so we are still at anchor, and have another short interesting service. I fear there is no chance of a start to-day, and some are now talking of a hunt to-morrow. I did hope to see some old friends from the shore with coconuts and some cooked food.

In the evening we heaved anchor, and dropped down with the tide nearer the village, to be ready to get wood and water in the morning.

Oct. 8th.—Very early in the morning we saw the other canoes very far out, and bearing away for Mac-

latchie Point. The Porebada and Tatana canoes have just anchored close by us. A small canoe came off from the shore, and in it three old friends with coconuts. I landed at Iokea, and met my old friend Rahe Makeu, of Motumotu, who is here planting. He is very pleased to meet me, and wishes I would go now to Motumotu. The people were all very kind, and were anxious to have a teacher. I have selected a fine piece of ground for a teacher's house, and think this village about as healthy as any we have or can get. We got some sago cake and coconuts, also some water; so we got on board for a start, to prevent any hunting. I tell my crew if they remain here I shall land and return via Maiva. This is the beginning of Elema, and the beginning of nose-rubbing. Sharp noses would soon be flattened in this district, and it would be as well to carry a small pocket-looking-glass, as the face-colours are varied.

11 a.m.—I hope soon to get away. The Motuans are in no hurry, and would remain, if only to get a pig. They were much disappointed. An old chief, Sirio, wished me to have a pig; but I knew better, and told him I could not accept it, as I was anxious to get on. The wind is increasing, and the other canoes alongside are getting under way. I must stop giving tobacco, as I find when they have plenty to smoke they do not care how long the journey may be.

About twelve we became alive, bade farewell to our friends, up sail, in anchor, and away. We have a fine breeze, but a strong current against us. Near sundown we were off Motumotu, and saw the Tatana and Porebada lakatois enter the river. Our sail gave way, so it had to be lowered for repairs, which were soon executed. All the food to be cooked for the

crew is first placed close by the masts. To-night several bunches were so placed and presented to the spirits, that we might get along quicker. The current is very strong against us, and the wind is light. Instead of following the old customs, they consent to one of the Church members engaging in prayer. The singing and drum-beating continues, and hopes are great that we shall anchor to-morrow at Vailala or Perau, on the Annie River.

Oct. 9th.—We have had the strong current all night, and a light easterly wind. This morning the wind is so light that the long paddles are out and several are pulling hard. Last night, about nine, we were close alongside a large schooner beating to the eastward. I had turned in, thinking the light we saw was one of the other lakatois, so we kept away from her, but not long after there was a terrific shout, 'Nao, nao' (foreigner), so I sprang up, and found we were close under the schooner. I hailed her, but all we could make out was that she was from Thursday Island.

Soon after, I went to sleep, but not for long, as I was aroused by those on duty, who must have thought the bay full of foreign vessels, as they reported more lights. This time the lights were from the lakatois we had seen far out in the morning, and who, finding the current too strong, stood in. We were then close to the Cupola and near to Uamai and Silo. We spoke the lakatois, and then instructions were given for no more lights to be shown and no more singing, as the natives from the shore might see us and come off in canoes and take us, simply for the sake of the pottery.

It seems that about midnight one of the canoes put about and bore down, wishing all to turn back to Karama and Motumotu, because of the strong current.

Our people said, 'No; pull away till morning: we have Tamate on board, and must do our best to get to Vailala,' and stood on, when the others followed. Had I not been on board, the whole party would have gone back to the above places.

We are this morning in sight of Maclatchie Point. Pisi is on our starboard beam; right ahead are the Searle Hills, and away at the back the Albert Range. After a bit of breakfast, I was sitting aft with some of the seniors, and as Keaura (Cupola) was not far astern, I heard the following:—

Long, long ago Keaura and Taurama (Pyramid Point), eight miles east of Port Moresby, lived together. They were both males, and had wives. One night Keaura committed adultery with Taurama's wife; it was discovered, and there was a terrible quarrel. Taurama took his kareva (long wooden sword), and striking hard he rent the two hills asunder. He again took his kareva, and, using it as a lever, he upraised Keaura and sent him flying to the west. But Keaura did not leave empty-handed—he carried with him coconuts, sago, betelnut (areca), pepper (piper betel), taitu (sweet yam), and yam; leaving for Taurama arm-shells, beads, wild yams, and bananas. Keaura, travelling west, left at Kabadi, a district inland of Redscar Bay, coconuts, sago, and yams; and at Naara, the district near Cape Suckling, betelnuts, sago and bananas; and at Lolo, the district around Hall Sound, as well as at Maiva, the next district to Lolo, bananas, yams, coconuts, and sago; and at Kevori, the district near Cape Possession, sago and coconuts. The further west he went he grew more lavish in his gifts, leaving at Oiabu wallaby, sago, coconuts, yams and bananas, and at Motumotu, Moveave, and Karama, wood for large canoes, a pro-

fuse supply of coconuts, sago, betelnut, pepper, and yams; and at Silo and Uamai the same, only no wood for large canoes. To the west of Silo he settled, and having still a large supply on hand, he scattered to the west of him an abundance of all good things. Then turning to Taurama he called out, 'And what now have you got to eat, Taurama? I have taken the best and only constant supply of food. In harvest-time you can eat a little, but in Lahara (north-west season) what will you eat? Will arm-shells, &c., be sufficient for you? Will these appease your hunger? Come, now, bring your arm-shells, &c., to me, and get my coconuts, my sago, and my betelnuts.' Taurama listened and held down his head for shame, for really the best had gone. Taurama then asked Keaura, 'If I go to you with the things I have got, what will you give me?' Keaura replied, 'Come and see my sago, and for one arm-shell a large supply of sago; and for your pottery, sago in abundance.' Taurama again asked, 'May I cut canoes, and when finished will you see they are filled?' From that to this the trading has been continued. Taurama was the first-born, Keaura was the second, and Hieupe, west end of Searle Range, the third.

We have no wind, and make little progress pulling. Some canoes came off from Pisi and Kerema, and tried hard to persuade us to go to them; but no use, we are bound further west. They are gone to try their fortune with the other canoes.

Eleven a.m.—No wind; we are pulling, and only just able to hold our own against the current. A large fighting canoe is coming towards us, and our folks seem much concerned; they ask Johnnie, my boy from the east end, to get his old fowling-piece charged, so as

to be ready; but he takes no notice, and they are afraid to appeal to me. We have been boarded by a noisy, impudent lot. Before they approached, our boys hid all their valuables. As they neared I saw they were making for the bow, so I ordered them aft, and called out that they must not come on board. They seemed prepared to fight; bows and arrows were all handy on the platform, fighting armlets were on, and a few had their clubs hanging on their backs. They said they had come for us, and Tamate and the lakatoi must go with them. I told them, 'No, Tamate must go to Vailala, and I intended going to Namau.' They replied, 'You will not go on; we shall keep you;' and their canoe getting close, two of them stepped on board, giving orders to make for their place. One of them seized me, and rubbed noses, and begged of me, as his friend, to land. 'No, I will go *on*; I shall not go in here.' They were very excited, and looked nasty; but our people were beginning to look as nasty, especially Aruako, the robber-chief. I was anxious to avoid a collision, as this would make it unpleasant for me afterwards. A piece of rope fell into the water, and was picked up by them. Their canoe being close enough, Aruako stepped into it and took it from them, when one of them seized his club. Aruako looked black and fierce, and asked if they wanted to fight, for if they did just say so, and they would have plenty, for his first action would be to break up their canoe, and then with arrows to shoot them down. 'No, no, we do not wish to fight; but, great chief, your lakatoi must come to us. Our wives say we are weak and worthless, hence we have no lakatoi, and they have sent us off.' We insisted on their leaving; and, anxious they should do so without a threat, I ad-

dressed my new friend, and told him they must not press on us, as I must go to Vailala. Again we rubbed noses; he asked me for an uro, and as I had none he begged for a piece of cloth. I took off my shirt, which wanted washing, and gave it to him, and so saved myself trouble with soap and water. Again we rubbed noses, spoke of sincere friendship, they got into the canoe and left us, saying, 'It is good; Tamate go.'

Another lakatoi, about two miles from us, was then made for, joined by two more canoes from Pisi; and whilst I write the three are alongside. I do hope there will be no trouble. We cannot help them, so they must make the best of it. The plan they adopt is to board the lakatois, and if strong enough take everything of value, and so compel their victims to go with them. They will pay well for everything taken. If the Motuans resist, of course a fight takes place. They will be ashamed to return if they do not succeed, and will probably visit Kerema, on the other side of the harbour, where two lakatois have already gone, and quarrel with them, to show their wives they have done their best. Their one cry is for pottery to cook their food, and that they may have hot water (gravy) to drink.

A light breeze is coming up, and we are beginning to move from their vicinity. The sun has been hot, very hot, all the morning.

We are moving on. It seems what brought Aruako aft was a remark he overheard from some one in the canoe. 'What can Motu do if we use our weapons—will they live?' He then came aft and said, 'What do you say? Are you ashore, that you speak so? Say more, and you will have to swim ashore.' And seeing

the piece of rope, he stepped into the canoe; and the man in front, fearing he was going to carry out his words, drew his club. Of course all our boys are now the bravest of the brave. I fear the other canoe is in much trouble, and they are now making for Pisi. We are nearing Vailala, and for the first time yams have been cooked—a sign they hope to get in to-night.

Oct. 10*th*.—Two canoes got in before us yesterday. We got in about seven p.m., making the passage after dark. What excitement! We hoped for a clear sunset, but the sun disappeared behind a thick covering ere taking his nightly bath. When nearing the passage, orders were many, and great were the preparations made. We must go in on the other tack. ''Bout ship,' and all young fellows were warned to keep to their stations, fore-and-aft men stand with paddles, the hawsers (canes) are all got ready to be thrown to the crowd standing on the point, who are to pull us over the bank and up the stream. The deep passage is avoided, as the wind is light and the river-current strong. When I heard that the hawser was to be handed ashore, I thought immediately of getting my books and a few things I wished to keep dry together, and if possible get them ashore, for I expected nothing but a general smash-up in the great white surf. I looked steadily ahead; on she goes, up, down, all around terrific breakers. Ah! there it is now; one sea has boarded us; we are right in the breakers; shore-lights are guiding us, everybody is shouting; one man is calling on his ancestors and talking to the wild seas, and saying, 'Oh, my lakatoi, my lakatoi; oh, my lakatoi will be broken.' Well done, she is on the bank. I now see all know what they are about. Hallo! a terrific sea; she swings, is soon righted; a loud voice calls,

'Boys, don't be afraid, keep to your stations;' she is away, sails are drawing, excitement getting greater; shouting fore and aft, some calling, 'Pray, oh pray.' On we go on the tops of seas; nearer, still nearer; the men on the shore are close by; what now?

The hawser is left, we are aground; one rush on to the platform over the bulwarks, fore and aft, regardless of lakatoi coming to grief; about 150 men have boarded us, shouting, yelling, and rubbing noses. What is it? In the dark one might think a certain region had opened wide its portals and the imprisoned got free. Oh, no, they are all excited friends; joy overflowing at meeting us. All right now; majority step overboard into the surf, seize the hawser, and soon walk us away into calm water, and up the river to the village. We are all right; no damage, not even a wetting.

I have friends innumerable who claim me. Alas, alas! I cannot say I like this nose-rubbing; and having no looking-glass, I cannot tell the state of my face. Promiscuous kissing with white folks, male or female, is mightily insipid—but this! Ah, say you, well; but this! When your nose is flattened, or at a peculiar angle, and your face one mass of pigment! Cover it over and say no more.

In getting near the village a canoe comes down to us, and there is soon on board my old friend Avea, calling out, 'Tamate, where are Misi Lao and Misi Haine?' (Mr. and Mrs. Lawes). 'I thought they were to have been here long ago.' I could not see the face in the dark, but I knew the voice well. 'Let me go, Avea; this hugging business on an empty stomach is bad.'

'The excitement is something terrible—shouting,

bawling, screaming, kept up until ten p.m., when I land and make myself comfortable on the roomy verandah or platform of a large dubu.

The people in the dubu receive many instructions concerning me, and are warned to be quiet and treat me well.

So ends my trip on board the Motu lakatoi, Kevau-bada. I enjoyed it much; it was unique, and I shall not soon forget the kindness of all on board. They managed their cumbersome craft well, and would do so, I doubt not, in much worse weather than we had. I was more comfortable than I could have been on board the whaleboat, in which I have often to make long voyages.

We had not been in long when it blew hard from the east, and about one a.m. it began to rain, and continued until daylight, a true torrid zone downpour.

When it began, Keni, a Motu celebrity from one of the other lakatois, came to me, saying he was going to keep me company and see that all went well with me; but the rain was too *much* for him, and he soon disappeared into the more sacred and warmer precincts of the dubu.

This morning, at prayers, Keni, who never comes to church at Port Moresby, and is the cause of all the quarrel, stood up and told the people they must be very attentive, not speak, and when praying bend their heads, for at Port Moresby they always did that, and there was only one true God; the One we were now worshipping was He.

What a day! These people need much to be taught, constantly taught, that 'the merciful man is merciful to his beast.' On board of the canoes, goods were early disposed of; toeas (arm-shells) large and

small, tomahawks, native beads, shirts, &c., were given away, each going to his own particular friend. And now the slaughtering or murdering is going on. Several dogs have departed this life. They were caught by the hind legs and their brains dashed out against the canoes. Horns have been blowing, and pigs, some large, others of ordinary size, have been brought in well bound, and hanging on poles have had their skulls smashed with pieces of wood or stone clubs. It is so horrible that I dare not taste pork, but my expostulations are only laughed at. They seem drunken with dogs and swine, and care for nothing. Hanging all round the lakatois, and in numerous pots ready for cooking, are large supplies of the above. Inside of the bulwarks a terrible mess—betelnuts, pepper, cocoanuts, old and young, and sago, cooked and uncooked, with natives squatting everywhere. Now is feasting time; after some days canoe-cutting will begin, and in return for the things now given the natives will help, and when the new canoes leave give payment in sago over and above that received all the time the lakatois are here. The pottery is disposed of last.

Old friends I had quite forgotten are here entreating me to go to the other side with them; but I am comfortable here, and near the Motuans, and do not care to leave until I go west to Orokolo and Namau.

My quarters are not at all bad. The dubu is large, about fifty feet in height in front; the platform I am on is about ten feet from the ground, and one with the flooring of the dubu. I am outside, preferring it for light and air; and hanging all round there are charms large and small, nets used for river and surf fishing, and fish-traps made like foolscaps of the spines of the sago frond, bows and arrows, and a few clubs. Entering

by a small aperture, we are quite in, and when the eyes become accustomed to the darkness many are the charms, masks, bows and arrows, to be seen; and running along on each side places like stalls, inside of which are fireplaces, with pieces of rope hanging over —on these the sleepers hang their feet. During the day very few are about, but at night the building is well filled with men, who come tumbling in at all hours. My compartment is seven feet by three, with room for my goods and chattels, and for Johnnie to sleep alongside. I have slung my hammock between the posts on the platform. Over my head in the thatch are numerous arrows which have been shot there. The custom is, when the warriors return from a successful fight, to fire off arrows that will stick in the thatch.

Afternoon.—One of the lakatois has begun disposing of cargo. All the pottery belonging to a man is arranged on the beach, and into each two small pieces of wood are put, and when finished the owner returns along the row, takes one piece out, and the purchaser follows, taking the other. Both parties tie the tokens carefully up, and put them away in a safe place, then the purchaser's family and friends come and carry away the pottery. When the time arrives for the lakatoi to return, the purchaser and all his friends set to work and get the sago required, one bundle of sago for each piece of wood. When the sago is finished he sends for the Motuan, who enters the sago-house with his small parcel, counts the tokens, and then counts the sago, and if all is right he then carries them on board; if one or more bundles is short, there is a lively disturbance.

In front of every dubu to-day are numbers of bows

and arrows, all ready for action in the event of a disturbance over the trading.

I have had several applications that I should get out all my barter, especially my tomahawks, and divide amongst my old friends; but it is of no use, I am proof against all their entreaties.

A friend from whom on my last trip I bought a pig has been telling the Motuans sitting beside me that I did not pay for a pig I got two years ago. I tell them to tell him I always pay at once for the pigs I get; and, pointing to a man close by suffering from elephantiasis, said, 'That's the man that brought the pig to the vessel's side, and I paid him.' 'Yes, all right; but we want you to take a pig now.' 'No, friend, not until my work is done and I have been to Namau will I taste pig.'

Evening.—Crocodiles floating about. Johnnie shot at one and turned it over, but it disappeared. Keni, as of old, quarrelling about a pig; the owner took bow and arrows, and for a few seconds a serious quarrel seemed imminent, Keni threatening all sorts of things; but my being here, he says, prevents him, and he must be quiet.

A little while ago the horrible cruelty in murdering the pigs, as done by the Motuans, called out expressions of disgust from the Elemaites. I have had Keni to visit me. He told me the man to whom the pig belonged was dark—very dark, and knew no better.

'And, Keni, what are you?'

'I? I am light—very light indeed—and feel sorry for their darkness.'

I had just before been telling him he was all darkness and horribly cruel, and if there were more pigs to kill the Elemaites should do it.

Oct. 11*th.*—One night, the lakatois being close by the large platform on which I live, I gave instructions that when they saw my lamp burning brightly all should be quiet, and we would have evening prayers. So about seven p.m. quietness stole over the immense gulf-sailing crafts and the usually noisy Vailala natives about me. I read from St. Matthew's Gospel, and then gave an address. The audience was large and seemed to be deeply interested.

A so-called friend has just been here to say he is very angry because I have not given him a tomahawk. I tell him I give nothing and want nothing until I return from the west, and then I shall buy a pig for the expected boat's crew from Port Moresby, but no sago.

This morning I wanted a dish to wash in. Keni at once supplied me with a basin, and a few minutes after came for payment. He is now sitting close by me, holding forth in eloquent terms concerning his valued friend Tamate, and styles himself Keni lohia bada (Keni, the great chief).

The pottery is now distributed in large quantities along the beach, and it is indeed interesting to see the order with which all is carried on.

I gave Avea his present from Mrs. Lawes late last night, and he left, telling the people it was a present from his mother, not from Tamate. He was early here this morning, getting wood for my coffee. Strangers from inland and along the coast are arriving.

For my western trip I must go to Orokolo, and to my friend Apohe. There is a Maipua man here, Kunu, who will accompany me. He says he will go with me to other places. The people here are too busy, and will be so for a long time. They say now

they are afraid; but the first night they were not so, promising heartily to go with me.

A crowd of Orokolans have come in, and with them the chiefs, Mama and Apohe. When I asked the latter to accompany me to Namau, he at once willingly consented; but my angry friend of the morning said something, and all was changed. He found that he could not go—that he had killed people belonging to each place. I stopped negotiations at once, and went away as if terribly displeased. We shall see how this ends.

Elephantiasis seems very prevalent; there are many swollen legs and scrotums. The sufferers are from the banks of the river. I have found on all my travels that elephantiasis prevails on the banks of the rivers; yet I believe that the most healthy localities to be found in New Guinea will be the banks of the rivers, at the mouths. Twice in the twenty-four hours there is a general cleaning up by the tide, a constant supply of fresh, good water, and no unpleasant smells, and the villages are all built on the sandy spits where no water can rest.

I have just seen a woman with her hair done as at the east end, in long ringlets, terribly matted and clotted. I think the Dahuni natives come from the west, at all events from Motu Lavao (Yule Island).

All the stranger natives are armed, so that bows and arrows are in abundance, and all the men have their fighting armlets on. All the bows and arrows belonging to our dubu are ready and, I notice, particularly handy. The trading goes on apace.

Going through the village a little while ago, I met my friend Avea spoiled; yes, spoiled completely. He was dressed in a 'sark,' and marched in the

presence of crowds as if he were a man of great importance.

Things are shaping. I am to go by Orokolo, and one or two men are to accompany me, only I must put off the start for a day or two.

There are chiefs in from several places, and all wish me to visit their districts. I tell them I have come for one object, and that I must accomplish, before I undertake anything else.

The crews of the lakatois close by insist on my accepting a present of pottery. I am doubtful, but yield and say, 'All right.' Now what am I to do with the pottery, and then what am I to give the crews for the articles? Will they ever be satisfied? Presents from natives are not so easily accepted, and I fancy are never paid for, as the givers ever remind you, although you may have made presents in return a dozen times the value.

The finest show of pottery I have ever seen is now being handed over. It belongs to an old one-eyed man. He has only one wife, and she may well be praised and spoken of as a master-hand at the business. Seventy pieces in all, and each one good and shapely.

I have told the crews they shall have tobacco for their dishes, and they can also have the sago when it comes, as I have distributed all amongst friends.

We are having good north-west winds, and had we not got in that night we should have had to put back.

I have just had to assert myself, and show them I must not be hampered. Having given Mama and Apohe of Orokolo presents, our dubu chief in coming up was very angry. He scowled, shouted, and talked much. Having leather belts, I thought I would try

him, and went to give him one, pretending to think he was angry with some one else; but he gave me his back. All right, friend. With savages I do not give up soon. I put the belt in his bag, when he looked black as a dark thundercloud, and again began shouting and talking loud, and on my approaching him would have none of me. Now, I must have liberty to do as I like, give to whom I like, and go where I like. It is now my turn to look black and to speak loud, so in Motu I tell the crowd to stand out of the way, and then I call on boys from the lakatoi to come at once and pick up my things, and turning round roll up my mat and blanket to tie up, when the old fellow came, saying, 'Oh, Tamate, stay, stay. I was not angry with you, but with others. Do stay; do not leave me;' and insisted on rubbing noses. The boys came, and I got them to explain that I came for one object; and if not attained, I return with all I have got, and that I must be allowed to do as I like, to give what I like, and to whomsoever I like. The old fellow says, 'All right,' and I must not be vexed; just so, and I am not.

It is really pleasant to see so many old men and women about. Some have seen many, many years, indeed, and have their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren about them. This cannot certainly be an unhealthy place, and there is always a constant supply of good food. The great blessing of the ancient city may be seen here, old men and women, and the streets echoing again with the noise of children. May it long, long continue!

I hope to start on Saturday for Orokolo, spend Sunday there, and on Monday morning away for Maipua. Delay is dangerous with natives, and the

work of to-day left until to-morrow, to-morrow, the everlasting to-morrow, which never comes, and wearies the soul out of all strength and doing. I would get rid of to-morrow, if to-day were only long enough.

Oct. 12th.—Rained, thundered, and blew all night. My blanket is rather heavy this morning. The dubu was well filled. The natives must have been packed sardine fashion. This morning at prayers on the platform Aruadaela prayed that their young men might be saved from the devil's power, 'and, if fishing in the river by-and-by, be preserved from these devils (crocodiles) floating about.'

Great is the demand for fish-hooks. They are preferred to anything else, except tomahawks. I wished to get a fine carved pipe, and offered a knife, but was refused. My boy, Friday, got it for three fish-hooks.

Here comes a swell in the most fashionable dress. His woolly hair is tied well back, and round it is a circle of bright red hibiscus flowers, backed by a coronet of beautiful feathers, and enlivened in front with a chain of white shells. On his forehead is a frontlet of shells; between the eyebrows a round shell, with a finely cut piece of tortoise-shell something like a large watch-wheel, and on each temple the same. In his nose is a large piece of round shell, and hanging from his ears are various fancy pieces of tortoise-shell. His face is one mass of red ochre, and round his neck is a large necklace made of small shells, and hanging underneath are a crescent-shaped pearl-shell and a large boar's tusk. On his arms are arm-shells and wrought armlets and new bowstring guards, and round his waist a large carved belt made from the bark of a tree and coloured red and white; his trousers

consist of a narrow stripe of native cloth of various colours, and ends hanging down in front, and under his knees and ankles are very nicely knitted garters and anklets. He feels himself handsome, and knows that he is now being admired.

We have just finished our first school, held on our platform. When teaching our pupils 'A' they were convulsed with laughter, but, after a time, repeated well, one old handsome gentleman remembering so as to repeat several letters alone. A few years ago we prepared a sheet of sentences, the Commandments, and Lord's Prayer in their dialect, and now begin teaching it here.

We sung A B C to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne'; all tried to join, and it was like a thunderstorm between two hills, or over a city.

Afternoon.—I have been trying to translate two hymns, but I find the Motuans do not know a word of the true Elema dialect. They have a trading dialect, understood well by both parties, but neither can tell whence it came, or who first used it, and it is only used by the Motuans and themselves. They say it is from ancient times, and friend Keni suggests it was taught to Edae by the spirit, in the ocean cave. With Avea's help I have finished two hymns, which, when read over and sung, are pronounced good by the people. Sitting in front of me is a man busily engaged in carving a spoon, made from the shell of the coconut, and his only tools are a small shell and a piece of flint brought from the east.

Three Maipua lads, who live across the water, have arrived, and they say they will accompany me to-morrow. I hope they will. The crews of the lakatois are busy sewing the leaves of the Nipa palm together

LAKATOIS IN FULL SAIL.

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for houses in the lakatois, and so make themselves comfortable for the next few months.

To-day it is blowing from the south-east, but the set to the eastward must be strong, from the large quantity of fresh water now entering the Gulf from all the rivers. There would not be much difficulty in a vessel beating from here to Port Moresby now.

Oct. 13*th.*—Hoped to have left to-day for Orokolo, but now raining very steadily, and likely to continue. Should it clear away, I will do my utmost to start.

The natives have Kaevakuku here also. We saw the men wearing the masks first on the other side, and, taking a canoe, they crossed, paddling themselves. When coming along the beach from their canoe some of the men and all the lads in our dubu began shouting, sprung down from the platform, and away to the bush. The shouting informed the people in the village of the arrival, and the place was soon cleared of all women and children.

The Kaevakuku are connected with a sacred festival, and they hold the power of taboo over coconuts and food required for the coming feast. All the men engaged in Kaevakuku are sacred for at least three moons before the feast, not seeing wife or children, and not living anywhere near their own houses. They have large masks, two, three, four feet in height, which they wear when going about. Eight of these masks are now deposited in the Sydney Museum. These masks are generally shaped like a fool's cap, and the face represents some animal with a very long mouth and teeth. The hat is made with small branches, wickerwork covered with native cloth, painted white, red, and black.

They wear a cloak about two and a-half feet long,

and a petticoat or kilt about eighteen inches long, both made from the fibre of the large yellow hibiscus. They are not nearly so imposing as the Maiva kaeva-kukus, who look like walking haystacks with large masks on the top.

Before coming up to our platform they danced and rushed about, brandishing a stick held in the right hand. When finished, they ascended and went right in, where they undressed for a breathing spell. I tried one of the masks on, but it was too small for my large pate.

So as to get away easily and quietly this morning, Johnnie and I packed last night in the dark. Our friends here are afraid I shall take away everything to Orokolo and Maipua. This is one of the difficulties of travelling amongst natives, the people you are with will do all they can to prevent their neighbours or neighbouring tribe getting anything. I have a borrowed iron box, a splendid article; it locks, and into that I have packed everything of value. We have only one basket and my swag, everything else is left here.

How interested they are in my writing! Every day when at it I have admiring crowds to witness, and when new arrivals come on to the platform it is the one thing most spoken about, and I am generally pressed to do a little. Having cleared up, and 'the pride of the morning' departed, we had breakfast and were away by nine o'clock. Passing through the village on the other side I met my friend Meka, who insisted on my visiting his dubu and drinking a coconut. It is a very fine building. On entering, it was very dark, but after a little I could see better. There were eighty masks arranged down each side, forty a side, and

alongside of each mask a stick. There were drums; pretty small ladders, made of cane, and used to ascend when beautifying the dubu; spears, clubs, bows and arrows, and many other things. Outside there is a splendid platform at present, because of Kaevakuku surrounded with coconut leaves, so that impure eyes may not peer into the mysteries. Overhead, very high up, is the long peaked roof, in which many arrows were sticking, and small pieces of wood ornamented with feathers representing the spirits. Anxious to get away, I bade my friend 'stay,' and promised, if I had time on my return, to spend a night in his dubu.

The tide being low, we travelled along the beach in a broiling sun; no wind; and although by this time I ought to be accustomed to it, yet I did indeed feel it hot. We passed several fishing parties, men with nets about nine feet square attached to two sticks, which they lifted up and down in the water. The women had bag nets on a long stick, and used them much in the same way. They had also small bags hanging from their heads down their backs, and into which all fish caught were put. The young lads had hand-traps made of the ribs of the sago frond, with which they ran about and placed over fish, putting their hands in from the top to catch them.

It was thirsty travelling, and I longed for a coconut, but was told to wait. So wait I did, until about half-way, when I was told that friends from Orokolo were coming to meet me. Soon I could see a white shirt with red trappings in the bush, and I knew my good friend Apohe was awaiting me, and with him about fifty young men. The native 'champagne' (coconut water) is all ready in dozens, and soon the necks are flying, and serving-men are rushing around handing

it to all new-comers. When all are finished, I say I should like another bottle; and orders are at once given to ascend to the cellar, and in a few minutes we have *more* in abundance, cooler far than the former, and cooler and better than all the champagne ever produced in the wine countries of Europe. We drank it under the beautiful shade of a splendid hibiscus, with a magnificent grove of wine-cellars behind. Feeling refreshed, we rose up and started, accompanied by over a hundred armed men, who have come out to do honour to Apohe's friend.

Our Maipua friends from Vailala come on behind, and say we had better go to the most westerly village of Orokolo, as being nearer Maipua. All right, friends, so we will; and Apohe is quite willing. This dubu is falling to pieces; but Apohe says, 'Ah! when you return you will see a splendid dubu. I will soon begin a new one that will surpass this.'

We left Kovara (Apohe's village) about three p.m., came inland for some distance over splendid land, and then on to the beach. I have never anywhere seen children swarm as here; boys and girls in crowds accompanied us, shouting, laughing, dancing, and running with all the hilarity of happy youth. Side by side Apohe and I walked in state, until we arrived at Mama's dubu, where his lordship was dressed to receive us. There was a very large crowd on the platform. Mama was standing up in the centre with a short lady's jacket on, and on his head for a cap a small coloured bag I had given him two years ago. On my ascending the platform, he came forward to meet me, to shake hands, and rub noses.

His dubu is a new one, and inside is nice and clean. I soon entered and selected my sleeping apartment,

and then went out to be seen, examined, and scrutinised by the crowd of old and young. My heavy black travelling boots were the wonder of all, and certainly the majority thought I had peculiarly black feet. The unlacing of one caused mouths to be opened wide; but on taking it off, how shall I describe that terrific shout? 'twas as of a mighty host, and beggars all description. I removed my sock, and then another shout, and those not too much afraid pressed round the platform to have a nearer look, and some to feel. I exposed my breast, and that, too, excited great wonder. What seemed to astonish them much was the softness of the skin, especially of the sole of the foot, which was carefully examined. I thought I was safe enough here, but it may be as well not to do so at Maipua, as they might take a fancy to cooked feet and breast.

Mama and the natives were anxious to hear a shot, and Johnnie, having an old fowling-piece of which he is very proud, was asked to fire. He appealed to me, and I said he might. He seemed to be taking a very long time about it, so I inquired what was up, 'I have no powder, it is at Vailala.' 'Ah, well; it is good, leave it there.' Worse far than forgetting powder, he has left all my beads behind, although the night before I several times asked him if he had got them. I am sorry for the beads, as they are much sought after here, and will be more so next week.

About sundown I walked through the large scattered village, with many good houses and many wretched hovels. They seemed to throw all their strength into building *dubus*. Everywhere near the houses I saw small plantations of tobacco strongly fenced. Men, women, and children, pigs and dogs, all seemed terribly excited. On my return it was getting dark, and my

host having entered the gloomy precincts of his dubu, there I went too. Sombre it was indeed, and only here and there a small flicker of light from dying fires, with natives asleep close by, breathing heavily.

SUNDAY, *Oct. 14th.*—Last night in the dark we had evening prayers. The deacon gave a short address, I, through him, another, then he engaged in prayer. It was a strange, weird meeting. There were about a dozen present, and we taught them to pray, 'O Lord Jesus, give us light, save us.' Nothing more; it was quite enough; and will He not answer them? Long the deacon spoke to them and told them of God's love. A few small fires were lighted, and, stretched alongside of one, I tried to pry into their past history. Their most sacred man is Avea, who not very long ago lived here. He possesses Kanitu (god), and when he left he carried it with him. I saw him two years ago. Pigs, arm-shells, and other valuables are given to Avea, and all seek to be friendly with him. There are three real chiefs, Avea, Mama, and Apohe. Avea is greatest, but he has gone to Vailala, and the two here are about equal. All travellers from the east go to Apohe, and he brings them to Mama, and all from the west come to Mama, and he leads them to Apohe. There is no god but that with Avea; heaven, earth, sea, &c., are all his. The first man, Ikauvape, came out of the earth far away inland; the first woman came down from heaven; and these two living together their first-born was a son, Herema, and their second named Haiabu; then there came a daughter, and she was named Hoitapu. Both sons took the sister, and from them have sprung the whole Orokolo tribe.

The Motu tribe ancestor also came out of the earth at

the same place, and he went away towards the rising sun, keeping inland until he reached Keaura, and then away to the hungry land: he has been ever since the custodian of arm-shells, &c.

The white man's ancestor came out of the earth also at the same place, and he travelled away to the west over the sea, and was never again seen until the present, when he first appeared to some old men who had seen him in their youth. One of them says: 'Long, long ago, I and others saw a large ship off Vailala, and we took a canoe and pulled off to her with great fear, and when near we saw men in strange things and waving their hands for us to approach. We held a consultation, and decided they were spirits, so we pulled back for the shore as quick as possible. While on the way back the braver ones insisted on returning and going to the vessel; the frightened ones objected, but these being in the minority, we put about and pulled towards the ship with fear and trembling. When we got alongside steps were lowered, and those who were brave ascended, and sold their bows and arrows for pieces of cloth, such as you see now, for these two handkerchiefs came from that ship, and have been carefully kept ever since in bamboos, being only brought out on very great occasions. The foreigners treated us kindly, taking us by the hand and leading us about. When finished, and we had seen all over the ship, they signed to us to depart, as they were going. No more vessels or foreigners did we see until we met you.'

Such is Kāve's story, an old man with one eye. He seems an Apohe man all round; he says, in Mama's presence, Apohe is the real chief of Orokolo; his ancestor was the first-born, and Mama's was the second.

This morning, long before I was ready to get up, the crowd appeared, but, having been disturbed during the night by some too lively bed-fellows, I rolled myself up in my blanket and stole some sleep.

Last night in the dark one old fellow got up and spoke: 'Tamate, we are glad you have come again, that we all might see you, as we heard so much of you; we thought you must be a spirit, now we see you are a man like ourselves, only white.'

We have just had service, a hymn, a few verses of St. Matthew, and prayer by the deacon in the Elema dialect. The deacon also gave an address on God's love to man, and His desire that all might be saved. Some are very attentive, others chew betelnut or smoke; we are all squatting tailor-fashion. They soon tire, so we finish.

I forgot to mention that when these people want a good light at night, they take a dried young coconut shell and put on the fire, when they have a splendid blaze for a few minutes. They preserve the shells and string them together; there are several strings of them hanging over the fire-places.

Aruadaera (the deacon) and Aruako have been away for a long time, and have just returned. They have, on the platform of the neighbouring dubu, been telling the story of Divine love as expressed in the gift of Christ. Again and again had they to go over the good old story. The people, they say, were much astonished, and very attentive.

I hear Mama has sent on to Maipua to inform the natives there of our arrival here, and that to-morrow they are to come with their canoes to this side of the river, Alele, and meet us. It is perhaps better they should know beforehand.

Several are busy husking betelnuts, and stringing the kernels to dry over the fire. When dried they will keep for any length of time, but before being chewed they are steeped in water and well washed. One man is busy carving with a small piece of shell; another is smoothing a drum with a rough leaf; and some are diligently examining the construction of my boots. A man from inland, called a Koitapuan, has just arrived, and is begging me to go with him. I find the Koitapuans here hold power over vatavata (spirits) and rain, not over sun, wind, and sea.

The great medium of exchange here and along this coast is the fish-hook; nearly every one, when he can muster courage, asks for one.

Five p.m.—One of the messengers sent to Maipua has returned. He says all rejoiced at the news he brought, and to-morrow the chief and a large party are to come and meet me. When the people there heard that I had arrived at Orokolo they said, 'You only deceive us;' so a piece of foreign tobacco was produced, with the question, 'Is that ours, or like it?' then they sat down and had a smoke, and all believed. Two messengers went, but the people insisted on one staying, so as to insure the return of the other with the party in the morning.

Oct. 15*th.*—Not starting early enough, we had to wait for the ebb tide, and it was ten o'clock when we got off. We had a very large escort to near the river Alele, where we were to meet the Maipuans. We reached the river about noon, having crossed one salt-water creek. Our escort returned, they being at war at present with Maipua. A wretchedly small canoe, a dug-out tree without an outrigger, came over with one man. I did not care to risk myself in it, as the

river is full of crocodiles, and we asked if there was not a bigger canoe, and on the reply being in the affirmative, sent Aruako and one of our Vailala boys over, making three with the man who brought the canoe across. On their reaching the other side we had not long to wait until we saw a much larger canoe, without an outrigger, approaching. On getting to the beach close to where we were standing, a man sprung out and ran up to me with open arms, giving me a hearty squeeze. This was Ipaivaitani, the leading chief of Maipua. We were soon all on board, with swag, &c.: including crew, we were eleven altogether. The current was running strongly, and I felt rather dubious as to our getting across at all, but it was an unwarrantable doubt, as we got over without shipping a drop of water. On the other side we took more on board until we numbered twenty-three, and away we pulled through various creeks lined with the *Nipa fruticans*, palms, and mangroves, until we came to a splendid river, the largest I have yet seen east of Bald Head; it is the largest without doubt, for I know them all. I call the main stream inland the 'Wickham,' after a dear friend. The current was swift, it being ebb tide at the time of our crossing, but our bark was handled so well that we got over all right. This is the Aivei on the chart.

We then came easily along from one creek to another, through stinking swamps, until we reached Maipua about five p.m. It is indeed a large village, with splendid houses and fine large temples. I estimate the population at from fifteen to eighteen hundred people. In front of nearly all the houses hang large representations of Semese. The houses are shaped like the temples, large in front and tapering small to back. But what a horrible hole! a real swamp, with miles

of swamp all round. The streets are all laid with long large trees, and in front of many of the houses, as in front of the temples, long platforms of wood rise gradually from the streets. The village is intersected with small creeks, and these are crossed by very good bridges.

The temple where I am sitting is the largest, and it is the finest thing of the kind I have yet seen. There are two large posts in front, eighty feet high, on which rests the large peaked shade, around which there hangs a graceful fringe of young sago leaf. The front is about thirty feet wide, and the whole length of the house is about 160 feet, tapering gradually down to the back, where it is small. Our compartment is about twenty feet high and ten broad. The front is a common platform floored with the outer skin of the sago palm, and kept beautifully clean. The whole is divided into courts, with divisions of coconut leaves, nine feet high, on which hang various figures, not at all good-looking. From the top to the coconut leaves hang graceful curtains of the young frond of the sago palm. Standing on the platform in front and looking down the whole length along the passage or hall, with the various divisions and their curtains, it has a wonderful effect. In each of the courts are numerous skulls of men, women, and children, crocodiles and wild boars, also many breasts of the cassowary. All are carved and many painted. The human skulls are of those who have been killed and eaten. The daintiest dish here is man, and it is considered that only fools refuse and despise it.

In the last court there are the same kinds of ornaments, and then a screen with curiously formed things of wood and native cloth hanging on it; also

sihis (their only clothing), belts, small bags, and other things belonging to those murdered, which have been presented to the gods. Inside of that court is the most sacred place of all. Few ever enter there.

On my arrival, I had to stand up in the canoe, that I might be seen by all the people. On ascending the wooden steps from the canoe to the platform, I was conducted by the chief to the temple, where, sitting down each side of the passage, were many men ready to receive me. They never spoke a word while I went down the centre and back to the platform, followed by the chief; then they all rose, and after giving a great shout gathered round me. The passage I walked along had the appearance of glazed cloth, with various figures carved on it; it was carpeted with the outer skin of the sago palm, glazed by the blood of the victims so frequently dragged over it and by the constant walking on it. After being examined and pronounced a human being, I returned with the chief through the various courts to the sacred place. I was allowed to enter, but the chief was too frightened, and he remained outside, and would only speak in a whisper to those near. I entered into that eerie place, where small bats in abundance flew about, and saw six curious-looking figures, made of cane. The mouth was like a frog's, enormously large and wide open; the body, seven feet high in the centre, and about nine feet long, had the appearance of a large dugong. Out of these mouths flew, in constant succession, the small bats.

The whole temple looks splendid, and although my new friends are cannibals, yet it goes to show that they are something beyond the mere wild savage: might I call them, 'cannibal semi-civilised savages'? In the

various courts are fire-places, alongside of which the men sleep. The chief, Ipaivaitani, has given me his quarters, but I do not think I shall sleep in them.

I have just had dinner and breakfast all in one. I could have enjoyed it better if there had not been so many skulls in a heap close by, some of which were tolerably new. These skulls are at present down for cleaning and repairs, but when all is in order they are hung on pegs all round; no scientific collection could be better kept. I fancy each man who has killed or helped to kill a foe has his own peculiar painting and carving on the skull.

Everywhere along the large creek that joins the two large streams running close in front of the village, and by the sides of all the small streams, are to be seen beautifully cut out canoes. Many are very fancifully carved, but none of them have outriggers. On these the Maipuans do all their fighting, and for days travel up the river until near the Sir Arthur Gordon range of mountains, where they hunt the wallaby and wild boar.

Many women are making sago; and alongside the bank are rafts of sago palm brought down by the men from inland. They are hauled up on the bank as required, prepared by the men for digging, and then left for the women. The pith is dug out and carried to a raised trough, by which a woman stands with a long stick; she beats it well, then pours water on it and squeezes it, allowing it to run down the stem of the sago frond into a small bag, made of fibre. It passes through this and along the channel, when it is again met by another sieve made from the covering of the frond of the sago palm. Passing through this, it falls into a receptacle like a large basin, where it is

allowed to settle. Lastly, the water is poured off, and the sago is taken out and packed away.

As in the temples in the Elema district, numerous arrows are shot off into the walls of the temple on returning from a successful man-hunt. They have some horribly filthy practices. One is—I can only describe it in part—that when a man is shot down a rush is made, and the first to bite his nose clean off and swallow it is looked upon as greater than the person who shot him; great is the glory attached to the act. On returning from the fight, and when near the bank of the creek, the women come out and ask, 'Who are the killers?' 'Who are the nose-eaters?' and when the latter question is replied to, great is the singing, dancing, and rejoicing.

On asking them why they eat human flesh, they told me that the women first urged the men to kill human beings for eating purposes. The legend is that the husbands once returning from a successful hunt far inland, they began horn-blowing, singing, and dancing far up the river. As they approached the village the women went out to meet them on the bank. They had in the canoes wallabies, boars, and cassowaries. The women called out to them, 'What success, husbands, that you are singing and dancing?' 'Great success; plenty to eat.' 'Where?' 'Here, come and see.' They drew closer to the river side, and when they saw what was in the canoes they said, 'That dirty stuff, who is going to eat it? Is that your successful hunt?' The men began reasoning among themselves, saying, 'What do our wives mean?' One, a little more enlightened, said, after a little time, 'I know, it is man;' and throwing the wallabies, &c., ashore, away they started to a neighbouring village, and brought back

ten bodies; returning without the horn-blowing, singing, or dancing. On drawing near the bank the women saw what they had: they shouted, 'Yes, yes, that is it; dance and sing now; you have something worth dancing and singing for; that is what we want.' The bodies were singed, cooked, and eaten, and pronounced good; and they have ever since been eaten and pronounced vastly superior to any other flesh.

This man-killing led to the building of dubus, in order that the men might be sacred and have a place to themselves; that they might have a sacred place for Kanibu where to present the slain; and that they might have a place for rejoicing when they returned from a successful man-hunt. These are the reasons given me for the existence of dubus.

Oct. 16*th.*—Slept outside on the platform, and had a splendid night. Aruako fulfilled his promise, given at Orokolo, and for long held forth on Adam and Eve, Noah and the flood; and both he and Aruadaera spoke about Jesus our Lord and His love. It was a strangely weird scene. A large dark temple, lit only by flickering fire-lights; a crowd of savages, real cannibals, who pronounce man to be the best of all flesh, and whose wives also relish it; skulls in abundance in the various courts, and at the end, in the most sacred place, six Kanibus, who hold life and death, fighting and peace, within themselves; and in the centre of the crowd, Aruako and Aruadaera preaching Christ as the revealer of God's love and the Saviour of sinful men. It was the most attentive congregation of the kind I have ever met. They listened well, asked questions, and expatiated freely. Soon after sunset it commenced, and when I sought sleep it was

still going on. Although not a prepossessing people, yet they seem kind, and would, I believe, listen to the Gospel and receive it as good news from God to man.

When I awoke, the sun, I found, had preceded me, and they were then, perhaps *still*, talking and listening. I went into the dubu, and looking my friend Aruako, who was now quite hoarse, in the face, I said, 'Arua, have you been at it all night?' He replied, 'Yes, and when I lay down they kept asking questions, and I had to get up, go on and explain. But enough, I am now at Jesus Christ, and must tell them all about Him.'

Yes, my friend had reached Him to whom we all must come for light and help and peace. When Arua had finished there was but one response from all their lips: 'No more fighting, Tamate; no more man-eating; we have heard good news, and we shall strive for peace.'

Anxious to start for other villages, I appealed to my chief friends; but they refused point-blank to take me on, as they want to go first and tell them they have seen me, and that I have stayed with them; but they say that when I return on a second visit they will take me everywhere. Natives always desire the honour of being the first to report any great event, and this one, the first visit of a white man, was of such importance that they wished to be the first to report it.

I encourage all who are with me to tell what they know of us and the Gospel, so Kunu, a Maipuan, who has been living at Vailala, and has accompanied us, held forth on what he has heard and seen. At prayers this morning we had a crowd, orderly in every respect,

and when the deacon stood up to pray at Kunu's call, every head was bent low, and not a sound was heard from any one.

To the Kanibus the inhabitants of Maipua give offerings; pearl-shells, arm-shells, pigs, human beings, and skulls. The sick apply to them for healing, their friends presenting gifts. When wishing to fight, they appeal for direction and help to these wicker images; and they assured me they got the former audibly from the mouths, and the latter in success. For days before fighting all the men are sacred, and no woman must be seen or approached; and when one of their number is wounded, he is accused of breaking through the sacredness. All the bodies of the slain are dragged by the heels into the dubu and up to the sacred place, where they are given to Kanibu.

Ipaivaitani, the chief, wished to give me a pig, but I said, 'No, friend, leave that for the present, and some other day, when you can take me to the other villages, I will have your pig.' I have but few things with me, and certainly not sufficient to give as an exchange-present for a good-sized pig.

A small vessel, that went without sails and had a big wheel aft, once entered the Alele. The Maipuans, who happened to be there fishing, were anxious to see this wonder, but on drawing near were warned away. Wood was wanted, and the natives were employed to cut it, but dare not go near the vessel. The vessel's boat took all on board, having first frightened the natives away by firing over them. The natives returned and found a few tomahawks, some beads, and red cloth. They again went off to the vessel, and this time the foreigners took their things, such as bows and arrows and long daggers, but, instead of

paying for them, ordered the natives away, and even fired to frighten them.

Much useless fear and slaughtering of natives by white men could be avoided, if the latter would only keep calm and do all possible to avoid exciting the natives. They should only allow one trading party on board at a time, and remember that the natives come to the vessel to trade. Many white men fancy when they see a canoe with several bows and arrows that it means a fight, and the natives are treacherous, but it is not so. I warned these natives that when they went alongside a vessel not to go armed, nor talk loudly, but to go quietly and watch the white man's signs. They were not to be afraid, as no white man would willingly hurt them (was I right in that?), and not to be over-anxious to get on board, lest they might be taken to other lands.

I have just returned from visiting the village and dubus. A good part of the visiting was done in a canoe. One dubu is 200 feet long, and has in its sacred place twelve Kanibus. The carpet of sago bark down the centre passage is really beautiful; it has figures of men, crocodiles, &c., carved along all its length. The men, as yesterday, sat in rows down each side to receive me, not speaking a word. The two Motuans with me are terribly afraid of going near the sacred place; they have heard some awful stories of the mighty doings there. In each dubu we preached Christ, God the Father's expression of love, and begged of them to give up fighting and man-eating, which they faithfully promised to do.

Near all their dwelling-houses they have small flower-gardens. A platform is made about ten feet high, surrounded with a fence, and inside earth, brought

from far inland and the coast, is placed to the thickness of about two feet. Various kinds of plants are grown, but, in the majority, tobacco prevails. I think these gardens furnish further evidence that there is a kind of civilisation amongst these people; and this taste for the beautiful can surely be worked upon with much good result.

I grow weary of walking on the trees of their streets and bridges, and some of the latter are very shaky indeed. The tide is just now high, and it is simply water everywhere, not an inch of dry land to be seen. The houses inside are commodious, and each wife has her own compartment, with its fire-place and all necessary utensils for cooking. I was much pleased with the cleanly appearance of their houses.

They bury their dead close to the sea-shore. They keep the body a short time to weep over, then canoe it down the streams to the burial-place, where a small house is built, and friends remain there to mourn.

I asked them why they did not live on the coast, where there was good dry land, instead of in this swamp. They replied, 'Our ancestors lived here, and we cannot leave their place.' They told me that, long ages ago, a man with a boy and a girl, a pig and a dog, came to Kaipurave from Vaimuru, and when the boy and girl were old enough, the old man told them they were not brother and sister, and must become man and wife. They consented, he married them, and from them all Namau have sprung.

The principal villages of Namau are, Maipua, Kaipurave, Ukerave, Koropanairu, Kailiu, and Vaimuru; there are also several small ones built on the banks of the various creeks. Vaimuru I think must be on the Aird River. The Vaimuruans first came from

Urama, which is far away (possibly the Fly River), to the setting sun, where the spirits of the dead now go. Their pearl-shell comes in large quantities from Urama, and long, long ago tobacco came to them from there. Before smoking they often ask the spirit's blessing, and sing such untranslateable songs as the following: they do not themselves know their meaning:—

'Arau mai e!
Io mariē!
Erere mai e!
Aueva e!
Io marie e!
Api amē!
Iau ē!
Aaumako e!
Iau e!
Kuku! Ucako!'

When the young people of these nations marry, no price is paid, only exchange-feasts of sago are given. Widows must be bought, and cost much, the payment going to friends of the dead husband. Young women are more sacred than married women; the latter are often bought.

The dress of the men is exceedingly simple, the majority wear nothing at all, and the few only a small string or vine.

The women certainly do not wear much, and I am not astonished at it. They are very modest, and think themselves respectably and well clothed. Why savages should be always spoken of as immoral I fail to see. They are not so when compared with the more highly civilised countries of the world. I am sorry to have to say that it is contact with the civilised white that demoralises them, and they then become loose and immoral.

I am at last in the canoe on the return journey. When about to leave, a very old man came with a broken piece of an uro, saying, 'Will you not pity us, and get Motu to visit us? I have only this to cook food in, and others have nothing at all.' The last

cannibal feast they had lost much of its relish from their not having large supplies of gravy!

We have made a splendid start, in a larger canoe than yesterday, and have an escort of nine other canoes. Leaving the village, the tide being now on the ebb, we float gently down stream, questioning and being questioned.

Our Vailala friends are glad indeed we are off, as they were terribly afraid of being killed, cooked, and eaten! Arua tells me it was near daylight when he sought a little sleep. They spent the whole night going over and over the grand old story of God's love.

My friend, Ipaivaitani, has nine wives living, some are dead. He has often eaten human flesh, and pronounces it good; but he says, 'Enough, you have come, we shall give it up.'

The sun is frightfully hot, but fortunately we have frequent shade. I have to sing constantly for them; and just now, two large canoes of women have gone by another creek, and nolens volens I must sing, 'that when Tamate's face is lost they may hear his voice, and weep that he so soon leaves Maipua.' How delighted they are with my sewing gear! My pocket knife they will not soon forget.

Now for the last time, 'Would you mind undoing your shirt and showing us your chest, that we may have one look and feel before you leave?' Mute astonishment; the other canoes close round, and I allow all to put their hand on me, which gives great satisfaction; and then it is, 'Tamate, come back soon, very soon; do not disappoint us, and we will bring you everywhere on the rivers.'

Orokolo, *evening*.—We spent an hour on the west bank of the Alele with our cannibal friends. They

gave us cooked sago and coconuts. Our friends seemed, and no doubt were, very sorry to part with us. They are to be at Vailala soon, to meet the Motuans, and secure if possible a few uros. Before entering the canoe the chief knotted two strings with nine knots; one string he kept, the other he gave me, so that I might know that he will be in Vailala after nine sleeps (nights), if the weather should be fine.

As a people they are kind, and if well-treated can be easily handled. They are small in stature, some of the women being remarkably so. Taking them all in all, they are very like the Koiari tribe at the back of Port Moresby. They wear wisps of cassowary feathers behind, many have beards and moustache, and many of the old men are very like some of our Koiari friends.

Maipua and Orokolo have been fighting for some time, and only very lately the former had a feast of Orokoloans. They told me to tell the Orokoloans they were for peace, and hoped there would be no more fighting.

We arrived at Orokolo about three p.m. Coming along the beach the deacon asked me if I drank a bitter coconut yesterday. I had, in the dubu, and told my boy, Johnnie, it was very bitter. It seems to have disturbed Johnnie much, as in his land (Heath Jsland) when a bitter coconut is drunk there is sure to be fighting, and he was very much afraid the Maipuans would attack us. I wish I had known this sooner, and so found out if our new friends had the same superstition.

We hope to leave for Vailala very early in the morning, so as to have the beach walk in the cool. I have a dread of old nocturnal enemies, so will sleep in the open, under the great roof (sky).

Oct. 17*th.*—About four a.m. we were ready for our start, and walking along the beach in the cool, accompanied by Apohe and others, we arrived at Perau about eight. Johnnie and I crossed the river in a very rickety old canoe, in which I got soaked for the first time during the trip. The soaking came all right, but I was in terror of the 'devils' (crocodiles), and felt really happy when the canoe touched shore.

We found all well, and all right glad to see us back. Our things were just as we left them. The old chief put a taboo on our division of the dubu, and so prevented the intrusion of stragglers and thieves.

My experience amongst savages is that, when trusted with entire charge, they do their best to see that all is right, and no one is allowed to meddle.

How pleased the old man was when I told him I was glad to get back, and that I was also glad to find everything as we had left it! 'What, did you think any one would touch anything belonging to you in my charge whilst you were away?'

'No, friend, I knew you would care for my things.'

All able-bodied Motuans, with many Elemaïtes, are up the river cutting down trees to make new large canoes. To-morrow all able to go from the various villages ascend to drag the trees into the river and float them down. The Motuans have hard work before them now for the next few months.

Oct. 18*th.*—Last night, after getting to sleep, I was aroused by a noisy crowd returning from tree-felling. They squatted close beside me on the platform and talked incessantly of the day's doings, until after midnight. When they went to sleep I soon followed suit, up to four a.m., when I was aroused by the party returning to the river. I am short of food, and dreamt

last night of friends, of feasting, and of plenty. The weather is very dirty; strong S.E. wind all night.

Oct. 19*th.*—Feeling that a house was necessary to hold services and school in, this morning I set about building a simple house, yet one suitable for the climate. It is thirty-eight feet long and twenty broad. We have nearly finished, and hope on Sunday to open it. The natives assist willingly. God grant that light may enter the hearts of these poor natives, and that in this new house some may learn to know Christ as the Light, and their Saviour from sin and superstition and all their consequences!

Johnnie shot three pigeons yesterday, which came in well to-day, as for some days we have not had too much to eat.

I have to go to a large feast at Kaevakuku. A large crowd has assembled from the villages round, and many from Orokolo. Everywhere there is food, cooked and uncooked, in heaps and hanging on poles, chiefly sago prepared in every imaginable way. Betel-nuts and pepper also abound. On the platform of my friend Meka's dubu is a large quantity of cut-up pork, and all around the platform streamers are flying, made from the young sago frond. I stay down with the crowd, as I have a better view than from the dubu platform.

I have not long to wait until there comes a man dressed in a tall hat, or mask, resembling some strange animal with peculiar mouth and sharp teeth; his cloak and kilt are of yellow hibiscus fibre, and a small stick is in his hand. He has come from some distance back in the bush, where, I am told, many are assembled, and that all the masks and dresses I saw the other day in the dubu, with their owners, are there. He danced

about for a short time, when an old man came before him with a large piece of pork, gave it to him, and he went away, followed by two young men carrying a long pole of food, sago, coconuts, betelnuts, and pepper. Another Kaevakuku followed and did the same as the first, this time in the dubu; the conch-shell is being blown as for a pig, and soon a live one appears on a pole between two men. It is placed on the ground, Kaevakuku dancing round and over it, when a bow and arrow is presented to him, and he backs a little, says something, lets fly, and the pig soon breathes his last. The two men pick the pig up and all leave, followed by two youths carrying food. More Kaevakukus come, this time five; and all dance until they receive presentation of pig, when they too clear out. So on it goes until the whole eighty have been. Some get dogs, whereupon they catch them by the hind legs and strike the head furiously on the ground. Not a few are displeased with the small quantity given, and persistently remain until they get more.

I walked into the bush about a quarter of a mile, where there was a large crowd of men, some armed, and everywhere I turned weapons could be seen. Some were cutting up pigs, others dogs, putting the pieces into uros and upon the fire to cook. Some distance back was a large representation of Semese. It was a mask, fully ten feet high, and three broad: it was surrounded with feathers of various kinds, and down the middle was curiously painted. I was anxious to secure some of the masks, and especially the one representing Semese, but was told that they all had to be burned. I saw some of my friends, who assisted me in securing seven, but neither love nor tomahawks could obtain Semese. Soon, all round, fires were

lighted, and masks, cloaks, and kilts were blazing. I could not remove the masks I had obtained until dark, that no one might see them, and especially lest a woman should, as, according to tradition, she would soon sicken and die. I collected them and set sentries to watch, as I feared in the burning mania they might be seized.

After a walk about in the bush and in the village, I return to find that all the masks had been burned except my seven, so I asked Meka and his brother to carry them into the dubu at night, and leave them there until the schooner comes for sago, when she will take them.

The helaga is over, and all the men go to their homes, from which they have been separated for some months.

When I first showed these natives pictures they took not the slightest interest in them, but now they are beginning to show some appreciation. I have had an interesting gathering going over my magazines, the natives looking at the pictures, and passing remarks on each. Singing they like much, and a good singer, with life and heartiness, would be to them as one divine. My singing, I fear, will never steal their hearts away.

Here, in front of me, is a man making a spoon from a coconut. His only instrument is a piece of fish-skin, which he has on a stick and uses as a file.

Night.—I have had a crowd on the verandah, and have been singing to them and teaching them to count up to twenty in English. Not to be outdone, they sung a most peculiar song in two notes, and in parts. I tried them with the sol fa gamut, and

they followed me well. They will, I think, with a good teacher and patience, make capital singers. I wish I had not neglected *music in my youth*. I sung up to twenty, as the children are taught to do at Port Moresby, and then they outdid me by singing their numbers. Beginning with the small finger of the left hand, they count as follows :—

1	Harohapo . . .	Small finger of left hand.
2	Orahoka	Next finger.
3	Irohiho	Middle finger.
4	Hari	Forefinger.
5	Hue	Thumb.
6	Ukōva	Wrist.
7	Para	Between wrist and elbow.
8	Ari	Elbow.
9	Kae	Between elbow and shoulder.
10	Hero	Shoulder.
11	Korave	Neck.
12	Avaku	Ear.
13	Ubuhai	Eye.
14	Uvira	Nose.

It is then continued down the right side to the small finger of the right hand. All the prominent parts of the body signify a certain number.

I was much interested in my afternoon assembly. Aruadaera, speaking of peace, life, and love in Christ, was frequently asked to thoroughly explain it all. One old chief wondered if he should send his son to Port Moresby to be taught, so that he might know more of these things. He seemed afraid that he might starve, being so far away from home, with a raging sea between. I hope our explanations and assurances were satisfactory, and I shall then obtain two boys to add to the number of students at Port Moresby.

This is indeed a splendid field for missionary labour. Will the Church of Christ in the South Seas give the men, and the Church in Britain and the Colonies

the money, with a few more missionaries? How niggardly we act in everything for Christ! We speak too much of sacrifices for the Gospel's sake, or for Christ. I *do* hope we shall for ever wipe the word sacrifice, as concerning what we do, from the missionary speech of New Guinea. May there never be a missionary or his wife in this mission who will speak of their 'sacrifices,' or of what 'they have suffered'!

Oct. 21*st.*—This morning, when the bell was ringing for early service, there was a terrific shout, then cries of 'Sail ho!' in the native language could be heard. On crossing to the beach I saw it to be our boat, the Rarotonga. It was still far off, and so we went to service. Our new house was packed; and outside were as many more. The noise and confusion were truly awful; everybody was trying to quiet everybody else, and nobody was to be shut up by any other body. The women were much worse than the men, and I think I almost wished there were no women in creation. We had quiet at times, and especially at the close. Altogether we had a good service.

I like these first services; and it is most interesting, years after, to visit the people and see the change. I spoke in Motu; Aruadaera and Gabe spoke in Elema. When the service was finished all rushed for the beach; and what a shout! it was that of a mighty host.

About eight a.m. the Rarotonga got in, being nearly swamped crossing the bar. Fortunately, Charlie Oahu, who knows the passage, and can handle a boat skilfully, was in command.

Many came and sat round me in the evening, and with them Avea. They tell me fire was first brought from the bowels of the earth, but, after some generations, it went out. The natives were accustomed in old

times to bring children into the world by the Cesarian operation, thus sacrificing the mother; until one, soon to become a mother, seeing her husband getting his shell ready, when she was in pain, cried and begged of him to spare her life and take her to her father and mother; which he did, and that night a child was born in the natural way. Just after the birth she bathed, and feeling extremely cold, wished for warmth; a bit of fire came down from heaven, and her father fed it with dry wood he had about the house, when it soon blazed, and beside it the woman sat until she was warm. The birth of the child without killing the mother, and the coming of the fire, were so extraordinary, that all the people soon heard, and in their delight came with presents and laid them at the child's feet, receiving in return a burning stick. Since then no woman expecting to become a mother has been killed, and the fire has never gone out.

Oct. 22nd.—Very early this morning we were all roused by loud horn-blowing, calling on all able-bodied men to get up and make ready to go inland to assist the Motuans in dragging their large trees into the river. Soon large canoes were full of men, paddling away up the Annie.

We had a fine lot of children at school this morning (112). They seemed much interested, and I do hope the Motu boys will interest them sufficiently to keep it up. To pronounce six, I think, will beat them hollow; pronounce it they never will, their nearest is 'shekist;' and, feeling its impossibility, they give one great shout.

They returned again in the afternoon, willing to learn, but full of mischief and fun; and I should be sorry to see them otherwise.

Oct. 23rd.—The large trees are being floated in, and soon every Motuan will be busy making canoes. What a difference between the Motuans and Eastern Polynesians! The former lack energy: go into our school, and you will see them apparently almost dead, asleep half their time; and yet they do hard work, but not with that zest which the Eastern Polynesians manifest. They are very selfish, and scarcely ever help one another. They will take all given them, and look for more, but never think of a return present; and for everything they give or do they look for payment. Even here the people seem more lively, and certainly are much more generous. As a tribe, the Motuans are hard, close-fisted, sharp traders.

I was in great hopes this morning that the weather had broken, and we should have a spell of variables, but the sou'-easter again set in strongly. I fear we shall be detained some days longer.

Yesterday we had very few people about, to-day we have numbers lying all around, tired after yesterday's exertions up the river. Pigs are scarce; we cannot get one for the boat's crew, as the lakatois had all available ones.

Oct. 24th.—Blew hard from the south-east all night, but now quite a change; I hope to get away to-morrow.

We went early to church for service, but no big folks came: we had over 100 children, so had school. In school-work I am disappointed with the Motuans, who, I hoped, would take up the work more zealously.

My friends, knowing that my time for leaving draws near, are beginning to come in with presents of food, coconuts, betelnuts, and pepper. I have had to warn them against bringing too much. I am

in tolerable health, and should like to get away, so as to be at Port Moresby about the end of next week.

Oct. 25th.—This morning there is no wind, but until cockcrowing it blew hard from the south-east. Will wait to-day and see what comes of it: if settled, will leave in the morning.

The Motuans have begun digging out their canoes, so that close by we have the constant chop, chop, chop of adzes.

This afternoon the children went over the alphabet in all manner of ways. They are highly delighted with their progress.

Oct. 26th.—Blowing strong from the south-east all night, and this morning a deluge of rain greeted us. When ebb-tide set in the rain left off, and we made a start; one of our crew deserting. Notwithstanding all my care yesterday, we were very heavily laden. I gave orders again and again to carry nothing for any one, and that the crew should only be allowed to take a few buataus (betelnuts). It is a long journey to take in an open boat, and in a nasty Gulf sea. Before getting to the bar we shipped a good deal of water, and as we got nearer it was evident the boat would never ride the heavy seas running. I fancied I might be of some use another day, and as to attempt to cross the bar undoubtedly meant death to all, I gave orders to put about. In doing so we shipped a large quantity of water, and, oh horror! close by us was a huge, ugly crocodile. Imagine my feelings—for describe them I cannot—on seeing the monster. We had to keep baling, and found it difficult to make headway against the strong current.

I felt very anxious, as I have a horrible dread

of crocodiles. 'A long pull, a hard pull, and a pull altogether,' brought us right in and up to our landing, where we were met by a sympathising crowd, who feared when they saw us near the bar that we should never be seen again. We have landed everything, and I have spoken seriously to the Motuans about sending things in a small boat to their friends. It is difficult to say now when we can get away, but, if possible, we shall try again to-morrow. Kaikai and trade are low, and but for that I could stay contentedly here for any length of time.

Last night, after turning in, Avea came with his mat, saying, 'Oh, Tamate! oh! you are going away; let me lie near you to-night.' 'Yes, certainly, friend Avea.' He went over the story of his Motu trip ten years ago, and of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Lawes then—which he never will forget. He was talking with enthusiasm, when all of a sudden he began chanting from the throat in a very low mournful manner. I said, 'Avea, what are you doing, and why have you left off your story so suddenly?'

'When I see these two stars' (pointing to two in the North) 'I always do this; my father taught me, and I know Kuriau' (one of their spirits) 'hears me. May I go on?' 'Yes, Avea, go on;' and he continued singing in a pleasing, plaintive manner for some time. He tells me the great spirit, Harai, lives in the heavens. He sung again a plaintive chant, and told me Harai hears him when he sings it. Kuriau, a female spirit, lives in the sea: once Harai, going along where some caves were, heard the low murmur as of singing. He stopped and listened, and then looked in and saw the most beautiful object his eyes had ever looked on. She signed to him to go away,

which he did, returning to the heavens; but it was not long before he revisited the cave. This he did several times, when the two spirits became friendly, and finally cohabited. A son was born named Inami, and when he grew up he took a wife, and from them sprung Avea's particular part of the tribe, of which he is now the acknowledged chief. The great earth spirit is Emara.

Oct. 27th.—Good sea, fair wind, and I was getting ready to start, when I found the Motuans up to their old trick, filling the boat, through the crew, with buataus (betelnuts) and cooked sago for their friends. I stopped all, and ordered the boat to be unloaded and anchored.

After a great amount of talk, and seeing that I was determined to walk, the Motuans begged of me to take the boat, promising not to send presents of any kind by the crew. This being what I wished we again got ready, and were soon out, followed by a large crocodile. There being a calm, when we got out we pulled seaward for several miles, until meeting a south-west wind we gave sail and stood away for Motumotu. We had good wind and a smooth sea, and by sundown were three miles to the west of Motumotu. We anchored, and three of the crew swam ashore, and walked over to the river and got information about other canoes.

Oct. 29th.—At it all night, getting to Iokea about six a.m. I landed and had breakfast, and intended spending the day there, but the crew being anxious to get home, and the sea being smooth, I gave orders to get ready, and we soon stood away for Maiva. We got a nice fair wind, and by one p.m. we were ashore, where we found all well, and glad to see us.

At Cape Suckling we experienced a stiff south-easter and a very heavy sea, and had to put in for shelter. We remained two nights and a day on the beach, when, the wind and sea moderating, we started again, arriving at Port Moresby on November the 1st. When we landed and reported all well, great was the rejoicing, and the feat we accomplished has remained the wonder of all along the coast.

Another Trip West.

In January, 1884, I was away on my restive New Guinea steed again; hot, panting, excited, dreaming, moaning, groaning, burdened, sick, weak, tired of life and all its belongings, down with fever, in a word, and finally, nursed back by kind hands to convalescence; the first act of which is to scribble a few notes of a late trip to an old place.

I have been west again as far as the Annie River, Maclatchie Point. Sickness having overtaken part of our company, we were unable to travel as far as we had proposed; so found the days drag wearily on. But what life there was round the Motu encampment! Young and old were all occupied; huge unwieldy dug-out logs were brought together, and soon three large lakatois lay calmly floating on the bosom of the placid stream—one numbering ten canoes, another twelve, and the other fourteen, all strongly lashed together with large, long, straight trees and cane. The making of these three was one day's work; no sound of hammer or nail to be heard, no whirr of machinery, but steady hard honest toil under a burning sun, with no cooling wind. The following day the platforms all round were made with small saplings tied on to the ends of the crosstrees used in lashing the canoes,

which stretched out on either side; good strong platforms, but not at all comfortable to walk upon. The work went on apace till all was completed, masts stepped, and streamers straining their weird song all round; finally, the houses fore and aft, and underneath the various dovecots to receive the smaller parcels of cooked sago, are ready. At last the order goes forth, 'Get the cargo shipped,' and there is life everywhere on river, sea, and land. Sago, areca-nuts, and peppers, in tons, are being carted in; canoes are flying about with the large ends of the sago-leaf nicely dressed and stitched together, forming large receptacles, resembling sugar-loaves, to be placed in the canoes, small ends downwards, ready to receive sago. These are called gorugoru, and contain, the largest size 4 cwt. of wet sago, the medium about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., and the smallest about 1 cwt. Morning, noon, and night, in canoes and on shoulders, sago is being carried along to the lakatois. Hundreds of kokoaro, smaller bundles weighing about 40 lbs., fill up all the spaces. The dovecots are filled with dikeas, long sticks of cooked sago, some of which will be used on the journey—the greater part taken home to friends. These dikeas are very tasty when newly cooked, eaten with grated coconuts. The average cargo on each canoe is 31 tons of sago, besides areca-nuts, coconuts, sugar-cane, and bows and arrows. The total amount of sago arriving in Port Moresby this year from the west will be about 190 tons.

All is now ready, cargo on board, canoes deeply laden, the medicine in place. The men in command of each lakatoi, who are sacred, and who eat accordingly a particular kind of food, have long ago taken their positions; the young men are out in search of

scented plants and various kinds of crotons; the women of the village, assisted by the men, are busy getting firewood, and, finally, the loose warps are nicely arranged, the anchor is on board, and the lakatois are made fast to strong poles. To-morrow morning at ebb tide all moorings will be cast adrift, and then away will the Motuans be bound for their own homes.

The rosy light of morning finds all lively and prepared; and soon the lakatois, surrounded and accompanied by hundreds of canoes, clear the bar and are out to sea. There must be much anxiety, for often these huge craft, so heavily laden, when overtaken by dirty weather have to be abandoned; two of the best canoes, perhaps, being cut adrift, lashed together, emptied of their cargo, and manned by all hands, make for the nearest land. Sometimes they have gone down bodily with every soul on board, and are never heard of again; others have been driven away, possibly, out of their course, on to new islands, their living freight peopling them, or on inhospitable coasts have fallen victims to the people already there. It may be, before the Northern Queensland natives are finally exterminated by the whites, that a tribe or two may eventually be found who may tell from whence they came, and prove that they are descendants of Motuans long ages ago cast on the Australian coast.

When at Perau, on the west bank of the Annie River, two years ago, I saw two idols, and a large peculiarly shaped stone, and now again met my old friends. Epe and Kivava are the wooden idols, and the stone is named Ravai. They were made long ago, and are considered very sacred. At present they are located in an old house, until all the arrangements necessary for their removal to the splendid new dubu

prepared for them are completed; when amidst great feasting, and in strict secrecy, they will be placed in their new position. Offerings are made to them, and in cases of sickness they are often appealed to, seeing that Kanitu [1], the Great Spirit, is represented in them. Women and children are never supposed to see them, the former especially, as dire consequences would immediately result. They are more particularly addressed in times of fighting, and before setting forth offerings are presented, with food, and they are entreated to precede the warriors. Success will ever attend their arms if these gods only assist them—disaster and death if they refuse.

During our stay in one of the dubus a peculiar feast took place. A lad who had never been initiated, never seen the inner precincts of the dubu, and never looked upon the wonderful fetish of Semese, was to receive his introduction. His father's pigs were dying fast of some unknown and incurable disease, and though his son was over-young he determined to stretch a point, so gave a feast at which the initial processes of the entering-in would take place, though years would elapse ere the final mysteries were disclosed. A pig was killed, and a large quantity of sago prepared in various forms. At midday a portion was brought, a dish of cooked sago was placed in the centre of the temple, and near the centre-post an old coconut, over which a man stood with a stone axe. Inside, in the dark, was a lad with the fetish attached to a piece of twine, swinging it. As soon as it began to give forth a strong, burring sound, from the velocity of its motion through the air, the man said a few words, split the coconut in two, and a great shout was given by all present. Those

[1] At Elema the Great Spirit is 'Kanitu'; at Namau, 'Kanibu.'

sitting by sipped the sago and ate the coconut. All the afternoon the fetish was kept swinging, and the burring sound given out could be heard nearly a hundred yards away. About five o'clock the father and three children arrived, the eldest, who was grandly adorned, being led by the hand, while all carried food. They were preceded by an elderly man, who placed over the entrance to the dubu a neatly-arranged young leaf of sago, and on the centre-post another at which the offerings that had been brought, consisting of food, arm-shells, tomahawks, bows and arrows, were placed. The young lad was then led by the hand and shown the inner precinct, and had presented to his gaze the Semese fetish.

He looked frightened, and seemed glad when he again stood by his father. Friends then gave him presents of bows and arrows. The lad's uncle, his mother's brother, then came and gathered up the food and presents and carted all away. All left but the boy, who seemed now more at home and walked about. He slept that night in the inner dubu.

Overhead, near the centre, carefully wrapped, hangs the most sacred of all the representation of Semese. Only old men have seen it; and various are the initiatory steps before it can be seen. I tried much to have a look, but innumerable excuses were made, and I had to leave without attaining that higher knowledge. There was great feasting on dog and pig that night until late.

We had a visit from the cannibals. Two large canoes came in, with an average of fifteen men in each; they were in quest of cooking-pots. They say it is very annoying not to be able to cook their man and sago in pots, and being without them a lot of unnecessary waste occurs, and the gravy escapes; they

have drunk none for a length of time now. They visited us, and we visited them; they were from a large village further west than I had been last trip, and were extremely anxious that I should accompany them to their home; but it was out of the question. In the evening they all paddled out into mid-stream, and, with the exception of one or two in each canoe, all sat quietly in the bottom. Kanitu was addressed as to whether they should proceed further in quest of pots or now return home: if the canoes rocked they would proceed to Kerema, if not they would return. Having rocked, they all left for Kerema, where they were more successful. On their return they again called, and after landing, one of them helped himself to a water-pot lying by one of the houses, when there soon was a row, a rushing for bows and arrows, and a run to the canoes. Bows were soon strung, and the canoes plying cannily about. If they had been so minded, they could soon have taken our village and killed every soul left in it, as the majority were away, getting sago. One old cannibal was about to draw and shoot, when I signed to him, which he noticed, returned my signal, gave some order, and they paddled away. Peace was made, and that night they left for home. My old cannibal friends also came in, but remained for a very short time indeed, disgusted that I could not accompany them, and wanting to know what was to be done with my pigs.

Sitting writing one day I was astonished at the sight of people running in the village, and a woman came near our platform, calling out, when a man who was sitting by sprang up and rushed towards a neighbouring house. His child was reported to be dead, quite dead. He seized it, his wife handed him his charm, which he

hung round his neck, then went to a thick tussock of verbena grass growing close by, took a little and chewed it, held the child over his head, handed it then to the mother, who rushed with it to the river, breathed all over it, from the sole of its foot to the crown of its head, plunged in, bathed, and returned with the child, alive and apparently well. The father had fallen down like one helplessly drunk, rolled about in the street, got up and staggered away to the sea, requiring a broad path indeed on which to travel, and tacking much. He returned quite well.

Another day a Motu child, who had been very ill for a long time, was brought to our dubu dying. Two sorcerers dressed themselves in their large figured belts, hung on their charms, made from very small coconuts, and, chewing pieces of some kind of wood, each took a piece of red burning charcoal, chewed that, swallowed all, and then both, breathing heavily, rubbed the child all over with their noses. Soon both were lying, like drunken men, on the platform, a crowd standing round and seriously watching all. No one attempted to raise them up, each had to roll and crawl about without help; and finally, as though dead, they rolled off, and, sitting up, staggered away, throwing their arms about, and, scarcely knowing what to do with their legs, fell again, rolled, got up, and at length reached the river, tumbled in, and floated about for some time. Soon they were all right again, and reappeared in the dubu. The child was taken away, and I went over to the Motu camp to see it. I was told it was dead, so returned and informed our sorcerer friends of the fact, a statement which they received with scorn, saying, 'No, the child is not dead; they lie who say it is.' They re-dressed and started again,

and, I believe, went through their performance; the child was still alive, and they thought they had scored a point; but it died the next day, to their terrible chagrin, and was buried close by the camp. I felt sorry for the poor old grandfather, at whose urgent request the child had been brought by the father on the trip: the old man said to me, 'I thought it would comfort us when away from home and friends to have my pet grandchild with us; you know it is so lonely.' Poor old man! his grandchild lies far away from him now, and only a night or two ago I heard him, since his return, bewailing his folly in having taken it with them.

We spent some time on the western side of the harbour, and when there had a scene of a different kind—with spirit-men. We had a splendid arm-shell with us, and with a tomahawk we wished to secure a pig for our party. None was forthcoming, so the arm-shell was put away, with smaller ones, in a small bag and hung up in the dubu. The following morning we were leaving for the other side when we missed the bag, with all its contents. I said nothing, leaving it to the man who had it in charge to make the charge. My time had not come, but I determined to have all restored ere I should leave for the east. I allowed preparations for departure to proceed, notwithstanding the entreaties of several to remain till the following day. I told them I had never before been robbed in a dubu, and always considered it too sacred a place from which to have things stolen. A deputation then waited on us and begged us to remain, and possibly before next day all would be restored. I consented, and so squatted for another twenty-four hours. It was amusing to watch the peculiar expression

of the various groups, and hear the whisperings and surmisings. I was asked if I had any idea of the thief; seeing I was a great chief, possibly I knew from my familiar spirit who had taken it. Soon after missing the bag, I thought I knew the culprit or culprits, but said nothing. During the day my impressions deepened, until finally I was almost certain; and if they were not returned during the night I felt sure that I should be able to recover them after I crossed. About eight o'clock the scene began. Fires were lighted on each side of the dubu, crowds sat about inside and on the platform, and soon three wild excited men came out, breathing heavily, squirting betel-juice about; and, repeating in a hurried manner some words, they pointed up, then right and left, said they now knew, and that the bag and its contents were buried. The spirits were angry, terribly angry, because a great chief was robbed in their dubu, and perhaps he would never return. They rushed in, then out into the bush, searched about, returned, danced, shouted, stole quietly in and out amongst the crowd, pointed as before, chewed betel, and went through, over and over again, the same dramatic acts. About ten o'clock we had quiet, and we were all requested to retire to sleep, which we did, and enjoyed our rest. The next morning, after daylight, I was requested to look amongst our things, which I did, and there was the bag and its contents: it had been buried. I said nothing, leaving it for them to say how sorry they were for the disgrace brought upon their dubu and themselves.

We left, but we were daily visited with large presents of food, and in a few days the Ellengowan arrived and took us back to Port Moresby.

College. Mr. Lawes' House. First Mission House

PORT MORESBY.

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CHAPTER IV.

TRIBAL WARS.

I. *The Doura.*

TOWARDS the end of 1880 I arrived at Manumanu, intending to proceed up the Edith River, hoping thereby to reach Doura, and thence advance to the spurs on the western side of Mount Owen Stanley. The old chief of Manumanu, Naime, on my arrival told me it would be madness to proceed, as the Koitabuans of Lokurukuna, a district in Redscar Bay, had gone up the day before to revenge the deaths of several of their people, killed years ago by the Dourans, and that very morning several Douran bodies had floated down the stream.

Several months afterwards I visited the Dourans, going in from Caution Bay, and found them living away from their villages, still keeping a good look-out for the Koitabuans. On my return to the coast I found that the Koitabuans were quite satisfied with the 'payment' they had given, and were now willing to make peace, and be in the future friendly with the Doura; but the latter, although pretending to wish for peace, really meant revenge when the suitable time came.

Time wore on, and we were in hopes things would

take a favourable turn, and from the long silence thought it possible the Koitabuans might move first in proposing peace and invite the Dourans to an exchange of presents, or the Dourans even might sue for peace; but a few weeks ago showed that the savage's feelings of revenge are not decreased by length of time.

For a long time we hoped to occupy Kabadi, a district inland of Redscar Bay, with a fine, kind native population; and, having new teachers, we decided on placing two amongst them as soon as we returned from Maiva; but we were disappointed.

I must here explain the relation in which the Kabadi stood to the Doura and the Koitabu tribes. They were one with the former and very friendly, while with the latter they were at bitter enmity.

Many years ago, when the western sago trading expedition had gone, the Kabadi, to revenge the murder of one or two of their youths, attacked Lealea, a village in Caution Bay, and killed a large number of women and children, carrying away one man, whom they burned alive on one of the small islands near Redscar Head, just as you enter the bay from the eastward. Several Koitabuans living at Lealea suffered in that attack.

On the return of the trading canoes, great was the sorrow of the crews. Some men returned to find an empty home, wife and children all killed; others to find their aged parents, whose hearts they had hoped to gladden with a plentiful supply of food, long since cruelly murdered. Many, when they first heard it, wished for death, and several attempted suicide. The custom is, when the trading canoes are reported as near at hand, for those at home to go off in small canoes to

receive and impart news. A small canoe approaching *very* silently is a sign of bad news. On this occasion all was silence, and sorrow was visible on every face; and when the first overwhelming feeling of grief—heart-rending, maddening grief, in which every heart-cord seemed snapped—had subsided, the Koitabuans, with the Lealeans, resolved on signal and terrible revenge. To the savage, above all men, revenge is sweet. For years he can live on the hope of it.

Some time after, both parties arranged to attack the Kabadi on the same night. The Koitabuans assembled in great force. They came from Badili, Barune, Lealea, and all the villages of Lokurukuna, and were led by the real Lealeans, who knew only of one village in the Kabadi country, Matapaila. They surrounded it very early one morning when the inhabitants were fast asleep, and killed men, women and children, plundering the village and setting fire to it. A very few escaped, and they made good use of their time. The victors, satisfied with their victory, remained on the scene of their morning's bloody work, dancing and full of glee, not thinking the very few who escaped could do them any harm.

There are several other villages in the district, and to these the refugees hurried with their tale of woe. It took only a very short time to arm, and as short for a word of encouragement and a terrible vow of vengeance. Soon fresh, strong men, full of wrath and revenge, surrounded the rejoicing victors, and the work of death began. A terrible morning it was, as only two escaped to tell the tale. Since that time there has been constant war between the tribes, each killing individuals as occasion offered.

So a few weeks ago the Dourans, wishing for

revenge, knew well where to apply. They went to the Kabadi with pigs, &c., and found in my old friend Naimearua of Keveo a glad and willing ally; but all the other chiefs objected, saying, that they had made peace with the missionaries, and soon they hoped some would live with them. Our old staunch friend Naimeru was the leader of the peace party. For both Naimes we had teachers, and were ready to start with them.

The Manumanuans had hitherto kept out of the whole affair. They had grievances against the Dourans and the Kabadis, but waived them all for the sake of peace and friendship, and perhaps because they were afraid of the Port Moresby natives, who looked upon the Kabadi country as their winter market. Although the Manumanu were one tribe with the Port Moresby natives, should the former punish the Kabadi by killing a Kabadian, the market would be closed, and the Port Moresby natives might wipe them out, relations or no relations.

The Dourans arranged the night of attack, and selected two small villages of the Lokurukuna district for their revenge. The Kabadi joined them in the river, and in two large canoes the united forces proceeded stealthily down one of the creeks of the river, landed, and surrounded both villages. It was early morning, before the sunlight appeared over the great Owen Stanley Mountains, that the work of murder and rapine began.

The Koitabuans, finding themselves hemmed in, seem to have thought of revenge rather than defence, and the men seized their arms and shields, cut their way through the enemy, leaving the women and children to their fate. In the rush, fifteen Koitabuans

were killed, the others escaped. The Dourans, led by my big friend Adu, and the Kabadis by Naimearua, began their horrible work, and killed all the women and children they could get, in all forty. Little children they caught by the feet, and dashed their brains out against coconut trees or large stones. When the work of blood was over, they began to loot and burn, then prepared to leave, happy in their morning's work. They had triumphed, and before leaving the scene of their victory they gave expression to their joy in horn-blowing and dancing. When the sun appeared well over Mount Owen Stanley, all embarked in their canoes. They returned by the same creek to the river, and, as they ascended, those not paddling were horn-blowing, dancing, and singing; but, to their horror, some distance up, the river was blocked by a large fleet of Koitabu canoes, packed with men wild for revenge, consisting not only of the warriors who escaped, but numbers from other villages. The conquerors put about, and paddled back, to get into the bay and pull up to the mouth of the river at Manumanu.

All night a strong south-east wind had been blowing, and by that time it blew a gale, causing a heavy sea on the bar of the creek entering the bay. A few got through, but other canoes went adrift, and had to be abandoned. The warriors returned to the shore determined to walk overland to Manumanu. They were hotly pursued by the Koitabuans, who before had sent on two messengers to inform the Manumanuans of the morning's work. When at the point near the village, the latter, after having wept for the dead, came out and met the conquerors of the morning hard pushed by the pursuers: several Dourans had already

fallen, and the flush of victory had quite gone. The Manumanuans joined in the fight, and assisted the Koitabuans. The Kabadis who were successful in crossing the bar landed, hoping to help the Dourans, but they soon saw it was of little avail to contend against the combined forces of Koitabuans and Manumanuans, and rushed for the village, a hundred yards off, and secreted themselves in one of the houses. Two young chiefs, Seri and Taera, Manumanuans, arrived from the other side of the river, and at once set to work to save the secreted fugitives. Two had been killed in the fight, five ran and took to the river, and were there drowned or carried off by crocodiles; all the others were landed safely on the other side. The Kabadis, however, say none were drowned or taken by crocodiles, but that the whole seven were killed by the Manumanuans.

The Dourans held out long and well. For them there was no hope of escape, and they fought to the bitter end. Four got to the village, and secreted themselves in one of the houses. Three youths of Manumanu mothers were saved by their relatives, the others were seized by the strong men, and the youths and little children were called upon to take spears and despatch them. Children just able to carry a spear were tattooed, and will in future boastfully speak of having slain a man. Those secreted in the house were burnt out and then speared. One poor lad who entered another house, hard-pressed, from the back, rushed on to the front platform, put his hands to cover his eyes, and threw himself down on the spears below. Another Douran boy was tomahawked in the river. My big, good-hearted, savage friend Adu fell wounded with many spears,

and was finally despatched by a beggarly Koitabu boy. Close by Adu lay two of his sons. I remember them well—fine, light-coloured, strapping youths, who accompanied me many miles when returning from Doura on a former journey.

Except two men, all the Manumanu men and boys claim to have killed, or helped to kill, one or more; several claimed the honour of killing the same man.

On the report of this occurrence we decided to keep the teachers at Port Moresby, in the hope that it might yet be all right between the Manumanu and Kabadi, and after being perfectly satisfied that all was safe we would then settle them.

So many and varied were the reports that came to us, that I decided to go to Manumanu, and make inquiries on the spot. Great was the relief of the natives when they heard that the Motuans of Port Moresby were not coming to attack them.

I condemned them strongly for not acting as chiefs when the Dourans and Kabadians came to their village, saying that they should have told the Koitabuans there must be no fighting on their ground or in their village; that if they were anxious for revenge, it must be done at some other time and place. Instead of doing that they helped in the fight, and killed many. After some time they promised to use their utmost efforts to make peace with the Kabadi.

When at Kerepunu some years ago, just after they had killed a Papaka woman, I joked the chiefs, saying that they must be women, as I could only imagine women killing women. They indignantly replied: 'Tamate! What—leave women! But for them there would be no men, so we kill them, and prevent increase.' Everywhere I have been in New Guinea the same

idea prevails—kill the women and children, and prevent future revenge. The Dourans and Kabadians were acting accordingly.

Native rumour gives alarming totals for the numbers killed, but the following is near the truth :—Koitabu men, 15; Koitabu women and children, 40; Dourans, 24; Kabadi, 7; Manumanu, 1 : total killed, 87.

II. *The Kabadi.*

For some time after the events just narrated we had no communication with the Kabadi, as some of their party had been killed by the Manumanuans, a part of the great Motu tribe. From time to time we heard stories that the Kabadi were preparing a large fleet of fighting canoes, which meant vengeance upon Manumanu and the Koitabuans; that one dark night they visited the coast, but, seeing no natives, returned; and that the Motu boys adopted by the Kabadians long ago were murdered, and their bodies cut into pieces and burned. Such stories caused a good deal of unrest among the Motu tribe, and, although we discredited the murdering of the boys, many for a time believed it. To us it seemed too bad even for savages, and certainly not what we thought our Kabadian friends would do.

Would it not be better to go and see what these savage friends had to say for themselves? Months had passed, and the excitement abated, but the undying fire of revenge might still burn brightly.

When the idea was first mooted, there was a good deal of dubious head-shaking among the natives, and a boat's crew could scarcely be found; but when the project took form in action, and orders were given to

get the boat launched and ready for sea, our old and valued friend Heni, one of our Motu chiefs, consented to accompany me, and, after some trouble, five others were got to pull.

On the evening of the 6th of February, 1882, just as the sun was setting, we stepped into the boat, I happy that I had secured a crew, but the crew unhappy, as they had just left their wives and children, who tried to detain them and keep them from what seemed sure death. 'No,' they said, 'we must go, and if Tamate is killed, then we shall be killed with him; if he lives, we too shall live.' My old friend Heni we called for and took from his verandah, where he was surrounded by many weeping relatives who were trying to keep him. He entered the boat, saying to them, 'Do not weep for me; if he lives, I live: if he is killed, I too shall be killed; but it will be peace and sure friendship.'

We sailed first to Boera, where I was going to pick up our teacher Piri and a chief, both great friends of the Kabadians. When near Boera I was asked by the crew, 'You will stay at Boera until the return tide, and then go on?' 'No, just land and get Piri and Daro, and, if possible, one more man to assist you; then we are off, as I want to be at Manumanu by daylight, and ascend the creek Abisi (on chart, Galley Reach) with the morning tide, meet the Kabadians, and return by the night ebb.' All the reply was—'He thinks it's nothing; just hear what he says!'

We got on to the Boera reef about eleven o'clock, and the tide was falling. I at once landed, leaving the rowers in charge, with orders to back the boat into deep water. In about twenty minutes I had my friends ready, but, on returning to the beach with them,

found the boat high and dry. I did not feel pleasant, and they knew it, only it suited them, for they hoped I might be disgusted and change my plan and return from Boera to Port Moresby. Turning in, dragoon-fashion, I slept lightly, determined to catch the morning tide, and have a start by cock-crowing. At three a.m. the boat was reported as not afloat, but I insisted on rousing everybody and getting ready. By four a.m. we were in the boat and away, pulling through Caution Bay towards Redscar Head. Meeting a strong north-wester, we ran out to sea, in the hope the wind would west more, and then we could round and weather the Head. But it would not shift, so there was nothing for it but to put back to Boera. Joy was on every countenance as we sped back with a free sheet and water flying in curves from the bows above the gun-wales.

'Shall we go right back to-day?'

'Where?'

'Hanuabada, our homes.'

'No, certainly not; wait at Boera for the evening tide, and then away.'

When at Boera the crew tried to get Piri and his wife to persuade me to return, but they both advised them to say nothing to me about it, as we should be all back safe and well in a day or two.

At six p.m. we again started, and with a light land-breeze sailed across Caution Bay into Redscar Bay, and on towards Manumanu. When about two miles from the village we anchored, to await the daylight. During the sail down, the crew told horrible tales of murder and cruelty by the Kabadians in the past; of natives being burnt alive, others having their limbs cut off and thrown into the fire; of their terrible treachery,

taking a man as a friend by the hand and leading him into their houses, placing food before him, and then, when engaged eating, making a pretence of rising to get something, in order to come behind and spear or tomahawk the victim.

'Tamate, do you hear and believe that?'

'No, I don't care; out oars, and pull away.'

More horrible stories followed, and a fish sprang across the boat from the seaside to the coast, which caused some of the crew to give a long-drawn sigh. Soon another fish sprang into the boat, then another and another. I said nothing, and pretended to be paying no attention, as I was anxious to hear what they would say. For some time it was silence—a peculiar silence—and then old Heni spoke.

'What do these fish portend? I fear the Kabadi have descended, surrounded Manumanu to-night, and killed many.'

'Father,' said another, 'no, 'tis our boat: one fish springs right over the boat, and three are here before us; it is not Manumanu, but we. Who of us will return?'

With a long sigh all together replied, 'Who?'

Just when the silver streaks of morning which follow the 'big star' appeared, and before the golden sun-rays were seen over the lofty Owen Stanley, and I knew day was near, I roused my crew. We soon had anchor up, and by six a.m. we were at Manumanu.

Here the natives did all they could to prevent our going to certain death, and my crew, I believe, taught them much to say when Piri and I were ashore. On getting to the boat, I was beset on every hand by the crowd: 'Do return from here; on no account go to Kabadi; not one of you will ever be seen again.

Have they not spoken evil of you, Tamate?' I gave no answer, but only ordered the boat away. No notice was taken of the order, and the crew standing up looked sad indeed. I told them they were at liberty to remain if they chose, as Piri and I could sail across the river, anchor the boat, and walk inland, so that, being at Manumanu, we could now do without them; 'only,' I added, 'on your return, what will the Motu say?'

'Tamate, have you really heard what these Manumanuans say?'

'Yes, I have heard, but I do not believe one word, and must leave at once. Pole off, or go at once.'

One old woman waded out to me. I was sitting aft, and she whispered, 'Go, Tamate, go; the Kabadi will treat you all kindly, and not injure one of you—they are only too anxious to see you.'

I laughed at the stupid fear my crew showed.

'Why do you laugh,' they said, 'when you hear what these people say?'

'Come, push off the boat, or go ashore to your friends and await my return, just as you like.'

'No, we will not forsake you, but go with you, die with you, or live with you.'

However, they felt that they must arm themselves; so they borrowed bows and arrows and strings from the people, and on the way up the creek our boat became, for the time being, an arsenal. There was great testing of bows, condemning strings, and refitting others, trying the sharpness of arrows, and laying plans for defence. Heni encouraged them frequently, saying, 'Do not be afraid, my children.' He was laughing at their folly; and they said, 'You are a great chief, and do not carry arms, and perhaps do not know what fear is; but we may carry arms, and if the Kabadi

do not attack us they will think nothing of our being armed.'

On landing at the head of the creek, I gave orders to anchor the boat in mid-stream, and unship the rudder and place it with the tiller in the boat. 'No,' they said, 'leave the rudder as it is, to be ready.' I knew they were anticipating a rush for the boat, and the rudder being shipped would expedite matters considerably in getting away. Oars were placed so as to be easily handled, and the rowlocks were put together in a handy place. I told them if they liked they could stay in the boat, and Piri and I would go on alone. 'No, no, we have come thus far;' and again followed life and death protestations of attachment.

Leaving the boat, we walked into thick scrub and through swamps, where we sank in mud over the knees. I thought if there was any running back it would be all up there. After walking about three miles and a-half, we came into very fine open country, studded with plantations and many patches of tall bush. We were travelling hard, as I was anxious to return that evening; and we soon sighted a village, but could see no one about. Coming through the long grass, we entered the village unexpectedly. Under one of the large meeting-houses a number of men were assembled. Near to us, in a hammock, was an old man who, on seeing us, looked frightened, but said nothing. Two dogs came close to us, and began howling in their savage way. We walked straight for the meeting-house, and when close to it were met by a man, who came and threw his arms round our Boera chief's neck, and both embraced by rubbing noses. All the others then went through the same performance. Piri and I thought hand-shaking enough. We

then sat down on a log in the middle of the street, and were soon surrounded by the crowd from under the house. All were friendly, and glad indeed to see us, and wondered why we had not come sooner. About a furlong further on was another village, to which we were led, and there we met the two principal chiefs of the coast villages of Kabadi, old friends, and as friendly as ever.

Our party now thought all was right, and we should return; but I told them these chiefs and people had nothing to do with the fighting, and I must go inland and see all the chiefs.

'No, it is enough; and we know that the Kabadi are right, peaceful, and kind.'

'How do you know? have you seen the fighting party who are said to be enemies?'

'These chiefs say it is all right.'

We received a present of a number of young cocoanuts, which were indeed refreshing after our smart walk. Having smoked all round, I rose to go, saying I was off inland, and got to the end of the village, when I found no one was following but Piri. I went back for explanation, when one of the Kabadi chiefs said, 'I shall be angry if you leave; wait and have food and a pig, and go to your boat from here.'

'A friend's anger soon passes away. Long ago we made peace and became friends, and you have not cut these; why should I stay here, when I know not how my friends inland are? You know well how angry they would be if they heard I had been here and did not go to see them.' Turning to my Motu crew and friends, I said, 'You stay here until evening, when I may return; or if you prefer it, go back to the boat, but Piri and I go inland.' Then I took the arm of the

younger of the two chiefs and said, 'Now, friend, no getting away; march ahead, and show us the way.' So we started, followed by all our party.

We travelled for about five miles through level country, studded with coconut groves, banana plantations, and clumps of bush. On arriving at the river—the Aroa—we called on our friends of Kaukana to send the ferry canoe across. They, on seeing who we were, began loud wailing. A youth came to ferry us across, who on meeting us wept bitterly, as he told us his brother had been dead some time, and that his sister and uncle died lately.

On landing on the opposite bank we ascended to the chief's house, where he sat wailing loudly. Poor man, I deeply sympathised with him; since my last visit he had lost by death his son, daughter, and brother. All wept with him, and the house became a Bochim indeed. I had known the son well—a bright intelligent lad, whom I hoped we might get some day to live with us. When I first knew him, he and his brother were staying at Boera, having been taken there by friends. Piri and his excellent wife liked the boys, and encouraged them about the house, and the latter soon got to love them, and it ended by their leaving their friends in the village and coming to the teacher. I think the first time I saw them was after prayers one evening. The teacher's wife had them both bending beside her, and was teaching them the Lord's Prayer. It was with difficulty she could get them to repeat after her; they were convulsed with laughter; and when they did consent to repeat, it was with a roar of laughter at every pause. They stayed for some time, and then they were sent home. It was eighteen months after, that we visited Kabadi for the

first time, and I then asked the boys if they remembered what Piri's wife taught them, and they repeated the alphabet. She was with us, and she asked them quietly if they remembered the prayer, and I heard them say, 'Yes, and every day repeat it.' She then made them both sit down beside her, and they said it reverently and correctly.

The old man wept bitterly, repeating something like the following:—'Alas! alas! Tamate, had you only come sooner, come before my darling son died, he might have lived; but you come long after to weep only at his grave. Oh! my son, my son, I shall never again see you. Why did you die? why leave me so?'

The women of the village and the old man's wife had already begun cooking, so, as our time was short, we left him and visited Keveo, Naimearua's village. Passing through one village the people insisted on our waiting and partaking of cooked food. Our followers were glad to have something to eat, and I remained with them. They begged of the Motuans and Boerans to return soon with uros (cooking earthenware pots), as they were in great need of them. I started ahead of the others, led by Naimearua's son, one of the fighters; and when nearing Keveo a young man, I suppose just hearing of our arrival, came running armed towards us, but he was soon sent back and ordered to put his bow and arrows away.

The chief was away in his plantation, and a messenger was at once despatched for him. During the time of waiting the son told us something to the following effect:—'We never thought of fighting until Adu, the Doura chief, came here with two pigs, and begged of my father to assist him to attack the

Koitabu villages. My father objected at first, but, seeing the young men anxious to join the Dourans and pay off an old debt we had in memory against the Koitabuans, he consented, and accepted the pigs and presents. In the night we arrived at and surrounded the villages. On returning and trying to get through the surf our canoes became disabled, and we had to leave them, and were hurrying along the beach, when we were pursued by a strong force of Koitabuans gathered from other villages. We retreated fighting towards Manumanu, thinking when we got there we should be safe, and that we should get help from our friends the Motuans, who would ferry us all across. Instead of that, they joined the Koitabuans. But for Daera (the only chief Manumanu has) we should all have been slain. He was on the opposite side of the river, and, hearing the war-horn blowing, he hurried across, called on all the Kabadians to come to him, and warned the others against touching us. He got us canoes, and with them crossed to the other side. None of our men were drowned, but the Manumanu killed seven.'

When he had finished, his father came hurrying along. He threw his arms around me, greatly delighted to see me, and to those with me he gave a hearty greeting. He insisted that we should wait until he got food and a pig cooked. I told him we were anxious to get back to the boat, so as to be in Port Moresby the following day. He assured me our friendship was unbroken, and although the Manumanu had killed his youths, yet he did not intend fighting. He begged of the Motuans and Boerans to return soon with uros, when their large canoes would be filled with food, and, on returning, they

might pass close in to Manumanu, that people there might with their own eyes see the large supply of food from which they had cut themselves off, and so bitterly repent with weeping their action on the fatal day. I told him we had heard he was making great preparations for revenge. He said—

'No, it is all false; we have been long waiting, and with fear, to know what action Urobada (the Motu tribe) would take. You have come now, and as friends. It is enough. We have more food than we can use, so let us just renew our old system of trade.'

We received presents of food, and then left. Returning to Kaukana, we had placed before us cooked food sufficient for fifty hungry men, and plenty more to take with us. Naime begged of me to stay one night, but I refused, though I promised him to return soon. His wife, remembering my weakness for a pudding she knows how to make well, had a number cooked, and insisted on my taking them with me. After dinner we crossed the river, accompanied by our host and several others from the village. Naimearua met us on the other side, where we had a long talk. Our natives there unstrung their bows and used them as bearers for the bananas that had been presented to us. It was now real peace and friendship, and all fear was gone. We started with a number of Kabadians carrying food for us, all presents from the chiefs and people. We passed through Matapaila,—a large village about half-way between Keveo and where we left our boat,—one of several villages close by. The people were very anxious we should stay and partake of their hospitality, and the chief and people begged our Motu and Boera friends to return soon. By

sunrise we got to the boat, where I found that some of our crew after I left had anchored the boat in mid-stream, and, to prevent her coming near the bank, had made her fast aft to a long pole. This was to prevent the Kabadians, in the event of an attack, getting on board.

After a last smoke with our friends, and many farewells, we pulled away, leaving them on the bank calling on us soon to return, and that we must not think there was the slightest ill-feeling towards us amongst them.

Our men were now bold as lions, and laughing heartily at their friends at home, who ever since we left had probably been weeping, never expecting to see them again. The Manumanu came in for a good share of abuse. We arrived at their village about ten p.m., and were soon surrounded by an anxious crowd, to know the result of our visit. Daera was greatly delighted when I told him how the Kabadi spoke of him, that he was their only friend, and the only chief they had at Manumanu. They were all warned by old Heni, our Port Moresby chief, to be careful in future, and never again to 'cut asunder' the peace. 'But for the missionaries,' he said, 'and long ago we should have taken everything from you, and burned every house in your village.'

These people are very badly off for food, but now they must not go near Kabadi in quest of any. They make large quantities of earthenware, and always previously had the Kabadi and Doura country as good markets, where they could buy a constant supply of all kinds of native food. Now they have no market, and live principally on the seed of a species of mangrove. They now repent, and feel that the tattoo marks gained

by the slaughter are not sufficient to make up for what they have lost.

Sailing all night, we reached Boera just before sunrise. After a short rest and breakfast, the wind being strong and aft, we started for Port Moresby, where we arrived about eleven a.m., to the great joy of many anxious friends.

Already the Motuans are preparing to visit Kabadi, and so secure some of their abundance, and supply them with uros, &c. My old friend Heni, when in sight of home, addressed me: 'As the sun shines, so do you. Such a thing as has now been done has never before been done on this coast, and it is only by the Gospel of peace it could be done.' And the crew all joined in chorus: 'True, true, very true.' I close with the same, in reply to the latter part: 'True, true, very true.'

III. *The Koitabu.*

August 7th and 8th, 1882.—We left Port Moresby this morning, with a good breeze, and by three p.m. anchored at Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, intending to pay a visit to the Douran country. Uncertain as to which branch of the river to ascend, we took two native women with us—one my old friend Adu's widow, and the other her aunt. After the fight of last year, in which so many were killed, and amongst them their husbands and sons, these women returned to the homes of their youth at Manumanu. We pulled all night, and by daybreak were near the first Doura village. It had long been deserted; the houses were falling to pieces, and long vines were growing over them. There was not a vestige of human life to be seen. We continued our journey until twelve, when we camped to cook and

rest. I had camped here three years previously, and then there was much life and heartiness, and I had been well received by the chief, Adu, and his people. Now nothing was left but one old house, falling to pieces, and plantations choked with bush and weeds. We were near the last of the villages, and, being anxious to find natives, we went on board and pushed on, but, alas! only to find other houses, in which I had formerly been kindly received, all falling to pieces; while others were kept standing by vines growing round them and on to the tall trees. Broken cooking-pots lay everywhere about, and cooking-stones growing green. This is a terrible disappointment, as I hoped to secure help to reach the base of the range, so that we might pass from tribe to tribe until we ascended it. We pitched our camp on the river-beach, the highest point of Mount Owen Stanley bearing N.E. by E. twenty-three miles.

9*th*.—I was the only one who slept last night, having a mosquito net; the others paced up and down all the time. After an early breakfast we started to find Kone, a village I had heard of when here before. We had to cut our way through the bush in many places, and, as we travelled, marked trees, to help us in our return, if unsuccessful in finding natives. Travelling N.E. by E. for twelve miles, we came across no natives or native tracks. Two of our party went on a few miles further, with like result. The prospect was certainly far from encouraging. We returned to camp, arriving after sundown, weary and hungry.

10*th*.—I decided to spend another day looking for a village or villages, where we could camp amidst natives. We divided our party, a portion being sent to return over yesterday's track and to continue it for

some distance further, and then work more east. I started with a party to travel through the Doura district and well over to the sago country. It was another day of rough, nasty travelling, through thick bush, with an abundance of prickly palms. We were quite unsuccessful—nowhere could we find a trace of recent human occupation. We returned through the old back villages; some houses were still good, covered with vines, and surrounded with thick bush. At Adu's own village was a large grove of betelnut palms, which had been long untouched, and were loaded with fruit. Adu's widow insisted on my natives helping themselves, wishing them even to cut the trees down. To this I strongly objected. One very tall tree she entreated me to cut down as his friend, adding, 'He is dead, his sons are dead, his brothers and sisters are dead, no one remains belonging to him; do cut it down!' I consented to this, and soon two of my people were helping themselves to splendid bunches of the nuts so dear to all natives. The boys climbed the others, and in a short time all had burdens under which they staggered. I noticed that the widow, whose name is Apero, had several marks on her head, from one and a-half inch to two inches in length.

'Apero,' I asked her, 'what are these marks on your head?'

'Don't you know? All Doura men are terribly jealous, and when Adu was jealous of me he took a stick and beat me, hence these marks. If he went from home, I dared not leave the house until he returned, for if I did, others would tell him, and then I was beaten.'

'Do you intend to marry again?'

'I, a chief's widow, could never marry another Douran, but I might a Motuan.'

She herself, I may add, is a Motuan. Going on, I asked her—

'After the fight last year, in which Adu and his sons lost their lives, did the friends not wish to kill you?'

'Yes, at first, and I said they might; but the following day a friend of his came and took me in a small canoe, and when well down the river he went ashore, saying to me, "Find your way and live, or stay and be killed." Who wishes for death? I did not, so I risked the voyage in the small canoe, and got to my home.'

After last year's fight at Manumanu, in which the prowess of Doura was broken and all her best warriors slain, the Koitabuans made several raids on the crippled tribe, killing men, women, and children, and entirely wiping out some families. Near to one house we found three uros (cooking utensils) behind a large tree, as if hidden away so as to be found again in peaceful times. Apero remarked, 'Not one of that family remains: one night, father, mother, sons, and daughters were all slain, and there the uros remain, and will remain unless I take the two best.' She took the two best, and as I write they are on the beach before me. At one place we found a broken kareva (wooden sword), as if its owner had stood to fight till his kareva had broken. We vainly tried to discover whether he was alive or slain close by.

One attack by the Koitabuans last October was, even for savages, a cruel and mean affair. The Lealea Koitabuans, also some from Kevana, Baruni, and Euria, assembled close by where our camp now is.

Two Koitabuans, the same who led us in three years ago, who were considered very friendly, and trusted by the Dourans, left the fighting party about mid-day, and, knowing the district well, searched for and found a party of Dourans in by the range. The latter asked why they had come, and the former answered, 'Peacefully, and to bring you messages of peace and friendship. There has been killing enough, and the Koitabuans are satisfied.' The poor Dourans were wofully deceived. Men, women, and children came down to the river bank and camped there that night. The following morning they were surrounded, and very few escaped. One villain from Port Moresby—a half-Motuan—killed three with one spear. He transfixed a mother with her infant, which she was pressing to her breast. Another Koitabuan killed six, and others like numbers.

We returned about five p.m. The north-east party will not be in until to-morrow.

Aug. 11*th.*—We have been anxiously waiting all afternoon for the other party; now it is night, and there is no sign of them. I have just heard the reason why the half-Motuans joined the party that so treacherously attacked the Dourans. Some one told Bemo Raho Bada, an old Koitabuan, that the Kevana natives were going to wipe out the remnant of the Dourans, and advised him to join and pay off some very old score. He cried bitterly, saying, 'Alas, alas! I am old, and unable to walk so far, and have only two daughters, who are with their husbands. Oh, who can go? I have no one who cares for me. Who will take my spear and seek payment?' Long he wailed and loudly wept, and wished he had only a son. Some one came to Hitolo, the half-Motuan, who is married to one of

the daughters, and said, 'Do you not care for your father-in-law's tears and loud wailing? Arise, take his spear, and go for him.' 'I cannot; we are now at peace, and the missionaries will be angry.' 'Ah, you are weak and frightened, and dare not go.' 'No, I am not; I have strength; I will take his spear and join the party, and wipe off the old score.'

Eno, a Manumanu woman, who has long been at Doura, and one of Adu's widows, was with the deceived party. Hitolo wished to kill her. She said, 'Yes, kill me, I know who you are; but, when you have killed me, where will you go? When Henikivau knows you have killed me, think you he will let you live?' The Koitabuans then surrounded her and prevented her being slain, afraid lest they should get into difficulties with the Motu tribe. Since that villainy was perpetrated, nearly all the Kevana natives who took the lead have died, as also many women and children. Now it is said, 'Just payment for their horrible crime.'

12th.—Ruatoka's party came in at ten a.m. unsuccessful, having found no signs of villages or of human life. The country they travelled through was covered with thick bush and very tall timber. They could see nothing until well in towards the range, when they came to a hill, which they ascended, and, climbing a very high tree, could see large extents of bush-land all round, but no villages, and no smoke. From their report, if we only had sufficient food, we could soon get on to the high land near the spurs, select one, and ascend. My party being weak, and not prepared for an uninhabited country, I decided to return and wait a better chance. We had a splendid run down the river, though in many places the snags caused us

trouble. We left camp at eleven a.m., and reached the mouth at seven p.m., a distance, I should say, of about forty miles. Along the banks are thick vegetation and splendid soil. Back at some distance are several lagoons and many swamps. As we neared the coast we left the thick tall bush behind, and for a long distance had nothing but piri (Nipa palm), which is much used by the natives in thatching their houses, or taking with them in their canoes to shelter them from the sun or rain. They sew the leaves together into various lengths. When nearing the mouth of the river, we sailed through mangrove. There are several mouths opening into the one harbour at Manumanu, and between each mouth several large islands. The tracks of the crocodiles were visible on nearly every point of beach we passed. On arriving at Manumanu we landed our pilots with what to them was a good present, and plenty of betelnuts. They begged of us not to make it known that there were plenty more, as they intended returning to-morrow night with a few special friends to fill up their canoes. The Manumanuans were in great consternation, having heard that afternoon that the Kabadi were preparing for an attack upon them. They begged of me to stay, and go to Kabadi, and prevent them coming; I told them they had brought it on themselves, and must abide by the consequences. I do not think the attack will be soon, if at all; at all events, I hope to be in Kabadi, or send, before the time comes for it. After a combined meal (breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper in one), we hove anchor, and stood away for Redscar Head.

13*th*.—At one a.m. we anchored under Redscar Head, as it was blowing too hard to proceed. At five a.m., the wind being lighter, we hove anchor, and reached

Boera at eleven a.m. The trading canoes from Kabadi have passed, and report that it is true the Kabadi are going to attack Manumanu. One of the coast chiefs, whose younger brother was killed last year at Manumanu, will not consent to peace. The other chiefs, being anxious for peace, collected a number of valuable things to make peace, part to be given to the angry chief. The presentation was made; he looked at it, thought it good and plentiful, but replied, 'No, my friends, no; no peace until the blood of my brother shed last year at Manumanu is paid for in blood. I want no valuable property, only blood, and blood I must have. I do not wish to make war on all, only the man who has the bloody hand must be killed. Take your things back; I will seek for the bloody hand, pay the debt, and then peace.'

The Kabadians are delighted that trade is again opened between them, the Boerans, and the Motuans. They were getting very short of cooking ware, and had an overplus harvest of yams, sugar-cane, bananas, &c. Waiting for wind, I get my old story-teller, Vaaburi, to give me the following chant, used when planting bananas. All the young bananas are placed round the plantation ready for planting, the planter takes one of the best, stands in the centre, and looks inland; holding in his hand the banana, he says:—

Lariba dubaduba o
Jaribari dubaduba o
Jaribakeri dubaduba o
Egu dui dubaduba o
O egu oroua dubaduba o.

Lifts it up and looks at it; addressing it he says:—

O Natuguo dobi haragaharaga, heau haragaharaga; oi lau tolalugumu.

When the bananas are bearing, and the time has

come to cover them, he stands in the plantation and chants:—

Egumigumi mo e
Bamo be gumigumi e
Oi aubeghasi a gumigumi e
O bamo be aroberobe me aubeghasi
Aubeghasi aroberobe moe e-e-e-e.

When finished tying, he stands and turns towards them all and chants:—

E au mia e
Sinahu lau mia e
Daha rasenai e
Sinahu lau mia e-e-e-e.

Used when planting yams:—

Asinavari daudau (four times)
Huevara daudau (ditto)
Bedovari daudau (ditto)
Naevari daudau (ditto)
Eogovari daudau (ditto).

When the yams are just appearing above ground:—

Sinari kenikeni (twice)
Hueri kenikeni (ditto)
Ruela kenikeni (ditto)
Naera kenikeni (ditto).

I made many efforts to discover the meaning of these songs, but the natives themselves have no knowledge whatever of their purport.

CHAPTER V.

PEACE-MAKING AT KABADI IN 1884, AND AT GUBELE IN 1885.

In 1884 I got a message from Kabadi that they wished to see me about teachers' houses, and they also hoped they would soon have their teachers living with them. I sincerely hope no one will think that it is because they wish to be taught the Gospel that they desire teachers, as they hope for tomahawks, knives, beads, tobacco, and clothing, and they see that those places where teachers live are at peace all round, and do not fear their neighbours.

The season when the Motumotu canoes come to the east to trade having arrived, we all knew the Kabadians would be dreadfully afraid. This year the visit of the Motumotuans was looked forward to with some interest all along the coast, as it was reported they were bent on pillage everywhere. I did not believe any of the rumours. But for a strong south-east wind we should have them in stronger force than ever, as eighteen trading lakatois had left; but most put back, and others put into Delena, Hall Sound, where they broke up two, and made more manageable vessels by lashing only two canoes together, and in these a large party travelled east. They told us of their anxiety to have teachers as soon as possible, and that now there

would be peace, and no more fighting. 'Why, Tamate, it is peace we want—north, south, east and west, and we wish to make peace with Kabadi.'

These left, and I got a letter from Piri, the Boera teacher, saying, 'Kahorera, a chief from Motumotu, is here, and desires you to come and make peace between them and Kabadi.' I was glad of the opportunity, and left Port Moresby on Wednesday night, sleeping at Boera, and the following morning met the Motumotu chief. It was arranged we should go on ahead, calling at Lealea, get the two old chiefs, Gaririu and Leana, on board, who some time ago begged of me, when I went again to Kabadi, to take them on, that they might make peace. Several generations have been left behind since Lealea and Kabadi became enemies; and up to the present they have ever remained so, the Kabadi committing some truly horrible crimes against the Lealeans.

About two p.m. we left Lealea, calling at Manumanu, and the wind being light we did not get to Toutu until about seven p.m. We unexpectedly got on to the eastern end of the bar, and having mast up and sail set we were not long in filling. The water saturated everything, but fortunately we lost nothing. It only meant a damp night with hosts of mosquitos. I lay on the sand inside my net and heard the din of the attacking armies. When I fell into unconsciousness they were in full force; and when in the early morning I awoke to life, it was still to hear their songs and shouts of vexation at being baulked of their prey. I wonder what Burns would have written had he spent one night with these fierce, venomous 'beasties.' There would not be enough adjectives in the English language to suit him, and certainly his Italian would

egregiously fail. I have had more to fear from these pests than from all the savages New Guinea can produce.

After early coffee on the following morning we started up the River Aroa to the Kabadi coast villages, where we found only two old women and one lad, and they too were clearing out. Chiefs and people were inland or on their far-away plantations, hiding from the Motumotuans, and had done so ever since they heard the latter were on the coast. Our first duty was to spread out our wet things, and soon the village changed its appearance and became alive. Then breakfast, and a smart walk inland in a burning sun. The teachers' houses were nearly finished, and will be ready before we can place the teachers. A bathe in the river was refreshing, and after a short rest we returned to the coast villages, where we were to meet Urevado, the leading chief, and the owner of nearly all the land in Kabadi.

Hearing I had arrived, some returned to their houses. Nothing was heard of the Motumotuans, who were to have followed us, and I assured them they need fear no evil of them this time, and that teachers living with them would secure them from invasions in future. The night was calm, and it was impossible to sit quietly in one spot, as our foes of the night before, or their brethren, were in force. Urevado came in about eight o'clock. It was interesting to watch the meeting between the Lealeans and him. They rubbed noses, and threw their arms round one another, and each expressed great pleasure at this meeting. Urevado said, 'You have never been here before, because of our fathers. Enough, let their enmity now die, and here is Kabadi before you to buy

yams, bananas, and sugar-cane, whenever you like to come.' The others replied, ''Tis because of these, God's men, we are enabled thus to meet; and we shall certainly come here in future for food. Often have we seen the laden canoes of the Boerans and Motuans pass our doors from here, and wished we, too, could only secure some; but now we shall be as they are.'

Through the whole long night the two old men talked—talked of the past, their happiness in the present, and their hopes for the future. In the very early morning I sent a canoe down to the river's mouth to look for the Motumotuans, and whilst they were away, the Boera chief and a woman from one of the Gulf canoes entered the village, saying all were waiting to make peace, and to meet the Kabadians and to get supplies.

To the latter I strongly objected, because it would entail my remaining until late, too late to get to Boera before Sunday, and because it would be a mark of too much subjection to the marauders, who would glory in the great fear they had created, and would insist perhaps in future on heavy charges.

Some of the Kabadians came into our boat and some in Piri's. We were alongside the trading canoe some time before Piri came. Naimo and his wife from an inland village were with us. On meeting these wild men they were staid and firm. The latter showed them much kindness, rubbing noses with them and rubbing them all over, exchanging betelnut with them, and all sitting together chewing. Urevado was in Piri's boat, and when about a mile off stood up in the bow dressed in a white shirt, once the property of 'Misi Lao.' When near, I could see my old friend was in great terror, though trying to appear careless,

chewing betelnut. My friends Rahemakeu and Tore, from the Gulf, asked me to allow them to receive Urevado as their special friend, and, knowing it would be for the advantage of Kabadi, I consented. They both stepped on board the boat, took him by the hand, and led him to their own canoe, where they rubbed noses again and again. Then they swore friendship in my presence, saying, 'Kabadi must never be touched again.' I followed Urevado on to the canoe, and kept close by him, lest his fear should overcome him and he should plunge into the river. So all the Motumotuans gave bows and arrows, and the Kabadians their lime calabashes and small net bags, spending more than an hour with them. We took our friends on board the boats, and after many farewells pulled across the harbour, to leave them on their own side to await a double canoe. They were greatly pleased with their reception by the Motumotuans, and looked different men to what they did when they first met them.

I told the Motumotuans to clear out, as they were a bad lot, and there was no village safe whilst they were on the coast; that we should soon visit them to give them teachers, and I hoped they would then be better. They laughed, saying, 'Be quick and come; you know the house is ready, a large house, and well built.' They were anxious to know if their teachers were big men, and when I told them they were, they were greatly delighted. Not only do the savages look for physique in these teachers, but more civilised nations like appearance also. It is a grand mistake to send out men of small stature to these savages. Pick the giants, and they make their mark at once; the wild, kind, nobly-built savage will respect them.

Before leaving, I saw the Motumotuans outside on

their way to the west. The villages along the coast will breathe more freely, and feel their food for this year safe, now that these wild fellows are gone.

At low water, about eleven a.m., we passed the bar, and stood out until we weathered Redscar Head, when we ran in to Lealea, to the great delight of all the natives, who were somewhat doubtful as to the result of the visit of their chiefs to Kabadi. At eight p.m. we arrived at Boera, where we spent the Sunday, leaving about seven p.m. for Port Moresby.

On my return from the west early in 1885, I found that the *Age* correspondent had returned to Port Moresby somewhat cut up, everything lost, his party very sick, and he himself wounded by the natives.

Mr. G. E. Morrison had been sent out by the *Age* newspaper of Melbourne, in 1884, on an exploring expedition, from which great results were expected. I had great hopes that my theory of plateaus and inland lakes would be confirmed, and that Morrison would tell such a tale of New Guinea as had never before been told. But again I was disappointed. At great expense two leading colonial newspapers have sent representatives here, who have not done anything as compared with what some private gentlemen have done. The British flag has years ago been unfurled much further inland than either of the correspondents have taken it, and it has travelled over many more miles than they are ever likely to carry it.

We have always looked upon the inland tribes as good friends, quiet, and not given to stealing, and how to account for this present outrage we could not imagine. I was sick, and when better had to go east; and on my return, many thought it was too late

in the season and impossible to go inland, as the rains were in, and all the rivers flooded; others thought it was impracticable, and could not be carried out with the party I was arranging. I got everything ready, articles of trade and stores sufficient for a fortnight, as I felt certain I could manage it in that time.

Our party was large, consisting of Mr. F. Lawes (son of the Rev. W. G. Lawes), Messrs. Laurie and Horsley, two young Englishmen recently arrived, Ruatoka, native teacher of Port Moresby, Peter Lifu, one of the mission boatmen, and George Belford, late of the *Argus* expedition, besides carriers.

As far as the Laroge we had twenty carriers; eight left us there, and we took twelve inland. On the 4th December we started, and on arriving at the Laroge we found it was necessary to construct two rafts to get our goods across, we ourselves having to swim. We were soon over, and up the hill to Korohomuni, where we camped that night. This is certainly a very dirty, badly-built village, and in a miserable position, nothing but broken rocks and suited only for goats and beings of their species. The following morning we were all up betimes, and after arranging stores and trade, leaving some at Korohomuni in charge of the chief, in case of accidents inland, and putting into bags what was required for the trip, we started with fourteen carriers and three women, the latter to attend to the cooking, and to show to the native tribes we might meet that we were friendly.

All the country travelled has again and again been described, and to do so now would be useless. We passed over very fine flat country until near the Goldie River, where we ascended a few hills, and then crossed to ascend a spur of Mount Elsie and round

its west side to descend to Maruvari, where we came upon Morrison's camp. The tent sticks were still standing, and there was a piece of an old saddle, a pair of boots, and pieces of straps. On the hill above is the spot where he was robbed one night by the natives of about £40 worth of stuff. The natives can scarcely be to blame, seeing the white men left the goods on the hill unguarded, went down to the valley about three-quarters of a mile, slept, and next morning ascended to find their goods gone or destroyed.

It rained hard all evening, but having a good tent we slept comfortably, and the next morning were early astir getting breakfast, and drying things which had been exposed to the rain. What a terrible muddle our camp was in; clothes drying, unmade swags all around, food cooking, and everybody attending on everybody else. I do like this camp life, of which I have had a good deal during these last few years, and I can remember long, long years ago envying the freedom and jollity of my old gipsy friends, of whom I know a good deal, and in whose tents I have felt the importance of a great man. I am a pure Bohemian, relishing the freedom of this non-conventionality. Never mind the little tiredness of the morning, a little leg-stretching, the first mile, will put all right; yet I would prefer travelling in a new country where no white man had been.

All being dry, we start. We wish to cross the river, but it is running too fast to cross with swags, and we keep close, rounding and following it for some miles until again we strike the main track, which was first made by Goldie and afterwards by the diggers. We continue for a few miles more, and then camp, rather than ascend the range, lest we should be seen.

I found yesterday, when our carriers were coming over the spur of Mount Elsie (Nagila), they met some of the natives, who told them Morrison shot dead a lad, son of the Varagadi chief, Gomara Daure, and that they had better go back. To-day I find they also said, 'If you go, be careful, and do not sleep at any one of their villages, as in the night they might come down and kill you all;' so all my carriers protest against going further, until I promise I will not sleep at any one of their villages, but make this our head-quarters, and travel in the neighbourhood. My object being to make inquiries, peace, and friendship, I have no fear of any trouble. A good night's rest is food and medicine, and the morning comes calling to new exertions. An early breakfast, and soon after we were on the tramp.

We travelled along a splendid spur until we reached an old village of Varagadi, where we had a good view for positions, which have been carefully taken by Mr. F. Lawes ever since we left. We continued along the ridge, seeing signs of Morrison here and there, in old tins, pieces of leather, and a leg of trousers. About five miles from what has been called the Junction, where Morrison had his last camp, we struck off and descended to Mosquito Creek, travelling along it for some distance; we then ascend a steep hill to a ridge, along which we travel for several miles, when we see a deserted village, where only lately Varagadians lived. We still continue our course to another position, where also life prevailed, but where now only the necessaries of New Guinea life are to be found, such as bananas, &c.

We have done our best, and seeing no appearance of life on the various spurs, I think it useless to

continue longer in that district of rain, thunder, lightning, hills, valleys, and creeks. To search further and longer would not reveal them to us, so back to camp. What a return! Is it another deluge, or what? A terrible downpour, but there is nothing for it but to press back, and about five p.m. we are in the quarters of the night before.

The following day, after drying all wet things, we walk leisurely back to Maruvari, where we pitch camp and send to Nagila for old friends and some supplies. In the evening both come, only the native friends are too excited to give us a true account of all. In the main they agreed with what we heard the following day. On their leaving I asked them to send down Poroko, chief of Nagila, and an old friend, so that I might hear from him.

Being Sunday we were resting, and more, it was impossible for us to cross the river, so if it did not rain again in the afternoon we were losing no time. Early a party appeared at camp with presents of food, and amongst them an old Maruvari chief, whose people had been decimated by the Varagadians and whose villages (three) had been burned. He told us the following, namely:—Morrison had gone on until between Varagadi and Gubele, where he pitched his camp. The first trouble Morrison had with the natives was about a tomahawk, but that passed over. For some time all was agreeable until a knife was stolen, when the white man fired on the thief and shot him, not dead, but even now it is doubtful if he will live. The wounded man was Gomara, Daure's son, who has always been friendly with the white men, and who now seeks nothing but peace and friendship. Gomara Daure warned Morrison back, and placed,

as a sign to the white men to return, a spear and shield on the path. It also signified to those of his people who were about that they must not interfere with the white men, who were his friends. At the end of this chapter I describe the meaning of a few signs that it may be well for future visitors to New Guinea to know.

I asked an old friend if he thought it safe for white men to travel inland, as in a few months a large party might be coming. He replied, 'It is perfectly safe; no one will hurt a white man.' I told him to tell all the tribes of our visit, and that we wished to bring them peace and friendship, and that they must be careful as to how they meet the white man in the future. He told us our inland journey and its object would soon be well known, that the natives had left Varagadi and gone to Eikiri, and the Gubele natives had also shifted, he knew not where. All Morrison's things were taken some time after he left, and were divided amongst them, most going to Eikiri, so as to keep them friendly.

Poroko, chief of Nagila, came in during the day and told us the same story as the above, and that Gomara Daure and Ikaukae, natives, would be down at full moon to see him, when he would report everything to them. I told them they must always treat white men as friends, and not be afraid, because no white man would wish to do them harm.

The following are the signs I have referred to, and which may be useful to know:—The spear and shield placed on the path, or against a house, or in a position commanding a village, or part of a village, means that the fighters must not disturb the place or its occupants, and that all others had better leave.

In going to a new place, generally one of the first presentations is a betelnut, and, if presented thick end towards the receiver, it is done in a friendly manner, but if otherwise, means unfriendliness, and it is best to be wary. Sometimes a nut is given with the end as opened; it is safer not to eat it, as they often insert poison. This is well known by all the tribes. A few years ago a woman at the East End was poisoned in that way. The best way is to take the nut and pocket it, saying nothing.

When first going amongst new tribes, we are always met by armed natives, and it may be threatening ones, but when the excitement has passed over and all seems quiet, a look at the spears carried may indicate unpleasantness. The sharp end down means peace and friendship, if pointed outwards it means fight, and the safest thing is to keep quiet and get away.

Sometimes a man will take a spear and stick it in the ground and work it to and fro with his itchy toes; this is a sign to others to get their spears ready for an attack.

When approaching by road or in a boat coming near the beach, if the natives advance with a branch waved in hand, it is friendship, but, as they sometimes do, with a spear, it means unpleasantness and threatening. Natives knowing these signs advance or return: if the latter, much quicker than under any circumstances they would care to advance. If met by a chief chewing betelnut and his lime calabash in hand, it is good, and means real peace; but if a chief meets you with a spear, it is considered bad.

In all the various known districts, combs, with cockatoo's white feathers, are tied on end. These form a

very prominent and imposing part of dress, more especially at dances and feasts, when very large ones are worn, and often then they are used by leaders to give signs. In front of the head, as generally worn, it is friendship, and there need be no fear. If worn on side or back of head, look out; they are signing, and trouble is near. Get away as stealthily as possible.

In a few districts, but especially in that round Hood Bay, bamboo knives are used in fighting. These knives are nicely figured, and have in the centre a bundle of variegated feathers, and when used in battle are carried in the mouth, so as to be ready to cut heads off. If carried in the mouth, there is nothing for it but to defend yourself. It is a bad sign if one is in the hair at the side of the head, also if hanging on the shoulder, or stuck in the hair at the back of the head. In either case it is meant as a sign which will soon be taken up by others, and the best thing to do is to keep near friends and get away as soon as possible.

If the knife is hanging loosely in front, or down the back, no danger need be apprehended.

There are also eye signs very numerous and much used, but these may not be noticed by strangers.

Murders, thefts, friendship, and enmity are all often expressed by the eyes.

There is another sign it may be well to know. Every foreigner arriving at a new place would most likely give a piece of tobacco, which is of course accepted. If any unfriendliness is meant, one or more will bite the end of the piece or pieces given, place it in the armlet on the arm, then close one hand and beat with the other as on a drum, and go through a mock dance. Get away as quietly and quickly as possible.

In new places it is safer, if there is a party, not

to speak much to one another, and on no account make signs of any kind. After confidence is gained on both sides there will be no danger, but before—a laugh, a word, a sign, may be looked upon by the natives as unfriendly, they not understanding us.

COAST SCENE AT THE EAST END.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO LONG INLAND TRAMPS.

THIS chapter contains an account of the first walk ever taken by a white man across Eastern New Guinea.

On the afternoon of August 13th, 1878, we left Suau and crossed to Varauru, in Catamaran Bay. For some months I had hoped to walk across to Milne Bay, but rain on several occasions prevented me, and want of time on others. Now, having completed a lengthy voyage to the west, and having a short time to spare, I decided on crossing. Mr. Chester of Thursday Island had been with us on the coast, and was anxious to accompany me.

From the beginning of our stay at South Cape we were frequently visited by people from various parts of the mainland, but we could not tell where their villages

were. Many had come long distances, and from beyond the range of Cloudy Mountains. I had told them I should some day visit them. We were to sleep at Varauru that night, in our old friend Quaiani's house, so as to have an early start in the morning. We had a really good reception by the people, who shouted with great joy and delight when we landed. They took us by the hand and led us up to the chief's house, in front of which, on his platform, the old gentleman sat in state to receive us. He began by saying,—

'So you have really come to cross to Vagavaga?'

'Yes,' we replied, 'early to-morrow morning, and we hope you are ready to start.'

'I am ready, but do you know it is a long way off, and big mountains and rivers to cross?'

'We know; but let us try it.'

Some young men close by were very noisy, and the chief turned to them, saying, 'Be quiet; do you not see the great chiefs from Dimdim are with me, and I wish to hear them speak?'

He had a good house, with a large fire at the side, around which we all lay down early, so as to have a good rest preparatory to our early start. The house was crowded with natives, who in dropping off to sleep lay down packed as sardines.

About two a.m. the old chief awoke me, saying he had a dream he wished to relate. In crossing one of the rivers some of us had been carried away, and on the mountains others fagged, and there was a dreadful storm of rain, thunder, and lightning. After relating the dream he said, 'Will you really go? No, you must not go.' 'Nonsense,' I said, 'we must go;' and I tried to impress upon him that there would be no thunder or lightning, and very little rain. We certainly

did fear the old fellow would be warned by his dream, turn crusty, and leave us to return to Suau.

We again slept until five o'clock, when all were astir, and hurried preparations were made for our start. The chief was soon ready. From the kindness of friends connected with the Bourke Street Congregational Church, Sydney, we had a good supply of hoop-iron, red cloth, fish-hooks, and other things to trade. Our party consisted of Mr. Chester and his Chinese boy, three teachers, and myself, the chief and his son-in-law Berige, five women, and fifteen men.

Leaving Varauru, we travelled along a belt of level, swampy country, thickly wooded, for some distance, and then began to ascend very gradually through thick bush. When about 200 feet above sea-level we struck away to the south-east across the ridge, descending by the side of a very fine waterfall and into the stream, along the bed of which we continued for some distance. We ascended a spur of Cloudy Mountain, then, through dense scrub, to level ground in a very fine valley, and along a small stream until we struck a large river, the Gara, which falls into Catamaran Bay at Modeva.

The morning had been dull and threatened rain, and when resting on the bank of the Gara it came down heavily, and damped more than our clothes, as the natives all threatened to return and leave us. We reassured them by saying that it was only a morning shower, a good sign, the breath of the valley returning in rain. We continued along the stream some distance, then crossed to the other side, when the sun shone, and away we went more cheerfully, the natives shouting with great delight.

The chief was leading, and I was following close

behind, when he turned to me, and told me to take a branch, just as they were all doing, for here long ago a woman died, and the place must be run over, striking the feet with the branch, so that our progress might not be retarded by her spirit.

It again began to drizzle, a regular Scotch haar, and it was certainly amusing to see the old chief talking to the rain, chewing his betelnut and spitting it out and waving his hand, that the rain might go away. He seemed very angry that it did not depart, and turned to us, bidding us use our powers. I laughed, telling the old fellow to keep on, but Mamoose (Mr. Chester) shouted to the rain, telling it to be gone, and soon after it cleared up and the sun shone out. Hence they all accredited him with great power.

There are many mountain streams falling into the Gara, and during the whole of the forenoon we were travelling in water, sometimes deep and swift, climbing over boulders and along pebbly beds. Leaving the bed of the river, we began to ascend, and for several hours it was a weary tramp up and down, until we came to a very steep ascent of 2000 feet. Here we waited until our whole party assembled. The chief returned to look for the missing members of our party. The old man came back to me looking terribly disconsolate, and saying we must go back; but I told him to remain, and I would go and look for them. Standing on a high place, I saw them all far away in the stream below me.

Soon we were up and at it again, until we came to the advance post, where we refreshed ourselves in preparation for the great climb. It was certainly steep, and in some parts dangerous, but after many stoppages to admire the scenery, we got to the top of Unuga,

a ridge of Cloudy Mountain, 2700 feet high. Here we cooked our first square meal, which we all thoroughly enjoyed. We had hoped to enjoy a long rest and a good sleep to refresh us for the morrow, but our old friend was afraid of mountain spirits, and insisted that I should go on with him to the first village, taking some of the carriers with us. I begged of him to go on alone with the carriers and prepare the way, and that in the morning we would follow, but he would not hear of my staying, saying there was no use his going without me.

I consented, and at four p.m. we started. It was certainly the most hurried travelling I had yet experienced in New Guinea. We went along the ridge some distance until we came to a spur leading down to the level country on the north side of the range. We descended this spur until we came to a river which receives the water of many mountain torrents. The river flows westerly and falls into Poroai, the large lagoon, near to Orangerie Bay. After crossing the river we passed through a small but very picturesque village called Dunagere, and were sorry we could not accept the very pressing invitation of the inhabitants to remain until we had partaken of their hospitality, but we were obliged to press on, as it was then getting dark, and we had still some distance to go. We were then in level country, and passed through several plantations and much thick bush. Between seven and eight o'clock we came to the village of Diodio, and at once entered the house of the chief, Venoveno. I felt very tired, and was glad I should not have long to wait before I could roll myself in my blanket and seek much-needed rest.

The chief and his people were delighted to see us,

and old and young gathered round to see the white man and hear of him. The old chief, Quaiani, had an exceedingly interested and excited audience listening to all the wonderful stories of the dimdims (foreigners), of the walk, and of the white friend and great chief, Mamoose, who was camping on the mountain. After a light supper I was soon stretched on the floor by the fire and comfortably asleep. Throughout the night I awoke several times to find my old chief still holding forth on the day's doings to an attentive audience. Once I awoke, and he was describing the large war 'canoe,' the Sappho, that came to Suau (Stacey Island). He described her as a floating land with a very large population, all men, and with guns beyond number and of a size beyond description. Frequently I told him to be quiet and leave off talking until the morning.

By daylight I was astir, and after breakfast sent some natives to meet Chester and his party, and I, accompanied by Venoveno, the chief, went out to look for the lagoon.

We travelled westerly through good country covered with timber, and in many places very fine plantations and extensive coconut groves. On arriving at a river, the Saluari, flowing west and north and also emptying into the lagoon, we crossed to the other side. Venoveno then told me the lagoon was a very long way, and he must go back. Nothing would induce him to go further; but he consented to take me in by the range and on to a high ridge, where I might see the Poroai. He led me through the bush until he again came to the river and recrossed it. In and out amongst plantations we went, I protesting that he was going back to the village, and he keeping a

dogged silence. My protestations were of no use, for after some time we came out of the bush behind the village and just in time to meet the party from the mountain. News soon spread to all the villages around, and during the day we had numerous visitors, who did not weary of sitting about and watching the dimdims.

The district is called Lariva, and comprises eighteen villages, with fine rich land well watered. I always understood that coconuts only grew on the coast, and never far away from the sea, but here there were splendid groves of healthy trees and plenty of good large nuts on them. All the water from that side of the range falls into the lagoon, which accounts for the great current and muddy water we met between the mainland and Dufaure Island when we visited Dahuni and tried to enter the lagoon.

We had not long to wait before there was a great commotion, much conch-shell blowing, and shouting of men, women and children, and then a crowd approached us carrying two pigs and quantities of yams, taro, sugar-cane and bananas. We were sitting on the platform in front of the house, and they came near. The poles on which the pigs were fastened were supported by cross sticks and the food placed close by. Then one was told off to make the presentation, which he did in a short serious speech, saying how glad they were we had come, and how full of wonder they all were at our appearance. They had heard of us from some of their friends who had seen us, but they doubted much what had been told them; now they saw for themselves, and could only wonder.

Our old chief took possession, and gave orders to

our young men to spear, clean, and cut up the pigs; which was soon done. Earthenware pots were brought out, and soon fires were made all round. It was a grand time, and all were happy. During the cooking of the food we were the centre of attraction, and men, women, and children crowded round. Our clothes, legs, arms, and chest were carefully examined. Our boots they could not understand, and amongst themselves they discussed the question whether they were really skin or not.

The people are of the same tribe as those on the coast; they wear the same things, speak a dialect of the same language, build the same kind of houses, and bury their dead in the same manner. All day long we were interviewed, touched, rubbed, admired, and in the evening a bath was considered necessary. Our singing was thoroughly appreciated, and I do not suppose they will soon forget 'Auld Lang Syne,' or, at all events, the joining of hands. We had a large congregation at our evening service, when Quaiani explained as much as he could to them. The old man was now getting hoarse, and certainly was very tired, so we had an undisturbed night.

The next day we had an early start, being off by daylight. We were accompanied by many natives, some of whom were to go with us to Vagavaga. We passed through several villages, along level country, through tall bush, crossing several small streams, until we came to a river called Banuina; and then through the same kind of country until we came to another large river, up which we went for several miles. The path led sometimes along the bed, where in parts there was deep water, and over many boulders. We continued in this river-bed until we entered a valley,

where there was a small village, Deona, where we halted for a time and had some food.

After that we went in towards the mountains, ascending gradually until we came to the base, where several mountain streams met, making a good-sized river, with a small island in the centre. The charts show no mountain at this part. Looking up we saw before us a steep, stiff climb. Our old chief gave orders for some of our party to go on with the women, since he and his young men had a sacred duty to perform. I was permitted to remain. In order that the ascent might be made and various villages on the other side visited, the spirits had to be propitiated. All assembled on the small island. An old coconut which had been taken for the purpose was broken open and the contents scraped into a large leaf. While the scraping was going on, others were employed gathering leaves, cutting them, and placing them alongside the scraped coconut. When the scraping was finished, the old chief and five other men sat round and mixed all together, chanting all the time in a low, solemn tone. When the mixing was finished they stood up, repeated something, and then gave a loud shout. Then all took some of the mixture and squeezed it over the head, chest, and back, repeating in a very low tone something to themselves. They then went into the stream up to the middle, and with their hands clasped over their mouths and their heads uplifted, and their eyes turned towards the mountain, they seemed to be engaged in prayer. They then united in what seemed to be a loud prayer, concluded by a shout, and then all plunged underneath the water. Except the old chief, all came out. He remained sitting in the water, engaged earnestly in prayer and looking

truly serious. When he had finished he made a peculiar noise, as if clearing his throat, and came out. I asked him if he thought it was now all right.

'Yes, yes,' he replied, 'good, very good: we shall ascend, they have gone (spirits), and Buneara, chief of Vagavaga, will be prepared for us: pigs we shall eat on the other side of that mountain, armlets we shall put on; and there will be more taro and yams given us than we know what to do with. Up, lads, away!'

It was a stiff climb, being steep up to the very top. We had finished a long day's walk before, and so hard a pull at the end was just a little too much. At last we stood on the top of a mountain 3,360 feet high, covered everywhere with thick bush. It is called Bohoboho. Surely now we could rest and be thankful; but not yet. A native came up and informed us that Pi, one of the teachers, was very ill, so I had again to descend 1,500 feet with medicine and try to get him up. We made a stretcher of vines, and fastening him to a pole we got him up just before dark.

Quaiani was terribly concerned, and it would certainly have been a serious matter to refer to the service below. He was going to sleep at a village not far off, but we preferred camping where we were. Before going, being an old and accomplished sorcerer, he thought he would try to heal Pi. He took his lime calabash, breathed into it, prayed, chewed a betelnut with pepper and lime, and squirted the juice towards the four cardinal points and on Pi's stomach, breathed on Pi, then into his calabash, said it was all right, and away he went for the night, saying, 'Did I not warn you the road was long and difficult?' I fancy the old fellow was disappointed that his dream had not

yet come true, and that Chester and his servant were still lively enough.

Before daylight we were up and away. The top of the mountain would suit, I should think, for splendid plantations, and its numerous spurs and valleys all appeared fertile. We descended one of the spurs, on which were numerous plantations, to Opepago, a village 2,700 feet above sea-level. Here we met Quaiani, who was greatly delighted when he saw us all, especially Pi. He introduced us with great formality to chiefs and people. Here we breakfasted, and were anxious to proceed, but our party heard something about a pig, and would not move, saying that it would be quite time enough in the afternoon.

The chief's son, Darere, a fine handsome fellow, approached, followed by men and women carrying a pig, yams, and taro. His father was standing with us, and as the pig approached he seized a spear and danced about and around it, then sent the spear straight to its heart, calling on us to stay, eat, and be happy. All being cooked, it soon disappeared; and some thought it would be better for us to remain, as another pig was coming. However, we were resolved to go on, and, if necessary, alone, as we could see Milne Bay and the small islands at the head. Seeing us determined, the chief gave orders to advance.

The women of Opepago, as is the case with all on that side of the mountains, are much finer-looking than on the other side; they are more buxom, clearer-skinned, and do not tattoo themselves. The men are much the same as on the other side. The dialect is quite different, but there is a patois which both parties understand.

We left at midday, and descended gradually, the

way being at times very precipitous, and in places very difficult, because of the rain, which had come on before we left the village. On getting to the level country we were told there was a village which we should have to pass through, and there we had better sleep. It was of no use to protest, as they had made up their minds to sleep there, so there it must be. We met two boys, and they were sent on to tell the people we were coming, and that they were not to be afraid. A halt was called on the bank of a small stream. More incantations took place. A seed from one of the trees close by was beaten until quite soft, and then with prayers the juice was squeezed into the eyes of Quaiani and his son-in-law, Berige. Very soon their eyes were terribly inflamed. All bathed and decorated themselves with leaves and flowers.

An order of march was now arranged. The old chief and two other men led the way, our party following, and the women and carriers bringing up the rear. We began by ascending a very steep hill. All the way up the chief kept plucking leaves from trees or small bushes and addressing them; then he threw them away. It was evident that he and his people were very anxious. A bird settled on a branch ahead, a halt was called, and no movement was made until the bird flew away. When 900 feet above the sea we reached the village of Barogofigofi. We entered without speaking a word, marched through the village to a circle of stones, on which a number of men were sitting, and went round and round them in silence, until a man, who turned out afterwards to be the chief, sprang out, followed by the others, who rushed to a house near, seized their spears and clubs, whilst we were told by Quaiani to go on to the stone circle,

and not to fear, he going to the centre of the village. They then danced round him, rushing on him as if to spear him, and some with their clubs as if to club him. Chester said to me, 'Tamate, it looks too serious. Let them but touch the old man, and I will shoot.' I laughed, as I knew the pistols were safe enough in the swags.

After some time the old man came and took a tomahawk from his bag and threw it down in front, followed by Berige, who carried several pieces of hoop-iron, which were placed on the tomahawk. All were picked up and carried away, when an old woman came to Quaiani, threw her arms round him, and they both wept together. Then another woman, followed by men, did the same. When finished, the old man danced around, and said, 'Here are great foreign chiefs come to see you, and here am I with a number of my people. It is now peace; and let it remain so.'

Some time ago a few Barogofigofi natives were at Varaura, and got into trouble with the people, but the quarrel was now settled. At one time the noise was very great, men and women, old and young, all shouting; and even now it was difficult to know what the end might be. After the payment, however, all were friendly, and everything went merrily as a marriage bell. Here again the inevitable grunter had to be slain, and again we feasted upon pork and vegetables.

The village is in a very fine position, over Milne Bay, and having a splendid outlook. The chief, who is a good fellow, gave us his house, and did everything possible to make us comfortable. He and his people were much interested in the stories, many of them myths, told by the natives of our party of the white men and their doings, but more especially

of the doings of the great chiefs then in their village.

After breakfast the following morning we descended, accompanied by all the villagers to the level country lying between Vagavaga and the range. The country was well watered; indeed, in many places we were knee-deep in water. We were not long in making Vagavaga, by a most uninviting approach.

The old chief, Buneara, was sitting on his platform in front of his house waiting to give us a welcome. Quaiani stepped up beside him and called out aloud,—

'Oh, Buneara, I have brought you great friends indeed. See, here is Tamate, of whom you have heard and once seen, who has long been asking to be led across to your village. Here is Mamoose, the great chief and friend; here are Ngativaro, Pi, and Reboama; all have come to see you. Receive them, treat them kindly. I have done my part, 'tis for you now to look well after them.'

The old fellow stepped down, and away he went, we seeing no more of him until the evening.

It seems to be always raining at the east end of New Guinea. All the time we were at Vagavaga it rained, with short intervals of sunshine. We had large crowds to visit us; admiring crowds they were, far too much so in that close, damp, hot atmosphere. The village of Vagavaga is described in Moresby's book, being in Discovery Bay.

We hoped to have been able to walk from Vagavaga to Orangerie Bay, and from there to Farm Bay, but there was much trouble between the tribes, and in addition to this, there was far too much water out to allow of travelling, owing to the constant rain.

The steamer Ellengowan came to Discovery Bay,

and took us round to South Cape, where we arrived on August 22nd.

The range of mountains extending from behind Milne Bay to the Foreland and Cloudy Mountains, and on to Argyll Bay near Orangerie Bay, is quite distinct from the Owen Stanley Range; and being the first to cross them, or in any way explore them, I named it the Lorne Range. It was a most enjoyable trip, though somewhat damp and rough.

A New Guinea River.

Being anxious to begin a mission inland, and if possible to find stations suitable for teachers, in June, 1880, I determined, if arrangements could be made, to spend six weeks in travelling well inland behind the Owen Stanley Range, and come out in Hood Bay. We had a good representative party, all desirous of doing

a journey of a kind never accomplished before. There was Ruatoka, our excellent teacher at Port Moresby, one of the best and bravest of New Guinea travellers: Granny, the true, brave old Motu woman; Mr. Beswick, Neville Chester, and myself. I had visited all our stations, given out supplies, and Mr. Beswick had visited all the eastern ones, and given supplies; so we felt a little more comfortable in leaving. Many wiseacres shook their heads when they heard of our determination, and a few New Guinea would-be travellers said it was madness, and could not be done; but I never once felt the slightest misgiving as to the result. I only feared sickness might bring back some; but the walk had to be done, and now, and before any other party should try it. We were fortunate in meeting a party of Sogerians from inland, at Port Moresby, and we gave them our supplies of food and trade, keeping sufficient for the western part of our trip, which would occupy us about three weeks' hard walking.

On the 7th of June all was ready, and mustering our native carriers in the early morning, after a short service, we bade our coast friends farewell, and started for Moumire, a village about sixteen miles from Port Moresby. The following day it rained so heavily that we preferred the comfortable quarters we were in rather than face the climbing to Munakahila. On the 9th we could get few carriers, so had to carry our swags ourselves, and climbed various hills in a burning sun, reaching the village of Keninumu about three p.m. The next day was spent in arranging swags, for it was evident that we should have much travelling without native help.

On the 11th we walked to Vakinumu, and met our old friend Oriope. We found the old man jolly as ever and right glad to see us, and willing to accompany us

in part of our travels, so the following morning we started for Eikiri with the old man and his sons. We camped on a rock some distance from the village of Keuakagare, and tried hard to secure carriers to take us to Gubele. The following morning we started alone, but when going through the village a few youths took our swags, and we descended to the river, the left bank of the Goldie, and then into the deep valleys formed by the high spurs of the Owen Stanley Range. It was rough travelling, and about three o'clock we camped, before the rain should set in. When having a bath our large scrub knife was stolen by our carriers, who decamped and were seen no more. That was a miserable night; it rained in torrents until about four a.m., and being on a slope near a rock we could not protect ourselves from the rather damp ground. At daylight we had breakfast, and then started for the ascents between the Sisters and the Range. It was difficult and, in some places, dangerous travelling. Going round the sides of rocks with deep descents below, carrying swags, was anything but pleasant. When on the top of one of the ridges we met a party of Gubele natives going to Eikiri. One of these we knew, having met him the year before at Keninumu. We got a few of the young men to pick up our swags and return with us to the village. Kaukae, where we camped, had only one house—the village proper was on the other side of the bush—and that we secured. We were in the centre of a large amphitheatre.

Numerous spurs run towards the main range of hills all round, and on these spurs are small villages. These people are much more scattered than the Koiari. On some ridges one house may be seen, on others ten, twelve, twenty. We had many visitors, and all were

exceedingly friendly. They seem a kind, blithe, merry lot. Resting a day, I took a walk on to the back range—main range—and there sat down to view the country. We had thus reached a further point than any white man had yet been inland in New Guinea travelling, and where we hoisted our flag no other flag had ever been seen before. None have been able to travel so far since, so our flag, the British ensign, messenger of peace, has done most so far. We returned by the same route to Eikiri, and there were met by the old chief Daiva Duna (eagle-nest), who seemed anxious and excited. It turned out he had heard of the knife stealing, and was afraid we were full of wrath. He told us it was stolen by a Moroka man, who had gone to his home. He gave us a pig, and we gave him a return present.

From there we travelled back to Uakenumu, where we got our old companion Oriope and his lads to accompany us to Sogeri. Right glad were we to get so far all in good health and spirits, except one who was beginning to have fever; and it was feared we should have to return to Port Moresby. Maka had been here a few months as teacher, and received us with the Sogerians with great joy. To recruit a little, and prepare for the long tramp before us, we stayed a week here. We had no difficulty in getting carriers now to go with us some distance. This was a great relief, as travelling combined with carrying is a little too much. We used to envy the holiday travellers in Africa with 200 or 300 carriers. We should have explored New Guinea long ago but for the difficulty of carrying. After leaving Sogeri we travelled towards Moroka for some distance until we came on the sources of the Kemp Welch, which falls into Hood Bay, when we

turned more easterly still, and came to Favere. Soon after our arrival the women came with large quantities of food, and at once set to prepare the native oven, just as the Maoris do. When the food was scraped and ready to be put in, a taro and yam were carried round, to be touched by all the leading men of our Sogeri party. Some time ago they were unfriendly, and several were killed on both sides, and this being the first time the Sogeri chiefs had visited Favere since peace, it was necessary to bring some of each kind of food round, to be touched, showing they were friendly and at peace, and would accept of Favere's hospitality. In Moroka, Havere, and Favere the Kemp Welch rises and continues its course, drawing from the range until it passes the western end of the Macgillivray range. This river carries off the water on the eastern and southern sides of the spurs of the above districts, and the Laroge the water on the western and northern, including Sogeri. The drainage of the Astrolabe falls into the Laroge, but that of the high spurs on the eastern side falls into the Kemp Welch. Part of the water from Mount Obree falls into the Kemp Welch, but its largest quantity goes more easterly, and forms a large river which gathers from the range and Mount Brown, and falls into Cheshunt Bay, in the Aroma district, a few miles west of M'Farlane harbour. The late Mr. Beswick ascended this river some miles, and named it the Clara. There is a large population in the Favere district, but from internal and external feuds it is much scattered, much like the Gubele. They are one with the Koiari, with very little difference in dialect.

We continued our course inland, past Ben Cruachan, a high conical mountain, named by me last year, over ridges, along spurs, in streams, and up a long easy

ascent to Maiari, a village that would be called large by inland natives, built on a soft slaty hill. We secured a small house to camp in. We were everywhere surrounded by mountains, and the only opening was along the Kemp Welch, round the Macgillivray range.

We spent one day taking positions and marking our chart. Some were superintending pig-killing and food-cooking. Maiari is E.S.E. from Favere, and comprises several small villages on the spurs about. We met a woman here in black, and strung round her neck and hanging from her breast and back were all the bones of her deceased child. That was her mark of affection. What a pity they are not civilised enough to understand cremation! Still continuing an E.S.E. course, travelling through a terrible country, for hours at a time in streams, or ascending and descending mountain torrents, we came late one afternoon to Iovi. The ascent to the village was long and steep, then along the top to a table-rock, on which the houses were built outside, surrounded with a high barricade, to prevent being surprised by their enemies.

We were received as friends, although at first there was a good deal of demonstration and uncertainty, but when thoroughly aware who we were they led us with shouting along to the rock and in through the barricade. They gave us a small house in which to camp, and the following morning presented us with a pig and a large quantity of food. Standing on the clear space in the centre of the village, we could see away down the Kemp Welch valley, one of the largest and finest we know on the peninsula, to Kalo and Hood Bay, and could discern that it was no small distance that still lay before us.

Some spoke of striking at once for the coast, and so shorten our journey, but to that I could not consent. I wished rather to extend the journey in behind Quaipo and Animarupu, strike the Clara, and raft it down; but I became content with getting to Kalo, and so it was decided we should carry out our original plan. Sitting on a point of rock in the early morning, and near me a number of men, some who accompanied us from Mairi and others from the village, a young man looking much distressed brought a palm-branch, leaves all knotted, and held it to each Iovi old man present, and then to those of our party. I asked through our interpreter for an explanation, and was informed his wife was expecting to become a mother, and was already in great pain; the touching of the knotted palm-leaves was assurance of pure friendship, and an expression of sympathy and hope she might be safely delivered. Half-an-hour after, sitting by a fire outside one of the houses not far from ours, was a young woman warming herself, and near to her a new-born infant being washed and crying lustily.

From Iovi we went more towards the coast, and camped two nights at Keremu, another large village on a very steep and high mountain. They are a fine-looking lot of natives, more like some tribes on the coast than those inland. They were kind to us, and anxious we should stay with them. Between them and the coast is the Manukoliu tribe, a very powerful and troublesome one, so that the Keremu natives seldom if ever reach the coast, unless they travel to Gerese and Saroa, and then make the coast at Kapakapa. From Keremu we had to do our own swagging, and passed close in by the Gerese range of hills.

We had camped one night on the side of a conical

hill, so that in the morning we might get a course for the day to the Kemp Welch. We were up in good time and had our breakfast. Some of our party had got their swags ready and had started. They were well up when they espied, near the base, running up through the long grass, a crowd of armed natives. They called to us, and when ready we began to climb. We took possession of the top, and waited their arrival. On coming to our late camp they gave a shout that made us think they imagined they were sure of their prey. They placed themselves all round the cone, and one appeared with his spear poised to throw, when I shouted to him, 'Down spear,' and our eyes met. He threw his spear down, and was afraid to run away. With Granny and Ruatoka, I went down the face of the cone and met him, and ordered him to call the others in. As they approached, and when about thirty yards off, I ordered all weapons, spears and clubs, to be thrown down, and that as we were unarmed, having left the fowling-pieces on the top, so they must meet us without arms. They were told who we were, and at once we were good friends, smoking and chewing betelnut. They wanted to accompany us some distance, but I felt suspicious of them, and told them to return or go some other way, which they did.

Flowing at the base of the cone is a river that takes all the water from the inland side of the coast range and the east end of the Astrolabe, and falls into the Kemp Welch. Behind Saroa we went right across country to the Kemp Welch. On the right bank, more than fifty miles from the mouth, we made a rough raft with a platform in the centre, and lashed our swags on the top, so as to keep them dry. We were not long on board before we struck a snag, which

did not seem to do much harm, and on we went a few more miles, when we found it impossible to guide or steer our unwieldy craft and keep her off snags in a part where the river was swift and deep. At one time it seemed like abandoning everything; but after some desperate efforts we got her away, and were sailing down with the current beautifully, and hoping to be in Kalo the next day. I was standing aft on one of the logs enjoying the scenery in an afternoon's sun, when, lo! I was under water. Getting to the surface, I saw the raft dismantled a little way down, and its occupants still clinging to it. Those who could swim got round the broken raft and swam her ashore. It was a miserable plight, yet laughable. We landed everything, made large fires, and by midnight we went to sleep on the beach, rolled in our blankets. Next day we tramped along the splendid valley of the Kemp Welch to a small village on the left bank, where we met some Kalo canoes, and hiring one we sailed more than twenty miles down to the mouth. We slept one night in a large plantation bungalow belonging to Quaipo, the Kalo chief, and the morning after, by nine o'clock, were in Kalo, enjoying the comfort and cleanliness of a teacher's house.

It was the longest tramp hitherto undertaken in New Guinea, and up to present time (May, 1887) remains the longest. We did more than 500 miles, and climbed more than 40,000 feet.

NATIVES IN MOURNING.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE KALO MASSACRE WAS PUNISHED.

In my former volume, *Work and Adventure in New Guinea*, there is an account of the Kalo massacre, which occurred on March 7th, 1881. The native is very impulsive, and often commits deeds for which he is afterwards sorry. Much of the same impulse is noticeable in white men, and deeds are often committed under the influence of excitement or passion for which they also are afterwards very sorry. Some of those who have been murdered on the New Guinea coast brought about their own destruction; others suffered for the misdeeds of white men, and a few because of the cupidity of the native. In every case the native has been more or less punished, but in none to such

advantage as at Kalo. Since then nowhere on that coast have white men been murdered, and reported attempts, when examined into, have proved to be only the fearful imaginations or malicious inventions of the white man. The boastful white man is, in my experience, the most craven-hearted; and the man who handles his revolver and talks of 'lollipops' for natives is the man who turns tail, takes to his heels, is clubbed, cooked, and eaten.

After the Kalo massacre a man-of-war came to make enquiries, so as to report to the Commodore of the station. We decidedly objected to any interference, and opposed any punishment of the Kalo natives, and, as a mission, refused to report on the subject. The captain was persistent, saying his instructions were to make enquiries and report; which he did. A few months afterwards he returned, saying that the Commodore had decided to make an example of Kalo, so as to put a stop for the future to these coast murders.

I was on the coast at the time, and was sent for; and on the day after my arrival the flag-ship Wolverene came into Port Moresby with Commodore Wilson, late Rear-Admiral Wilson, on board. He came to the Mission-house and asked me to accompany him, as he had determined to make war on Kalo, secure the chief, the real instigator of the crime, and hang him. I objected; but he said my accompanying him would make his mission one of peace, and he should be sorry if a single shot were fired. His plan was to make the Kalo people give up Quaipo, the chief,—which I felt certain they never would,—and on their failing to do this, use the Kerepunu natives to seize him. But they would have taken to the bush sooner than interfere with Kalo and Quaipo.

The next, and only feasible plan, was to surround the village and make the chief a prisoner. Some weeks before the arrival of the Wolverene I received a message from Quaipo that he was watching everywhere, and would not be satisfied until he had my head on his sacred place. I returned another message, that I should visit Kalo, and would leave it with my head on my shoulders, and not on his dubu. I did not then know how this was to be accomplished.

I consented to go with the Commodore. A man-of-war schooner was taken in tow, and when off Round Head arrangements were begun for a landing party. The officers were appointed, and the surgeons were busy examining the blue-jackets and marines, so that no one should land who was in any way maimed. We dropped anchor between Round Head and Hulā, as it was necessary that the Hulā natives should know nothing of the overland party. All were called aft, and before leaving in the pinnace and boats for the Beagle the Commodore said, in effect:—

'Now, officers and men, I do hope there will be no firing. Remember, there is neither honour nor glory attached to this business. You can shoot these savages down hundreds of yards away, and they must be close on you before they can do you any harm. Try and get the chief, make him a prisoner, and bring him off.'

The Commodore's anxiety to secure the chief without bloodshed was great, and again and again he said to me, 'Everything to prevent firing.'

The Wolverene steamed round to Hood Bay, so as to draw the attention of the natives, and divert them from thinking of an inland attack. Nearly 200 of us, with Baron Maklay, went on board of the Beagle, and at night—and such a night, heavy rain and dreadfully

dark and blowing hard—tried to sail or beat up to Hulā Point, where we were to land and go overland to Kalo. We got amongst reefs and had to anchor, and then I accompanied Commander Watson in a boat to find the Point. We succeeded, and at once the landing began. I had an attack of fever, and had to lie on the beach for a short time. All having landed, we started in the rain and darkness to find the path, led by Taria's wife, her husband having been one of the men murdered. I thought I knew the place well, and she had lived near there for years, but neither of us could find it; so we had to go on to Hulā, and there securing the aid of one of our mission boys, we were soon on our way. Instead of getting to Kalo by four a.m. it was eight o'clock, and anxiously the Commodore awaited us, he having landed with a party on the opposite shores of the Kemp Welch River in order to cut off the retreat.

Commander Watson, with a party, went to the eastern side of the village; Lieutenant M., with a party which I accompanied, entered the village; and Lieutenant A., with another party, closed in on the western side, so as to be able, with Lieutenant M.'s party, to surround the chief's house. I told those natives we met we had come to seize the chief Quaibo, and nothing more. Our party took up a position near to one of the chief's houses, so as to prevent any from escaping. The western party, while closing in, came in view of a large armed party of natives, headed by Quaibo, who all night through had been watching the river, and from daylight had been defying the Commodore and his party. The natives, finding they were taken in the rear, wheeled round and at once attacked the blue-jackets and marines. After three of the former

had been severely wounded, the young Lieutenant, seeing the natives were getting too near, ordered 'Fire!' and the first to fall, as we were afterwards informed, was Quaibo. In all, four were shot dead, several wounded, and two taken prisoners. There was no looting, not a coconut touched, not a pig shot, and not a woman or child molested.

After the firing not a native was to be seen anywhere, the bugle sounded, and we all made for the boats. The Commodore determined to make sure the chief was dead, and would not accept the evidence of the Kerepunu natives. He insisted that the body should be brought in for identification, which was done. Finding we had left, the natives had taken the dead and at once buried them; but on the Commodore's demanding the body of Quaibo, it was carried five miles by his people, in order that it might be identified.

On the Monday a party landed, and with native help destroyed the chief's largest house. Anxious for peace, pigs and presents were brought to the Commodore, and he in return gave presents. At Kalo and everywhere else along the coast the affair is well known, and it has had a wonderful effect. All the natives say that only a very powerful chief and people could ever act so; mingle thus mercy with justice, show so much mercy when all power was theirs. Indiscriminate shooting down of innocent natives, burning villages, and cutting down coconut trees, I think mere barbarism. It ought never to be done by our Navy. Every shot fired and every deed done by our blue-jackets and marines are acts of war; and is it right that a great nation should do such things to savages? Better far that we should suffer than that we should do wrong, and I altogether object to our Navy being used in such mean service,

MOURNERS AND DEAD HOUSE AT KALO.

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especially when, in many instances, some of our countrymen have suffered for their own or others' misdeeds. Crimes have been committed by white men in the east end of New Guinea and the Louisiade Archipelago that I fear many will suffer for in the future. Already payment is being made, and the innocent are suffering for the guilty. New Guinea is, I believe, to be handed over to the tender mercies of Queensland. Learn the terrible chapter of that colony's attempts to civilise the Australian aboriginals, and know the end of the New Guinea native.

From Hood Bay we went to Aroma, where the Commodore determined to do something to teach the chief and people that they must not interfere with foreigners, not even with Chinamen; but on *seeing* the graphic account of the chief, Koapena, whose tale was told mainly by action, he said that the natives were quite justified in their action against the Chinamen, and that we should do the same if foreigners treated our daughters, wives, sisters, and sweethearts as those men did the native women.

The two weeks spent on board the Wolverene thoroughly enjoyed. One Sunday night, by special request, I gave an address on my travels, and had to continue it for over two hours. I did think of accompanying the Commodore to Australia, but remembering unaccomplished work, I remained in New Guinea, and returned to Port Moresby and the Gulf.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HABITS, CUSTOMS, AND BELIEFS OF MOTU AND MOTUMOTU.

THIS chapter contains the answers given by the natives themselves to me during various visits. They show what the native ideas are on their most important habits, customs and beliefs in the two leading districts of New Guinea, viz. Motu, or the district around Port Moresby, and Motumotu, or the Elema region.

1. Do they marry because of love?

Motu. Some are betrothed from infancy, others when grown up. If parents need a pig, sago, or toea, they betroth their daughter. Some are married because parents suggest the girl, and in order to please them. Others because they are really in love (uranaura).

Motumotu. Yes.

2. Is there any ceremony of marriage?

Motu. Yes. The young man sleeps alongside of the girl, and at early morning takes her to a relative's house. The man's parents cook food, put it in one *dish*, they both sit together and eat therefrom. If they sit back to back it is a bad sign, if side by side and lovingly, good; that is marriage. Payment to girl's relatives follows.

Motumotu. The young couple eat out of one dish, which has been prepared by the mother of the bride*groom*. They pay for wives, as the Motuans.

3. Do they sleep together the first night after marriage?
Do they sleep all night through together?

Motu. Yes, on same mat and under same covering.

Yes.

Motumotu. Yes; in house of husband's parents. Until early morning, when the husband de-

scends and goes to the dubu, as he would be ashamed to be seen coming from his wife in daylight.

4. Is it so all through married life?

Motu. Yes, when there are no children. When they have children the husband has a different mat.

Motumotu. Not regularly; the husband sleeps in dubu, occasionally visits his wife, but very seldom sleeps a whole night with her.

5. Do man and wife ever sit together, converse in a friendly manner, and joke?

Motu. Yes, when no one is near; also when they get old and have many children.

Motumotu. Yes, when no one is near; and will eat together, and speak friendly and jokingly.

6. When a child is born, how long before husband and wife live together again?

Motu. The wife is not touched after she is big with child, and not until the child walks and is weaned.

Motumotu. When a child is born, the husband does not look upon his wife until she is well and able to go about, generally about a month; and he sleeps wherever he can, *in* the dubu chiefly. When his wife is strong he will enter the house and see wife and child for the first time since the birth. They do not live together again until the child is strong, walking, and weaned, and all that time he sleeps in dubu. His friends cook food for him.

7. If another child is born before the first is big and able to walk, are they ashamed?

Motu. Yes, terribly; and all the village will be talking about it.

Motumotu. Yes, greatly.

8. Do they love children?

Motu. Yes, very much.

Motumotu. Yes, very much.

9. Have children ever been murdered by their parents?

Motu. No. The practice is quite unknown.

Motumotu. No; except illegitimate children, which the woman kills because of her shame. Should a brother who has no children be in time, he sometimes saves the child.

10. How soon after birth is a child given the breast?

Motu. Immediately after the mother has bathed, which is done soon after birth.

Motumotu. They first bathe mother and child, and then give breast.

11. Do they manipulate the head?

Motu. Squeeze it with warm hands to make it round.

Motumotu. No.

12. Are presents given at birth of child?

Motu. No; but for the first-born both families will cook food.

Motumotu. Relatives of husband and wife give food and presents for the first child only. The food is eaten by the old ladies of the village, and not tasted by relatives.

13. Are children ever named after any animal?

Motu. After Magani (wallaby) and Boroma (pig). This is generally done if there has been a quarrel in the family just before the birth.

Motumotu. No.

14. Are children named after fish?

Motu. No, never.

Motumotu. Yes. Some children are called Sapea (crocodile), others after various kinds of large fish.

15. Are they named after any tree?

Motu. Some are named Au (wood), but none after any particular tree.

They have also such names as Hitolo (hunger), Biru (planting), Hua (moon), never stars or sun, Bigu (banana), Maho (yam), Taitu (sweet yam), Taitu kava (wild yam), Davara (sea), Mea or Meamea (prayer of exorcising).

Motumotu. Only a very few after wood or trees of any kind.

16. Will they eat those named after the food animals?

Motu. Yes; none are sacred because named after these things.

Motumotu. Yes; those named after fish will indeed eat their namesakes.

17. Does the father take the child's name?

Motu. Yes; father will be called after son, and mother after daughter.

Motumotu. No.

18. How are children carried?

Motu. On the hip.

Motumotu. When very young they are nursed on the arm or breast, later on swing on shoulder, the child laying on stomach, and lastly on back.

19. At birth of child is husband helaga?

Motu. At Suau a husband shuts himself up for some days after the birth of his first child, and will eat nothing. Unknown by Motuans; nothing different from other times. If labour pains very severe, the husband will take off his armlets and sihi, and sit near the woman. When the child is born he dresses again.

Motumotu. No.

20. Why do they dislike having twins?

Motu. It seems too much like the habit of pigs or dogs, and they do not like it. The relatives feel terribly ashamed. They do not kill one, but both are left, and if afterwards one dies all becomes right. The people of the village talk about it, and ask if the woman is a pig or a dog.

Motumotu. They do not like twins because it is like a pig. They also say it is a sign that the husband has broken a taboo. They do not kill one child.

21. After conception, is any food sacred to husband or wife?

Motu. No; can eat what they like. Women often like various kinds of food and dislike others.

Motumotu. The mother must not eat sweet potato or taro, lest head of child grow out of proportion. The father must not eat crocodile or seven other kinds of fish, lest legs of child grow out of proportion.

22. Is there any difference in the food of man and woman, husband and wife?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. No difference.

23. Have women and men one cooking pot?

Motu. Yes. If there are two wives, each has a separate one.

Motumotu. Yes, only one.

24. If particular food is eaten, such as strong pig, wallaby, or large fish, will it give strength?

Motu. Yes. The strength of the animal goes into the person eating. Give children strong food that they may become strong.

Motumotu. Yes; hence young lads eat these, that they may obtain the strength of the animal or fish eaten.

25. Why do women tattoo?

Motu. To please the men. The legs for friends' lakatois; under the eyes for a brother or a sister that leaves the home; gado or throat and chest for marriage; and with that the process ends.

Motumotu. No tattooing.

26. Who pays for the last tattooing?

Motu. The last tattooing is the gado, and the engaged man pays for it. Sometimes marriage even then does not take place, as in case of Vai Boi.

Motumotu. No tattooing.

27. Do two brothers or two men ever have the same wife?

Motu. No; such a custom is nowhere known.

Motumotu. No.

28. Can a man speak to his mother-in-law, or a woman to her father-in-law?

Motu. Yes. They are all friendly and speak when they meet, and visit and cook food for one another; no reticence. Different at East end. At the East end the husband will leave the house if his mother-in-law enters, and will go a long way round to avoid meeting her. A woman will do the same with her father-in-law.

At Milne Bay and Moresby Island the custom is the same as at Motu.

Motumotu. No. Son-in-law cannot speak to his mother-in-law, or daughter-in-law to her father-in-law.

29. Can a husband send away his wife?

Motu. Yes. If he is displeased with her, or if she is too frolicsome, too lazy, bad at plantation work, or a bad cook, he sends her away for any of these.

Motumotu. Yes; but he sometimes repents, and then seeks her again.

30. Can a wife go away of her own accord?

Motu. Yes, and if she marries another there is a great row; then payment has to be made to her first husband and his friends.

Motumotu. Yes.

31. When a woman leaves her husband, to whom do the children go?

Motu. They belong to the husband: the wife may take one, but it too will return to the husband eventually.

Motumotu. A woman leaving her husband takes all her children, and when challenged by the husband she says, 'What, was it you that knew the pain?'

32. If a woman leaves her husband and is taken by another, can she again return to the former?

Motu. Yes; they sometimes return, and if very repentant are received.

Motumotu. Some husbands will receive, others will have nothing to do with a returning wife.

33. When the husband dies, whose are the children?

Motu. They belong to the husband's family. Should one be still at the breast, when it grows up it is handed over to the husband's friends.

Motumotu. The woman takes the children, and if she has a brother he takes charge. When grown up they go to father's family.

34. Is a woman helaga (sacred) after her husband's death?

Motu. Yes, and for a long time.

Motumotu. She is, and ought to remain so, until she marries again.

35. What becomes of a widow?

Motu. If she has no children, she returns to her own family; if children, remains with her husband's family. After two years' mourning she may marry;

Motumotu. She belongs to husband's friends until she marries another, when husband's relatives receive payment. Much more is paid for widow than young girl.

but some are never allowed to. If she marries, payment is made to her first husband's relatives.

36. Do they believe in a Great Spirit?

Motu. I know of no belief in a Great Spirit amongst the Motuans, but Dahuni, Aroma, Hood Bay, Kabadi, Maiva, Elema and Namau, all do and worship him.

Motumotu. Yes, and they call him Saukoni. He lives inland in the bush.

37. Is he good or bad, kind or vindictive?

Motu. The Motuans say that the tribes believing in a Great Spirit think he is good and kind, and to him appeals are made by those in distress.

Motumotu. He is vindictive, and kills. He travels as a great light, like a man with very long hair. A chief called Rahe says he has seen him. He lives by stealing the natives' food.

38. Can a man do evil, and if so, who leads him to it?

Motu. He can do evil, but how he is led to do it they cannot say.

Motumotu. They do evil, but who leads them to it they cannot say. It must spring from their ancestors, and is born with them.

39. Is there any punishment for evil?

Motu. No. Any one dying with unpierced nose goes in the other state to Tageani, a bad place, where there is little food and no betelnuts. Children are well grown, about six years old, before the nose is pierced, and any one dying before that age will have his nose pierced after death by his parents.

Motumotu. No.

40. Is there any reward for virtue?

Motu. No. All pierced noses go to Raka, the place of plenty.

Motumotu. No.

41. Do all things possess spirit?

Motu. Only pigs and wallabies have spirits. When they are

Motumotu. Yes. When dogs, pigs, and birds die or are killed,

killed or die, the spirits go to the Larogi.

their spirits all go to Lavau, and remain, as in this world, for the use of the human spirits. All objects possess spirits.

42. What do they believe about the spirits?

Motu. They believe in the spirits of the dead, which are both good and bad, kind and vindictive.

Motumotu. They believe in the spirits of the dead, and hold communication with them the same as the Motuans.

43. Can they force their spirits to do as they like?

Motu. No; the spirits have all power. When there is famine, no fish, or bad hunting, they say that some of the spirits are angry.

Motumotu. They are much afraid of the spirits, and have no power over them.

44. Where do the spirits dwell, and are they at all li e men?

Motu. The Motuans say that the spirits whom they call dirava live in Tauru, which may be compared to the South Seas' Avaiki, or Savaii, are like men, except that on entering their abode they are put on a kind of gridiron to be dried over a slow fire, in order that they may become ethereal and light. They have no noses, and are called udu kohua. Their home is a glorious place, where all friends meet, plant, fish, hunt, and never know hunger.

Motumotu. They live in Lavau in the West, but move about by day and during the night, and are the same as man.

45. Are the spirits powerful or not, and can they be acted upon?

Motu. Very powerful, and can hear prayer. When men and women are bad, — adulterers, thieves, quarrellers, and the like,— the spirits are angry with them.

Motumotu. They are powerful, and cannot be acted upon. When they see a good-looking woman, they kill her and take her away to their region.

46. When a man is asleep what becomes of his soul?

Motu. It leaves the body during sleep, and travels far and wide; hence dreams. When the soul

Motumotu. Same as Motu— goes travelling, and on return awakes.

returns the man awakes; and if he is roused, the soul or spirit first hears and immediately returns.

47. What are dreams?

Motu. They are real. The spirits of the dead come and hold converse, and sometimes direct the spirit as to what is to be done in times of trouble.

Motumotu. Dreams are from the spirits, and when these friendly visitants are about their dreams are pleasant; bad dreams are when friendly spirits are angry.

48. Do they act upon dreams?

Motu. Yes, very often.

Motumotu. Yes; they believe, and will act accordingly.

49. What is a shadow?

Motu. They say it is just a picture of the man, and they are not afraid of it.

Motumotu. A spirit. The spirit of everything shadowed.

50. When they first saw their likeness in a looking-glass, what did they thin

Motu. That it was merely a shadow, and they were not afraid. They knew themselves, and wished to possess so good an article.

Motumotu. They thought it was the spirit of the party or parties looking.

51. What is an echo?

Motu. A spirit. It lives in various places. They are very frightened at it, and will run away when it is heard.

Motumotu. Siabada. It is merely the answering back because of the thick bush.

52. Is there a river-spirit?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. No.

53. Is there a well-spirit?

Motu. Yes. A small kind of fish in a well is a spirit; and if he remains in the well, there will always be water; if he leaves, it will dry up.

Motumotu. They need no wells, as there is plenty of river water.

54. Is there any water-spirit?

Motu. Yes, Tautau; and he lives underground.

Motumotu. No.

55. Do they make gods, or not?

Motu. No: gods are made only in Elema and Namau, not anywhere else, so far as I know.

Motumotu. No; but they have charms.

56. Did they ever give worship to any one or any thing?

Motu. No, not the Motuans.

Motumotu. Yes. Semese and his two sons, the sun, moon, stones, rocks, and mountains. In a small degree they worship dead warriors long after they have gone. They pay great respect to a living warrior, and give him food and presents.

57. Is there any worship of stones, rocks, or mountains?

Motu. No. They have round pebbles brought from near Orokolo in the West, and they use them when planting bananas and yams. They sprinkle water over the stones upon the article to be planted.

Motumotu. There are stones in the river very sacred, and they worship them. Also rocks and mountains are sacred and are worshipped.

58. Do they worship anything in nature?

Motu. No, nothing whatever.

Motumotu. No.

59. Is fire worshipped?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. No.

60. Is there any worship of sun, moon, or stars?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. Yes; at certain seasons the sun is worshipped. They will sit up all night dressed in their finest, and when near sunrise will watch intently, and as soon as the sun is seen they bend their heads as if ashamed to look up, and pray to it. When it is well up they leave off. The sun has many wives and very large plantations, and is full of all knowledge. All the people who live near the rising sun are also full of wisdom, as the people of Mekeo, over whom the sun rises, who

make fine net-bags and other things very well. The moon is also worshipped as the sun, but the stars are not.

61. Have they any story of sun standing still?

Motu. When hunting or travelling late in the afternoon, afraid to be overtaken by darkness, sometimes a man will take a piece of twine, loop it, look through it at the sun, and pray (meamea); then run it into a knot, saying, 'Wait until we get home, and we will give you the fat of a pig.' He passes the string to the next behind, and then it is thrown away.

Motumotu. When travelling and afraid of sun setting before getting to journey's end, will say, 'Sun, do not be in a hurry; just wait until I get to the end.' And the sun waits. They do not like eating at night; and if the food is late in cooking and the sun sinking, they will say, 'Sun, stop; my food is not ready, and I want to eat by you.'

62. Do they know anything of a deluge?

Motu. Nothing.

Motumotu. No.

63. Is there any sacred tree?

Motu. No. There is a tree called Budabuda; when a branch falls off of itself they expect news of fighting or death.

Motumotu. Yes. It is in the bush, and no one attempts to cut it or injure it in any way, as it belongs to the spirit, and he often dwells there. Sickness and death would be the penalty for attempting to cut it down.

64. Are lizards sacred?

Motu. When the natives see them they will get out of their way, never kill them, and if children should, grown-up people will be angry. They are specially afraid of frogs (honoga), as they believe them to be spirits; and if they enter a house, they come to tell of death or to warn the inhabitants.

Motumotu. No.

65. Are snakes sacred?

Motu. Natives are very much afraid of them, as they believe them to be possessed with evil

Motumotu. No.

spirits. The large carpet snake, or rather a python, they consider the best of all, most aonega. It kills by winding round its prey and crushing and biting it, but sometimes it thinks of mercy and will let go.

66. Whence came man?

Motu. There are various stories. The chief is that one man and woman who sprang from the earth had three sons, one the Koiari ancestor, one the Koitapu ancestor, and one the Motu.

Motumotu. Hiovaki cut down a coconut tree and began adzing it, and therefrom made men and women in abundance, but no house; he placed them on a platform, and went and built a large house for them; and, when finished, he returned to heaven, saying, 'If you bring me a present, all right; if not, I shall return and slay you.' Man then built houses, and collected food and cooked it, which when Hiovaki saw he knew it was for him, and he descended and ate it.

67. Whence came the earth and sea?

Motu. Motu cannot say.

Motumotu. Hiovaki Semese, a spirit in the heavens, made the land and sea. There was nothing until he descended and made land and sea; when he finished he lived at Moveave, and there he planted trees which cause elephantiasis; hence the elephantiasis of the Moveave natives. They take offerings to Hiovaki Semese, that he may be pleased and give them strength to fight. They also pray to him, that he may give them goodness. Semese's wife is called Kauue, and lives with him. He takes everybody killed in a fight to his place, which is good. He also descends and dances in his

dubu, not far from Motumotu. He has a younger brother, and they divide the work. One comes to Motumotu, Miai, and the other goes to Moveave. Semese is the father, Hiovaki and Miai are the sons. If a Moveavean is killed by a Motumotu man, Hiovaki will come to Miai and demand payment, and they will then eat pig together, and *vice versa*.

68. Whence came the heavens?

Motu. Heaven and earth joined, or were very near one another formerly. Those on earth did not plant, but only spread a mat, prayed, and the door of the heavens was opened and plenty was poured forth.

A man with two wives had a quarrel because he gave more attention to one than the other. In his wrath he sprung up and with his sharp flint cut the cane asunder that bound heaven and earth, and away went the heavens, and down, down went the earth. Those above let down a long cane that touched the earth, and they found it a long, long way off. Some said, Leave the cane hanging; but others, and they prevailed, said, Pull it up, lest the people of the earth try to climb up, and then fall and be killed. So they pulled the cane up and coiled it down.

Motumotu. Hiovaki Semese made the heavens, then came down with the earth, leaving some to the West, the Motumotu in Elema, and others to the East.

69. Whence comes fire?

Motu. The Motu tribe at beginning had no fire, and baked food in the sun. Once they saw

Motumotu. Fire was first produced in the mountains. Before fire everything was eaten raw, until

smoke a long, long way off, when they lived at Taurama (Pyramid Point), and asked who would go to see what it was. The Gunamaka (bush pheasant) went, but returned unsuccessful; then the Gaigai (snake), then the Hariha (iguana), then the Kibi (quail), then the Magani (wallaby), then the Boroma (pig). All these were unsuccessful, and returned much crest-fallen. Finally the dog started; two went, Bovaro, and a female, Velugai. Velugai returned unsuccessful, but Bovaro went on till he came to a far-off land, leaped ashore, ran up the beach to where a woman was cooking food over a *fire*, snatched a brand, and made again for the sea, swimming with it in his mouth back to Taurama, where he was received with great delight. He thus became master of all animals, claiming the right to kill as he liked and to live in the house with man.

Iriara, a mountaineer, who was sitting with his wife, suddenly rubbed one stick against another, and fire sprung out.

70. What becomes of the sun during the night?

Motu. It sinks into the sea and is lost; that sun is gone for ever. Each day's sun is a new one.

Motumotu. Cannot say, or how it gets to east side.

71. What is the moon, and what becomes of it during its changes?

Motu. In the beginning, a chief digging came on what he thought a beautiful pearl shell cut crescent-shape. He picked it up and went to the sea to wash it, and when bright let it lie on his open hand, and was admiring it, when it slid away out of his hand, swam out to sea to a rock, on which it stood, and

Motumotu. They cannot tell whence it comes; when he is lost he is eating pig. After full, and as he gets up later, he is engaged with his wife, and so on, until pig-eating again.

said, 'I am a man, I am no pearl shell; so, great chief, where is your Mairi? Now listen! Six times in Guitau (in the south-east) and six times in Lahara (in the north-west) you will see me, and when done each time I shall pass under the land.' The crescent moon is called Dogagi; full moon is called Emenadi.

72. What is an eclipse?

Motu. They cannot tell; but they are very much afraid when one occurs. They believe that sickness and death will follow.

Motumotu. They have seen eclipses of sun and moon, and are terribly frightened by them. Before the small-pox came, when nearly all died, there was an eclipse, and they knew something terrible was near. They say a dark cloud has covered the sun, and he has shut his eyes for a time, and then awakes suddenly. The moon is sick when eclipsed, just as people are sick, and they are terribly afraid the sickness may come to them. They bring no presents at such times. Sun and moon are males, stars are females.

73. Whence comes thunder, and who causes it?

Motu. Motuans believe it is born of itself, and they are not afraid. In other parts the natives believe it to be the voice of a spirit in anger.

Motumotu. Feviri, one of the ancients, was fishing, and he saw a line let down from the heavens. Then the lightning ran along it, followed by thunder, and he saw a very large man descend with a peal and ascend. The line was fastened above, and that is all they know.

74. Whence come earthquakes?

Motu. Motuans do not know. They are not afraid of

Motumotu. Pupuiao (earthquake) comes from the West.

them, and expect a large harvest after a good one.

Who causes it or how it happens they cannot tell, only they are terribly frightened and rush to water.

75. Whence comes the wind?

Motu. The South-East has two doors, and the North-West six. When any one of these is shut, the wind will not come out; but as soon as one is opened, it will come out. The worst Matuna with open door is North in North-West Monsoon, and the South-West is as bad.

Motumotu. Do not know.

76. When overtaken by a storm at sea, who is believed to send it, and what is done to abate it?

Motu. Three brothers who live in the West cause storms. Their names are Gidabri, Ganea, and Viro. The first comes lightly and increases, then Ganea blows wrathfully upon them, and Viro follows more lightly. Ganea is most dreaded, and he is the one appealed to. If a canoe is lost, Ganea is blamed.

Motumotu. Laufao, an Oiabu sorcerer, sends storms. A recent one, when many canoes were lost and several lives, was caused because he was angry at not getting any presents before the canoes started on their voyage to Port Moresby. He has a bamboo for each wind, and opens at his pleasure.

77. Whence comes food, and who causes it to grow?

Motu. Some springs from men's bones, and other things of the kind. Koitapuans and spirits are believed to cause it to grow.

Motumotu. Umeore brought coconuts and the yam from the East, his wife the banana.

Kivovia and his wife brought sago. The rain causes everything to grow. Laufao has power over the rain and sun. When there is too much sun they cook food and pigs, and go to him with presents to get rain; when he draws the stopper of his sacred bamboo, the rain falls in abundance. When there is too much, presents are made to get

him to return the stopper. It is also said that if he bathes it will rain, and if he does not there is great sun.

78. Whence comes sickness?

Motu. Koitapu sends baita (something like fire or stone), which enters into a man, and he sickens. No sickness comes of itself. Old men and women die naturally.

Motumotu. The following is the native legend. Koraeao, a spirit (Kanisu) who lives in the mountain Kovio (Yule), is a wanton spirit, and when women speak evil to him, takes their petticoats and the maros of the women and men and washes them in the head springs, then returns them, and soon are all sick. The sickness is brought down by the river to Motumotu and Moveave, and all who drink the water are sick. Then Koraeao ascends the mountain top and sits there, and sings when he sees all the people sick. Sorcerers also cause sickness. They will touch persons when asleep with a particular fruit, take it home and put it in a bamboo over the fire, and leave it drying until those persons fall sick.

79. How do they manage surgery?

Motu. Use splinters made of bamboo. Bleed with shell or flint. They have nothing for cuts or sores.

Motumotu. Bleed with flint got at Port Moresby on a small arrow with bow made from rib of coconut leaf. Bleed or cut with shell. Use splinters of bamboo for broken limbs. Know nothing of cutting off.

80. Whence comes death?

Koitapu sends it, sometimes Koiari.

Motumotu. The sorcerers kill people.

81. How can sickness be cured?

Motu. Give large presents to the man who is believed by friends

Motumotu. No one can live if the sorcerer does his work well.

to cause the sickness. He travels at night like a mouse or something else. A Bapalau man or woman is sent for, exorcises, sucks, produces stones, bones, wood, &c. They have a medicine which the spirits teach them to use, and with which they rub the sick over.

When sick some people eat ginger, but there is no particular medicine.

82. When people die do they send messages to the dead?

Motu. No. When the body is placed in the grave a relative will whisper in the ear, 'Do not be angry, but watch over us, bless and prosper us in fishing and hunting.'

Motumotu. No.

83. If one of a family is killed, will all the tribe join in punishing the murderer?

Motu. Yes, if he is killed by another tribe; if by the same tribe, then only family and relatives will join to punish.

Motumotu. Yes.

84. Is there a set price for any particular crime?

Motu. Murder and adultery are punished with death. In cases of theft they have a fight, and it is finished.

Motumotu. Death for adultery and murder. For theft &c., only a row.

85. If a man is killed by accident, what is done?

Motu. They will pay a fine, and is all right.

Motumotu. He has to pay with pig and arm-shells, and then all is right.

86. Why do they place pots, spears, herbs and arrows on the grave?

Motu. The pot is the one used before death, and is placed there to be used by the spirit; also the dish in which the food is to be placed. The spear, bow and arrow are to help him to fight when necessary. His small bag in which he carried his areca-nut and betel-pepper is buried with

Motumotu. On the day of burial they place a netted bag by the grave, with betelnut, pepper, and lime calabash, for the spirit to chew, and afterwards to take to Lavau. So also his cooking-pot, spear, bow and arrows, and all his jewellery and dress; everything is sent and nothing kept.

him. A woman has her large bag (vaina), with her short stick for digging food, and her tomahawk, to be used in spirit-land.

87. Will friends meet in Tauru?

Motu. Yes. Spirits of departed ones, when they hear the drum beating and who is dead, will open the door, come out, and meet the approaching one, and lead it away to Tauru.

In Dahuni the spirits go to Dimdim, and become white men and women.

Motumotu. Motumotu spirits go to Lavau in the West, and there all meet. Those there first will be informed of the approach of friends, and they will come to meet them, throw their arms round them, and embrace. In Lavau they build houses, plant food, and live as man and wife as we do here. It is a good place, with plenty of sago close by.

88. Why do Koiarians leave a village after a death?

Motu. They are afraid the dead will do them harm.

Motumotu. They do not leave village after death.

89. Who taught them to build houses?

Motu. They do not know.

Motumotu. Hiovaki built the first house, and ever since it has been known.

90. What is a dubu? when sacred, and for what used?

Motumotu. Hiovaki built the dubu, and put the men in it, then they went and built houses for the women. All dubus belong to Semese, and Hiovaki's instructions were for the men to sleep in the dubus, and small houses for the women. If a man sleeps all night in his wife's house she will say, 'How is it you do not listen to Hiovaki's instructions?' meaning that he should go to the dubu. Kanisu dwells therein, and no female enters. When young men first take the *maro*[1] they enter the dubu, and must wait there till

[1] i. e. girdle for the male.

their close-shaven heads are covered with long bushy hair, and must not be seen by any female. They must not smoke or chew betelnut, as that would prevent a good growth of hair. After fighting they return to the dubu, and if successful will there thank the spirits, and will fire off arrows into the high part of the dubu over-head.

91. What does the dance signify?

Motu. In a fine season, lahara, when there is plenty of rain and the promise of a large supply of bananas, a leading man becomes helaga, and will eat only certain kinds of food, and live apart from his wife. He tells the young men of his party to beat the drum and dance as a sign of rejoicing and thanksgiving, in order that by so doing there may be a large harvest. If the dancing is not given, there will be an end to the good growth; but if it is continued, all will go well. People come in from other villages to assist, and will dance all night. There will be several feasts during the time, and at each the leader of the dance will pray and thank the spirits for the good harvest. After a successful fight there is also a dance. After a death the drum is beaten.

On the trading voyages they beat long pieces of bamboo and sing.

Motumotu. When they dance all the spirits rejoice, as do all the people. When dancing, all food grows well; but when not dancing, foods grows badly. No drums are beaten uselessly. When any one dies, drums are beaten to comfort friends.

92. Is there any useless dancing?

Motu. No. The drum is never uselessly beaten, and should

Motumotu. They dance for amusement. They have dances

even a child beat it, every one who hears it will at once ask, 'What is that?' The child will be told never to do so again.

for children, young men, maidens, and old men, but none merely useless.

93. Is there a war-dance before fighting?

Motu. No, never. If successful in the fight, the ten nights following the victory will be given up to dancing, called Bago, drums beating, horns blowing, spears being handled, also bows and arrows. Women join in, but the men only dance when armed. In the daytime they dance in the open air, and at night they enter the house or houses of successful fighters; they have their faces painted, and cloths covering the hair.

Motumotu. No. They take drums with them to the fight, and if successful they return in canoes with drum-beating and dancing. If unsuccessful, they return quietly, from shame.

94. What does drum-beating, fire-throwing, &c. at the new moon signify?

Motu. It is only done when there is much sickness about, and it is to frighten the bad lauma (spirit) away.

Motumotu. They beat their drums, blow conches, throw fire-sticks, and shout to frighten away sickness, but not only at new moon. When a new moon is first seen all shout, clapping the mouth with the hand; a mark of joy at the moon's appearance.

95. Have they any amusements, and what?

Motu. Toretore. Small trading canoes, and sailing them.

Dubudubu. Boys build houses and girls cook food.

Ubamaino. A number surround one, who is attacked by others, singing.

Oketo. Two sides advance, singing, and push against one another.

Motumotu. Yes. Avahu: two sides throw pieces of wood at one another.

Ipa. Ball kept in the air by the crowd.

Aposieka. Small bows and arrows—points of arrows not sharp—firing at one another.

Karoa. Dancing in ring, and

Ava. Skipping rope.

Girogiro. Top-turning.

Manumanu. A large piece of plank on which a girl stands, with long stick, and is carried by others up and down, she dancing and all singing.

Helagahanai. Two join hands, one sits on them, and the game is to throw him or her off.

Bisigougou. All lie down on their stomachs, one runs over them, and at the end he lies down, followed by the others, beginning at first one, and so on.

Hererehanai. All join hands and then pull against one another.

Whitapu. Two opposing forces; and they try to steal one another.

Paroparo. Done in sea or river. A number stand round one or two, beating the water and singing, when those in centre try to swim away underneath.

Aisina. Girls alone. All join hands in a circle and dance round and round and sing until tired.

Lilipana. Arms stretched out, petticoats swinging, all in line; dance up and down and sing.

Kabele. Throwing coconut and trying to spear them in their flight.

Larea. Sham fight wit h small bows and arrows.

Lōvē. Swinging.

Komukomu. Hide and seek.

Harikau. Cat's cradle.

then under joined hands, the last detained.

Lavi. Two join hands, one sits on, is tossed up and down until thrown off. Dandy Chairs.

Hohore. Hide and seek.

Koa. Hide something in sand, others come and suggest where hidden. Hot and Cold.

Laka. Make a mound of sand and jump over it without touching the top if possible.

Haukavare. Chase and touch. Cross-tag.

Morapaisavare. Cock-fighting. Two sit down and try to overturn the other with feet.

Ori. Kite-flying.

Fareafarea. Stilt-walking.

Mavaesika. Small canoe-sailing.

Kakauei. Football.

Ope. Shinty or golf.

Poioki. Swing from tree.

Ita. Pig. Get hold of a boy and make him hang on as a pig, and carry him hanging on stick.

Mori. Girl on a plank carried about; girls all sing and swing, and she on top also.

Foipea. Wrestling.

Mautoa. Chasing and trying to strike with short stick.

Sugautora. Chase and try to thrown down.

Levaki. Dancing in a ring, with one in centre who tries to break through.

Kerori. Sitting in a ring and catching hold of ears, singing and swinging in concert.

Farisaboi. A number sitting down make a pinnacle by erecting

forefinger and catching one above another, then singing and swaying up and down.

Ase. One party stands compact together, and is attacked by another party who try to break into or throw them down.

96. Do they fast? What for, and how long?

Motu. For fighting, for a death, and for a voyage. For fighting, is after success, and it lasts for ten days. After a death, five days. For a trading voyage or long journey, a very long time. Very little food is eaten, and that only of a particular kind. No bathing or dancing is allowed.

Motumotu. Yes. When going on the long journey to Motu they have long fasts before starting, and will eat nothing but a particular kind of banana, and that very sparingly. They will drink cocoanut-milk and chew sugar-cane, but do not see their wives. When a wife or child dies they fast, and will eat nothing but cooked cocoanut water until it is revealed by the spirit or spirits who killed the dead, or how death came on.

97. If wishing to injure another, would a sorcerer be employed?

Motu. Yes; and the man employing him gives presents and cooks food as payment.

Motumotu. Yes; food and pigs will be given. The betelnut is carefully divided amongst the sorcerer's friends who will assist him.

98. What practices does the sorcerer pursue?

Motu. Amongst the Koitapuans there is no necessity for special practices. He prays at Varimana, and consults earthenware pots with crystal inside. In other parts the sorcerers use hair, pieces of cloth, or anything they can get belonging to the party to be exorcised. They make it up into a parcel, and meamea (pray) over it. In Maiva, and inland of that part, the sorcerers use crystals,

Motumotu. He has pieces of ginger, and assisted by his friends the person to be exorcised is sought out when asleep and a piece is rubbed gently on him or her. The sorcerer then puts it in a bamboo, and it is kept over a fire by night and stuck in the thatch by day, so as not to cool. Should the door of the house where the sleeper is be closed, the sorcerer will pray to his helping

which are much dreaded for their great power.

spirit, and then he or friends will throw sand at the door, which will be opened by the spirit. When assisted by a spirit the ginger will be lightly rubbed.

99. When about to fight, do they divine?

Motu. Only the chief catches his middle finger (natugu), and holding it says, 'Natugu, natugu, shall I go or shall I stay? Just speak, Natugu.' He pulls the finger, and if it cracks he stays at home or returns. If there is no crack, he goes on.

Motumotu. They hold hands over mouth, praying to Kanisa, and pulling fingers; if the fingers crack it is no use going, as they will be unsuccessful, and they stay; if no cracking, or very little, they go. They also take a strung bow, a man holding it by the string, and chewing a piece of ginger and looking intently at the bow facing west, repeating in a very low tone a prayer to a spirit, squirts on one side, then on the other, and finally on the centre of the bow, and then places a white shell he held in his right hand on the bow and swings it backward and forward over his head several times. If the shell does not fall they must not fight, but if it falls they fight. They also take a basin of water and hand it to a sorcerer. He chews ginger, prays, then swings the basin to and fro and round. If any is spilled they will fight and be successful, if none is spilt they will stay at home. Another, holding a section of large white shell—used when fighting by holding between the teeth—whilst chewing a piece of masoi bark, prays, looking stedfastly at it, squirts all over it, and also on hand holding it by small twine, swings it, addressing it all the time, all looking on with great

interest, allowing it to stop slowly after calling over the names of all their great warriors. If the shell does not turn to the sorcerer they are to stay at home, but if it turns to him they go and fight.

100. Before fishing or hunting is anything special done?

Motu. The hunter is helega the night before, and no one speaks to him in the morning. His name must not be called out, and any one meeting him must not speak to him.

Motumotu. Before any great fishing or hunting they will not see their wives the night before, if they do they will have no success. They have a plant they rub the dogs' mouths with, and it helps them to go well after pigs. I have chewed the plant, and I hope never to taste it again.

101. What signs are used when friends are expected?

Motu. If the forefinger is itchy or the big toe, they will stay at home and wait for them, as these signs are infallible.

Motumotu. If the shoulder feels heavy and twitching, it is a sign that friends are near. They put their fingers together, kiss them, and then throw their arms out. Sneezing is another sign, if it occurs only once; if more, it is useless as a sign.

102. What is sneezing a sign of, and is anything said?

Motu. Nothing said. It is the sign of friends coming when it occurs in health; sneezing in sickness is a sure sign of life.

Motumotu. A sign of coming friends. One party of natives belonging to the West side say, 'Tia rave,' another party, 'Tia mairi,' and they never infringe.

103. What is done with trees drifted from the Gulf?

Motu. The first who finds them makes his mark on them, and another following seeing the mark will leave them alone.

Motumotu. Trees drifted from a river are marked by the first to see it or get at it; another finding it and seeing the mark will leave it alone.

104. What is the rule of hunting if one spears first the animal killed by another?

Motu. It is generally given up by the second without a word.

Motumotu. If more than one arrow is found in the pig the

head is divided among the owners of the arrows, and the rest of the body is cut into small pieces and given to the crowd.

105. Will a native ever give his own name to another when asked for it?

Motu. No. It is always given by one who happens to be standing near.

Motumotu. No; always another, and if at night will only answer 'I.' If hard pressed and no one near to help him, at last, and very stupidly, he will give it.

106. What forms of salutation are current?

Motu. Everywhere, so far as is yet known, the custom is to rub noses, except the Koiari, who touch chin or beard. Some rub noses across, others up and down.

Motumotu. When they meet, the only form of salutation is the words, 'Is that you?' and then they rub noses up and down.

107. Have they any word for thanks?

Motu. At the East end in Suau, the word is Iauuedo; at Heath Island, Kagutoki; in Milne Bay, Teinani. Nowhere else is any word for thanks known.

Motumotu. No.

108. What is done with nails and hair when cut?

Motu. Thrown away. Sometimes a wife or mother will keep hair. The nails are very seldom taken off. They are worn down with work, and short nails are looked upon as feminine.

Motumotu. Nails and hair are thrown away in the bush, so that no one can get them. Dead person's hair is kept in a kit made from the end of the sago frond.

109. What if the hair is burned by another?

Motu. It will cause the sickness and death of the owner.

Motumotu. If any one takes or gets a piece of hair from another's head he will exorcise the owner's hair, and it grows badly, gets thin and grey; hence it is a great crime to take hair.

110. Do the members of a family eat all together?

Motu. No. Father and a young child in one place; grown-

Motumotu. Father and small children will eat together; mother,

up daughter or daughters by themselves; mother by herself, or a young child with her. Grown-up son or sons will come in long after and ask mother for food very quietly, lest he should be heard and it would be said he was a glutton. He eats in a corner of the house.

Young men and women will not touch turtle or wallaby except with a fork, and for gravy they use a spoon, being afraid of the smell.

grown-up daughters, daughter-in-law and female relatives will eat together. Sometimes grown-up sons will eat with father, at other times will come in after and eat.

111. How many meals do they have in the day?

Motu. Only one cooking and one real meal, which takes place in the afternoon.

Motumotu. Two, morning and evening.

112. Do they kill old people?

Motu. No.

Motumotu. No.

113. Is a will (tavavatu) binding?

Motu. The will of a parent or a friend when dying, dividing his or her property, is very sacred, and very, very seldom disobeyed. This is because they are afraid of evil consequences from the spirit.

Motumotu. They call a will 'Omoi,' and it is binding and looked upon as very sacred by all the family.

114. Whose is the land, and can daughters inherit?

Motu. It belongs to the fathers and mothers. Daughters can inherit. A father dying will divide his property equally among the members of his family. A woman takes land with her to her husband; if she leaves him she takes the land with her. If she dies and leaves children, they take it. If she dies childless, it returns to her family.

Motumotu. Both sons and daughters have their divisions, size varying as to age, the first-born always getting the largest. A chief has his own the same as any one else, and there is no one over another. A son cannot turn a daughter off. She shares just as he does.

115. To whom does property go?

Motu. To both sons and daughters.

Motumotu. Divided amongst the children, if any; if not, between the wife's and husband's relatives.

W. G. LAWES, OF PORT MORESBY.

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CHAPTER IX.

WITH COMMODORE ERSKINE PROCLAIMING THE PROTECTORATE.

I WAS in the Gulf placing teachers and visiting stations when I received a letter from Mr. Lawes, suggesting that I should return to Port Moresby, and so be in time for a grand display of British power. He said that Lieutenant Wilcox of the Harrier had arrived with Commissioner Romilly on board, and that the latter, because of instructions from the Colonial Office, had hoisted the British flag and proclaimed a Protectorate over the unannexed part of New Guinea, closing the country in the meantime against settlement. Anxious to see so grand a display as that made by the full Australian Squadron with the Commodore in command of the largest ship in the Pacific waters, and also to behold the pageantry of hoisting for the fifth time the British Union Jack on New Guinea soil, I hastened back to Port Moresby, our captain doing what had never been achieved before, viz. taking the Ellengowan into Port Moresby and to a splendid anchorage in the night-time, anchoring about 11.30 p.m. Nothing larger than a boat had ever attempted this feat before.

We found the Harrier and the Raven in harbour still waiting for the others, and daily expecting the Commodore with the Nelson. On Saturday, November 1st, 1884, the Swinger came in from Cooktown, and

on Sunday about midday the Nelson, and soon after the Espiegle, arrived, followed some days later by the Dart. It was a peculiarly busy and exciting time. Native chiefs from a coast-line sixty miles in extent were assembled to witness the hoisting of the flag. On the afternoon of November 5th all the chiefs were assembled on the Nelson, and after a feast, the prime essential in all transactions to a native, the Commodore, surrounded with his officers, read the official address. It was interpreted to the chiefs present by the Rev. W. G. Lawes, and when finished all were asked if they understood what was meant, and all said that they did. Another very important part of the palaver then took place, each chief being handed a suitable present by the Commodore. Several shots were fired from two of the large guns, which astonished the natives much. At night the electric light was shown, blue lights were burned and rockets fired, all of which were thoroughly appreciated by those on shore; but when the climax of the day came in the weird, fiendish, and altogether unearthly noise of the syren, man and beast became alarmed. Sometimes it sounded as if away back in the hills, then as if in the village, then from the reef, and finally from a long, long distance, only to shriek forth again uncannily close at hand. Dogs at first rushed madly about, but soon escaped into snug places where they thought themselves safe. Human beings asked one another what it meant, grew alarmed, fearful lest some fiends from nether regions had been exorcised to this sphere and to this particular spot, and they too sought the shelter of their houses. Thus for one night at least perfect peace reigned in the village of Port Moresby, although many strangers were in it.

November 6th was the day of days, and all who saw the grand sight when New Guinea, or rather its south-eastern portion, was taken under the very powerful wing of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors for all time coming, are likely ever to remember it. Although previous actions in taking possession were more complete, and to some seemed more statesmanlike, yet this deed is to supersede them all, and they are to be considered as not having taken place.

Soon after breakfast, boats with officers and men, blue-jackets and marines, were landed, followed by Commodore Erskine, who was met on the beach by a large number of his officers and the band of the Nelson. They marched up from the beach to the Mission premises, where the great act was to take place, the band playing all the way. The blue-jackets and marines were arranged round the flagstaff, whilst the Commodore, his officers, and the missionaries took their stations on the verandah of the Mission house. When all was ready, artists and photographers being also in their places, the Commodore, standing in front, read the following proclamation; viz.:—

'To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—Whereas it has become essential for the lives and properties of the native inhabitants of New Guinea, and for the purpose of preventing the occupation of portions of that country by persons whose proceedings, unsanctioned by any lawful authority, might tend to injustice, strife, and bloodshed, and who, under the pretence of legitimate trade and intercourse, might endanger the liberties and possess themselves of the lands of such native inhabitants, that a British protectorate should be established over a certain portion of such country and the islands adjacent thereto; and whereas Her Majesty, having taken into her gracious consideration the urgent necessity of her protection to such inhabitants, has directed me to proclaim such protection in a formal manner at this place,—Now I, James Elphinstone Erskine, Captain in the Royal Navy and Commodore of the Australian Station, one of Her Majesty's Naval aides-de-camp, do hereby, in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty, declare and proclaim the establishment of such protectorate over such portions of the coast and the adjacent

islands as is more particularly described in the schedule hereunto annexed; and I hereby proclaim and declare that no acquisition of land, whensoever or howsoever acquired, within the limits of the protectorate hereby established will be recognised by Her Majesty; and I do hereby, on behalf of Her Majesty, command and enjoin all persons whom it may concern to take notice of this proclamation.'

This was translated by Mr. Lawes to the natives, and all acquiesced in the same. Firing and cheering then took place, and the final proceedings of annexing New Guinea were ended. It would be impossible to conceive of its being better done than it was then, and perhaps no better man could have been selected than Commodore Erskine to perform the ceremony.

The following day the men-of-war weighed anchors and went to the west. That night they anchored in Hall Sound, and on Saturday, November 8th, in the presence of chiefs from all the districts round, hoisted the flag on a flagstaff erected by the blue-jackets that morning on a hill overlooking the village. The same care was taken by the Commodore here as at Port Moresby, that all should thoroughly understand what was done and the reasons for doing it. Queen Koloka of Naara, who calls herself Queen Victoria's sister, was present, and told the Commodore everything said was good; she received presents, and so did the other chiefs.

Following Hall Sound came Motumotu, Freshwater Bay. The chiefs all slept one night on board the Nelson, feeling safe and at home, and the following morning landed with the Commodore and party to see the flag hoisted and hear the Proclamation. The natives, men, women, and children, crowded round the flagstaff, and showed no fear whatever. At each place a stick with a silver Queen's head on the top —a florin, I suppose—was given to the chief looked

upon as the principal one; and here it was given to Semese, an old warrior, and the very picture of what an old savage should be. His days for active life are over, still he walks stately and erect about Motumotu, seeing with his one eye as much as any two ordinary good ones. In the fighting ardour of the youth of the

QUEEN KOLOKA OF NAMOA.

tribe he takes delight, but thinks peace is better, and will now use his influence for it.

On Tuesday all the ships were back again at Port Moresby, where a few days were spent, during which the officers made various journeys inland in quest of game. On Monday, the 17th, in the afternoon, the

meeting of chiefs from all round Hood Bay and Aroma took place on board the Nelson. All were delighted with their reception, and thoroughly approved of the address and of its objects. Some of the chiefs, to be certain of their position, put questions, and had them satisfactorily answered, and they left, saying it was all good. On the morning of the 18th the Commodore, officers, and a party landed at Kerepunu. In a square, named then Espiegle Square, in front of the principal chief's house, the Union Jack was hoisted on a flagstaff that had been erected that morning by the carpenter and a few blue-jackets from the Espiegle. On Wednesday, the 19th, the Espiegle called at Toulon, and Captain Bridge read an address to the chiefs and people, and told them to warn the Cloudy Bay natives against interfering with white men. At Argyle Bay, near Dufaure Island, the ships again met the Nelson, and after getting all the chiefs in the neighbourhood on board the flagship, the same formalities were gone through as in the other places. On the morning of Thursday, the 20th, the flag was hoisted in the presence of a large number of natives, who nearly all fled when the firing begun. On the afternoon of the same day all were anchored in front of the Mission station on Stacey Island.

On the following day the flag was hoisted at Suau. Here the chiefs complained to the Commodore respecting two of their youths, who had been staying at Moresby Island, and were taken to Queensland for three moons, and who had not yet returned, although nearly a year had passed. The Commodore promised to do his utmost to have them sent back, which gave great satisfaction, and, if accomplished, will help much in showing the natives that the promises of the Pro-

tectorate are real. It has been proposed to call the fine, large, commodious harbour at Suau, Port Erskine, and the mountain on the mainland overlooking it, Mount Nelson, in memory of the work of proclaiming the Protectorate.

Whilst here a party was got together from the various ships to ascend Cloudy Mountain. As fine and hearty a number assembled on the beach as it was possible to wish for. The senior officer was Captain Bridge of the Espiegle, and next was Captain Henderson of the Nelson. Several other officers,

HOISTING THE FLAG AT SOUTH CAPE.

blue-jackets, and marines, with samples of missionary, composed the party. About thirty natives accompanied, acting as guides and carriers. The ascent was steep, and in some places difficult, because of the thick scrub. Before getting to the top, and whilst some were shouting 'Excelsior,' others, I fear, were thinking of the comforts on board ship, and the folly of undertaking such a useless business, and would gladly have gone back. About four p.m. the top was reached, and *all* at once went to work forming camp, then to cooking and making all comfortable for the night. The mountain mist was very heavy, and came down in copious showers; blankets were stretched over wood to form tents, and so preserve us from the very heavy rain. It was a jolly party, and as sleep was out of the question to the majority, the greater part of the night was spent in smoking and singing. The natives enjoyed the sport, and entered fully into the spirit of the fun, singing songs of their own, so as not to be outdone by 'Beritani dimdims.' At midnight my blanket-fellow turned round, saying, 'Just think of the comfortable bed at the Mission-house and the folly of being here.' The following morning the Union Jack was fastened to a long pole made from a tree, and set up, a mark to all comers that in solitude as well as in busy scenes Britain's voice must be heard. Some Britons think the world was made for the Anglo-Saxon. Three cheers under the grand old flag and we descended, leaving it to fly alone, a wonder to all living things up in those solitudes. The descent was soon made, and at the bottom breakfast was prepared, where all assembled perfectly ready for refreshments. Feeling better and livelier, all started for Bertha Lagoon, where boats were met, and by

IN BERTHA LAGOON—CLOUDY MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

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one p.m, all were on board their various ships, and the natives at their homes rejoicing in what they considered good payment.

On Sunday the Espiegle arrived at Moresby Island with natives of that island who had been taken to Queensland under false pretences. They escaped from their plantations, and risked a cockle-shell boat in a south-east gale and the chances of being murdered by savages, rather than be held in servitude any longer. Fortunately they made Murray Island, and were kindly treated. Their friends on Moresby Island had given them up and mourned for them as dead, blackened themselves, and put on various articles of mourning, and cooked food for their spirits. Some of their friends came on board, having heard that some of the lost ones had returned, and the scene was most affecting. On landing they were received with great demonstrations of weeping, and many were the questions they had to answer respecting others. A chief who was amongst those returned landed in our boat, and when met on the beach he tried hard to play the Stoic. Several women threw themselves at his feet crying, then rose and went a few yards away, crying bitterly, he standing at the water-side gazing into space. It was too much for him, and his stoicism giving way he sat down, and the women gathering round him he gave free vent to his feelings. They were not ungrateful for the kindness shown them, and in the evening brought off a pig and a large quantity of food for Captain Bridge. Many came off begging the Captain to bring back the others, saying, 'You have brought light and joy to some homes, but what of the darkness and sorrow in others? We thought them all dead, and our mourning is great; we have no glad

tears; no, not until you bring ours back.' They wept bitterly; if the Captain would only go now and get them, they would fill his ship with pigs and food. Captain Bridge begged of them, or at all events some of their chiefs, to accompany him in the Espiegle to meet the Commodore at Dinner Island; but there was ever the one answer, 'No, we will not go; bring back our boys.'

On the Monday morning the chiefs came off, but would not come on board, making the same request. Again the Captain and all of us tried our best to get one or two, if not more, to come with us, and that they would be returned the following day. No, once bitten, and that terribly, never again trust a white man. A native who had been some time in Sydney, and could speak tolerably fair English, was tried. He said he knew man-of-war.

'Oh, yes, it all right; no gammon.'

'Well, come and see the Commodore, and tell him you want your friends back.'

'No, white fellow speak three moons, no bring him again; you go bring fellow boy back.'

'Well, if you would come and tell the Commodore yourself he will try and get them back.'

The screw gave a turn, the native was sitting in one of the ports, and he shot like a flash into his canoe and away, calling out, 'Bring boy back.' So much for the civilising, truthful, law-abiding Queensland labour vessels. The better spirit of the country has prevailed, and the iniquitous trade has been so hampered as virtually to stop it, and for New Guinea and the adjacent islands it is stopped altogether.

The squadron met on Monday, the 24th, at Dinner Island, where the flag was hoisted and the same cere-

mony gone through as at other places. When finished, the flag-ship and one or two others weighed anchors and made for Killerton Islands, near East Cape, the Swinger calling at Discovery Bay and at Kabi, both in Milne Bay. We had no difficulty in getting my old friend of Vagavaga on board, but at Kabi the old chief, who had just left a cannibal feast to meet us, was not so sure. Linking my arm in his, I walked him into the boat with his son, and before he had time to think of the situation we were well off on our way to the ship. The people on shore were crying and calling on him to return, but that was now out of the question. After being some time on board he began to breathe more freely, and felt it was all right. He told us the men were out that morning, and had killed three belonging to a neighbouring village, one man and two women; the latter were left for their friends to remove, the former was taken and eaten.

That night he accompanied the Vagavaga chiefs on board the Nelson, and the following morning all were present at the ceremony ashore, which must have been to them very terrible. They too had complaints to make of men who had been taken away to Queensland for three moons and not returned; and I fear they have not even yet been returned, although I have no doubt the Commodore has so far fulfilled his promise as to write to the Governor of Queensland and ask for them. To the poor untutored savage a labour vessel must be a thing of infinitely greater power than any man-of-war, and the white men on board of labour vessels something far superior to commodore or any naval captain. The natives fully expected the immediate return of their friends, although they were informed not to be over-sanguine, as the Commodore

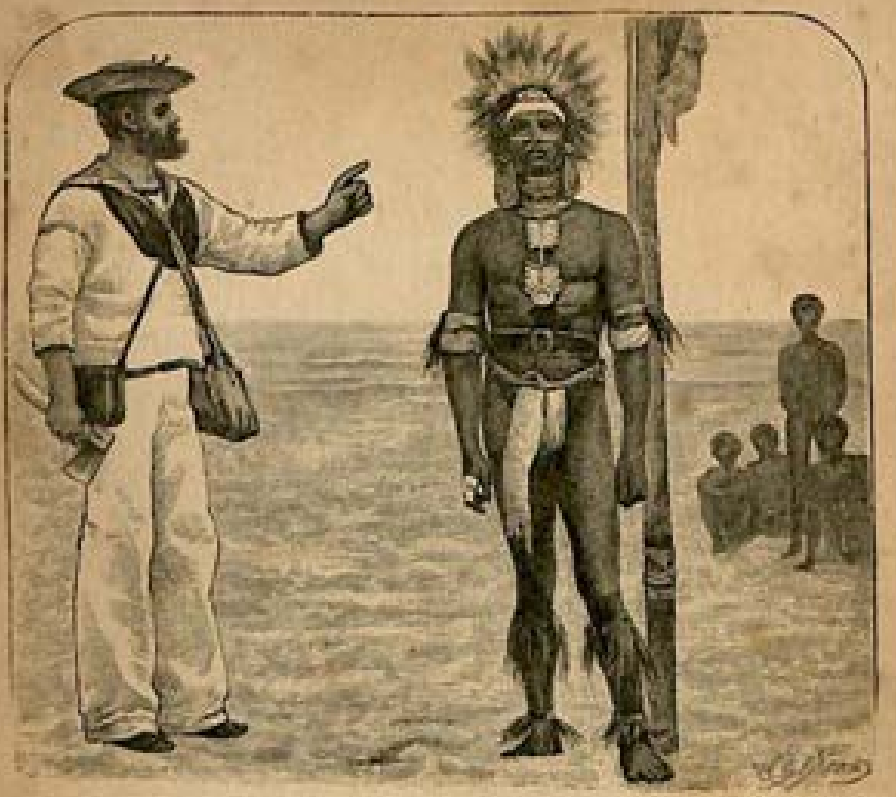
might not succeed. But to talk of non-success, and so many ships, men, and guns, was simple nonsense. Justice in colonial quarters is of very slow growth when dealing with natives, who are supposed to have no rights, temporal or spiritual.

The ceremony ashore being over, early after breakfast all ships cleared away for Teste Island, the most westerly of the Louisiade Group. Here was to be the end of Proclaiming and Explaining. On the following morning, Wednesday, the 26th, all were full of life on board of the ships, for all knew the end of the business had come, and Sydney was not many days distant. Some were disappointed because they had received orders to remain some time longer on the New Guinea coast. A flagstaff was erected on the north-west side of the island, and at nine o'clock the final ceremony was performed. On the arrival on board there was a lively scene alongside the Nelson. Many canoes had drawn near, and the occupants were plentifully supplied with tobacco, for which they had to dive. That noxious weed was thrown overboard quite regardless of quantity, since it was known that no more would be required to procure curios.

It was impossible, I think, to have done work better than that accomplished by Commodore Erskine. Everywhere the Address and Proclamation were carefully explained to the natives, and it was evident they understood it, from the questions they put and the remarks they made. I do not know of a single hitch anywhere in all the proceedings. About midday I went on board the Raven, the Nelson, with Mr. and Mrs. Lawes on board, steaming away to the south.

The following morning the Raven returned to

South Capè, where I went on with my mission work, placing New Guinea natives as teachers amongst their own countrymen. The last few weeks had been full of excitement and considerable knocking about in ships and boats by day and night, and I was not sorry for a rest and change of work.



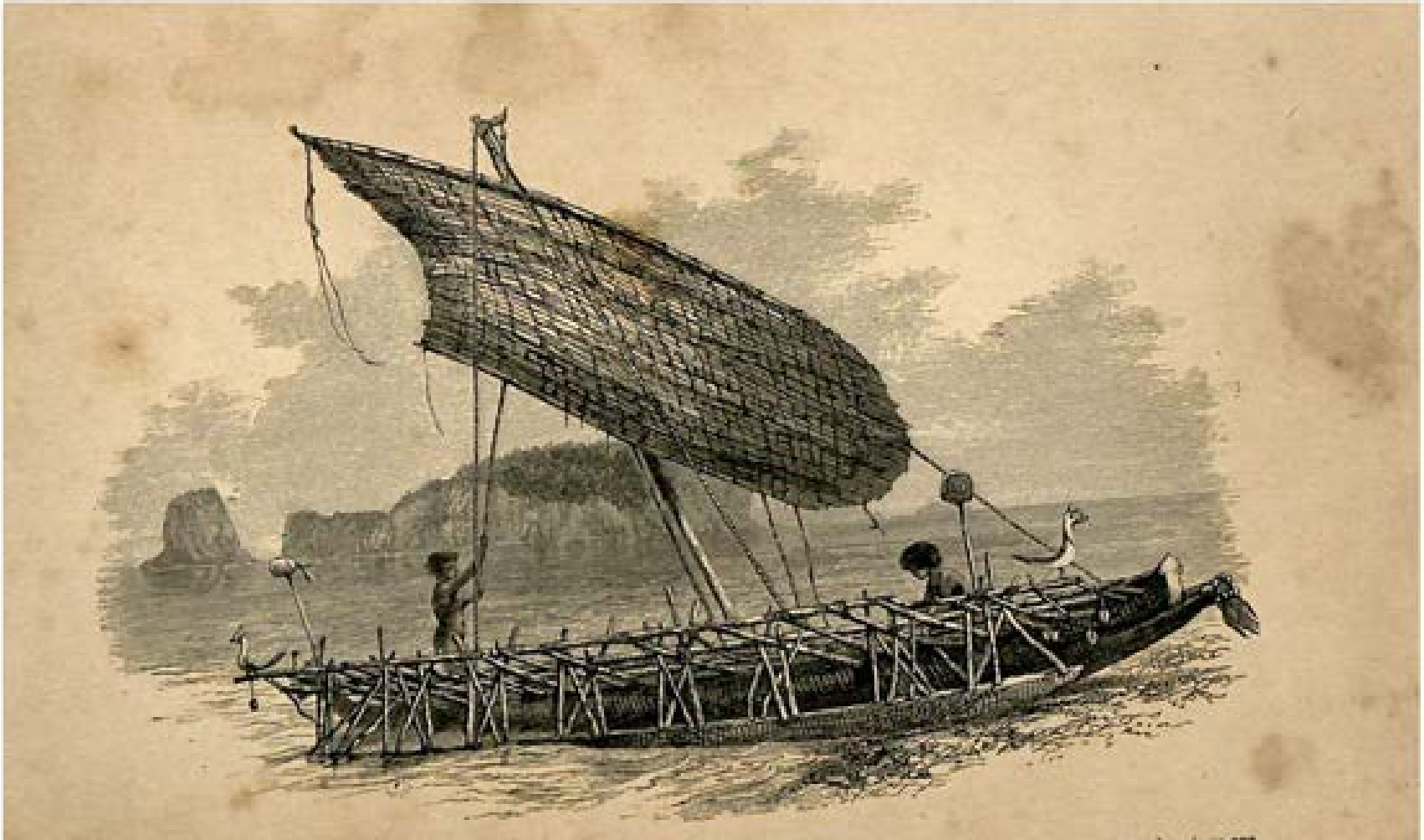
'KEEP STILL, JOHNNIE.'

CHAPTER X.

TRIPS ON BOARD H.M. SHIPS RAVEN AND DART.

IN December, 1884, H.M.S. Raven received instructions at Cooktown to proceed immediately and take me on board, and with all despatch proceed to Huon Gulf, and there hoist the British flag.

The Raven arrived at Port Moresby, after picking up the Ellengowan and towing her in, on the 26th December. Commander Ross was anxious, according to instructions, to get hold of me, and he knew, 'No Ellengowan, no Chalmers'—the former reaching port, the latter was ready to go. There was some difficulty



A China Straits Canoe.

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in getting natives to coal the Raven; but even that was overcome, and on the 27th she was again ready for sea. This terrible haste astonishes the New Guinea natives, who, generation after generation, have been accustomed to do as their fathers did—move by seasons, and not press time.

On Sunday morning by daybreak we were away, having Tamate on board as interpreter. The errand of the Raven was to proclaim a Protectorate over all the then unknown annexed portion of New Guinea. With tide and wind in our favour, instead of getting to South Cape by six p.m., we were there before noon. Three weeks ago the Raven had been there, and left a teacher belonging to the London Missionary Society, well and hearty, a jolly, kind-hearted fellow, whom all liked, and who was a favourite with the natives, and had done the Society good and faithful service. The first words spoken to us on the beach were, 'Mataio is dead.' He died suddenly from what must have been yellow or typhoid fever—I fancy the former, from the symptoms. Natives, in charge of a fine young New Guinea teacher, Dagoela, were sent to get spars suitable for flagstaffs. Long before sundown they came in with six good spars suitable to hoist our good old flag on. Next morning by daybreak we were off for Dinner Island, where we found a copra trader recently left by a Captain Frier. I am afraid his returns will be small, because of the scarceness of coconuts. Nowhere on New Guinea, that I know, will the copra trade pay. I was anxious to get Paulo, a native chief, and finding that he had just gone to Heath Island, we accordingly steamed there, and soon picked him up. We found Heath Island and Hayter Island at war. Captain Ross told them there must be no

fighting until he returned and met the chiefs and decided the whole affair. I liked that, and felt proud of our British Protectorate.

We then steamed for Killerton, where a letter was left for the first British man-of-war calling. The Mission station here is a perfect model farm, splendidly laid out, and sufficiently extensive for all purposes. The kindness of these South Sea Island teachers beats everything. On our return to the ship we were laden with presents, and I know our excellent Commander was much concerned what to do in regard to a return present. On the last day of 1884 we left Killerton, and steamed away for East Cape, soon to find our exit barred by innumerable reefs; so we had to right about, hold away in, round the reefs, and then run close by Lydia and the smaller islands, and steam full speed through Goschen Straits. It was a splendid sight: on the left the high mountains of the east end of New Guinea rising until their tops were lost in clouds, and on the right the grand bold land of Normanby Island rising still higher,—magnificent outposts of the grandest island in the world. Very little level country was to be seen on either hand, but plenty of what may yet be the region of large tea, coffee, and cinchona plantations. All night we kept on, our gallant commander being anxious to carry out his instructions to the letter, and if possible get to Huon Gulf the next day. Well, *Fortuna favet fortibus.* At daybreak we were amongst countless reefs and ugly pointed rocks. 'Back,' 'slow,' 'ahead,' 'back,' and so on; for hours we were wending our weary way through these sea terrors. In the afternoon we anchored in Porlock Bay, and soon preparations were made for landing. 'Lower boats, lash spar to

gig, embark blue-jackets and marines,' were the orders given, and then Captain Ross, his officers, myself with the native interpreters, followed. A few natives were seen on the beach, but on the approach of the boats they all, except two, disappeared in the bush, and these also decamped on our getting nearer. Our native interpreters at once got out in the surf and gave chase, coming up to one about a mile inland. They say he was terribly frightened, and would on no account return with them. They gave him presents, and not being able to speak to him, not knowing the dialect, by signs begged of him to accompany them; he, by signs, told them he would go inland and get all his friends, and then return. He left, not to be seen again. The Captain, feeling anxious for the bush party, went inland some distance, and meeting them, returned to find the staff erected and all ready for hoisting the flag. He read the following:—

'Proclamation on behalf of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India, establishing a Protectorate of Her Most Gracious Majesty over a portion of New Guinea, and the islands adjacent thereto.

'To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—

'Whereas, by a Proclamation dated the sixth day of November, 1884, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was pleased to establish a Protectorate over a certain portion of the southern shore of New Guinea, with islands adjacent thereto, together with the islands in the Goschen Straits, and also the D'Entrecasteaux Group and smaller islands adjacent, I, Harry Leith Ross, senior naval officer, do now hereby declare and proclaim, in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty, that the British Protectorate shall include the coast of New Guinea, between East Cape and Huon Gulf inclusive.

'Given on board Her Majesty's ship Raven at Porlock Bay on the first day of January, 1885.'

They then hoisted the flag, and from the Raven twenty-one guns were fired. The blue-jackets and marines gave three rounds *feu-de-joie*, and then, to conclude,

three hearty English cheers rang out for the Queen. The Captain buried a bottle containing the proclamation, and left a large present near the flagstaff. In the evening we saw from the ship about a dozen natives near where the presents were left. They were carrying sugar-cane, and we at once landed. On our nearing the shore all disappeared, and we found the presents untouched, the present given to the man met in the bush returned, and lying alongside the other things, and close by a large bundle of good sugar-cane, and eighteen cooked bread fruit. Our interpreters went into the bush, but did not succeed in seeing any one. We left, taking their present, and leaving all ours. We pulled some distance round the bay, hoping to meet some one, but failing, and night and rain coming on, we returned to the ship. There is no level land of any great value around this bay, and not far inland you meet the mountainous country until you come to the Owen Stanley Range.

On January 3rd we left early, and steamed slowly along the coast. Mount Owen Stanley and Mount Obree were very distant, as were also many parts of the range known to South-eastern travellers. Between the range of this coast are successive ranges, frightful country to travel in. One range in the centre cannot be less than 10,000 feet, thirty miles inland, and we propose calling it Hercus Range. Some words used by the native in the bush were said to be the same as Koiari dialect; so it is quite possible the natives seen are mountaineers, who have communication with the other side, and only occasionally visit the coast, as nowhere could we see any signs of life, such as plantations, coconuts, or canoes. Not one of the last have we yet seen.

About 2.20 p.m. we anchored near to Caution Point, and were delighted to see numbers of natives on the beach. We called on them to come off, but they replied by waving green branches, thus showing themselves friendly and inviting us ashore. We could do nothing better than accept their invitation; so two boats were immediately ordered away, and we were soon nearing the shore. Finding a very heavy surf running, our party was in doubt as to how to land until I stepped overboard and marched in to where the natives caught me, and danced round me with shouting and singing. The spears and clubs were carefully placed at the back, certainly very handy in the event of a row. Our commander was soon ashore, and had the same noisy welcome the first party had; and so it was with all who landed. They are certainly a very excitable people, and very little would turn them from friends to enemies. On our nearing their arms, they picked them up and threw them further back, several disappearing with theirs into the bush. We gave them a few presents, and received coconuts in return. They were anxious we should remain with them; but we gave them to understand we should go on board to sleep, and at the rising of the sun return with a staff and hoist the flag. All night through they had fires along the beach, and we could hear them occasionally singing in a very plaintive, monotonous manner—not war songs, as Captain Moresby avers. I doubt if a war song has ever been heard by a white man on this coast, or any other coast of New Guinea. We hear from whites of the conch-shell being blown for war, but it is only ignorance, as the New Guinea native blows the conch-shell when carrying a pig, or on a pig-hunt, and fighting is not so very common that it is often

heard. There are very few white men who have ever heard the conch-shell blown for war.

At sunrise we were ashore, and were met by a larger crowd, and helped through the surf, which was even worse than on the evening before. They danced madly round us, and each sought a friend. They dug the hole, and carried up the staff, and assisted to erect it: but when the blue-jackets and marines fell in and marched up to the staff, and the doctor was seen fixing his camera, what they thought we know not, only there was a general stampede to the bush. We detained, by coaxing, about a dozen natives, and with them the old chief, whom we all liked. Fearing to frighten them, there was no firing, only, after reading the Proclamation, presenting arms to the flag aloft; then were three lusty British cheers given, and again a few decamped. We gave presents all round, and to the old chief several, including a tomahawk, which he certainly did not know how to use or what it was for. The majority now returned, and witnessed the old chief receive the Proclamation and take charge of the flag.

Anxious to get on to our western limit, we returned to the boats, and were soon on board. From the ship we could see the crowd on the beach dancing round the flagstaff, and the chief then rushing down to the water with branches and waving for us to return. They wear the same kind of ornaments as the Owen Stanley Range natives, and the same scant clothing. Two women we saw were very pleasant-looking, though scantily dressed. A pocket-handkerchief was stolen from one of the interpreters, and for a few minutes the excitement was great until the owner had his property back, and then there was a

wild dance. As many of the words are Koiari, I cannot help thinking it is a mountain tribe visiting the coast for fish, coconuts, and salt.

We were soon steaming away for Deaf Adder Bay, where we were to hoist the flag and then return. To-day's sailing has been along a wonderful coast—not a sign of human life anywhere; the coast range running right down to the sea, and rising far away, behind from high to higher and highest, until, lost in cloud-land, are ranges innumerable. On the other coast there is nothing to compare to it that I know of, and I pity the party who attempts crossing from the south to hereabouts. Future generations may turn this country to account, but I cannot think there is any hope of doing so in the near future. It is no barren waste, but from the water's edge, up hills, along valleys and gullies, to the highest mountain tops, thick bush—bush that may yet try the temper of many an enterprising colonist.

About three p.m. we anchored in Traitor's Bay, so named by Captain Moresby, and there was not any evidence of natives about, until night, when we saw the reflection of a fire some distance in the bush. This may be a very important place in the future, being well sheltered in the south-east, with good anchorage close in, and a large strip of level country all around. It was quite a relief to see a bit of level land, where ironwood (*Casuarina equisetifolia*) grows in abundance, and we could feel, 'Well, here is one place where a ship could get wood, and perhaps load cargo,' for nowhere else that we have seen can the latter be done. So little did we think of traitors, that I believe we all slept soundly, except of course the ordinary watch kept on board Her Majesty's ships. The savages are

not so bad as some who know little about them would have us believe.

On the morning of January 4th we weighed anchor, and before sunrise were some miles on our way. Again the same interminable hills, valleys, gullies, precipices, and mountains, range after range, as far as the eye could see. At 2.30 we anchored in twenty-two fathoms, in a snug enough bay, to all appearance, but deep, deep water all round. The bay is called Deaf Adder Bay. There is a spit running out on the east side, on which we saw a number of very old lean-overs, such as are generally used by natives when on a fishing trip. Captain Ross landed with a small party to find a suitable place for the staff, and discovered, just behind the spit, a small lagoon where there were strong indications of crocodiles abounding. No signs of humanity having recently been in the neighbourhood were seen, and we were all satisfied that man had disappeared long, long ago from this neighbourhood; but in the evening we were astonished to see the reflection of a large fire just in the gully, under one of the peaks. It blew hard at night, and it was feared we should drag our anchor and get adrift. Fortunately the wind moderated, and we calmly slept till the morning of the fifth, when the grand event of joining hands with our German cousins was to take place. I am sorry Old World parties meet here; yet I prefer the Teutonic to the Gallic, and hope that all may yet be amicably arranged.

At half-past five o'clock on the morning of the 5th—a delightful, clear morning—we landed, and again Commander Ross, after the staff was erected, read the Proclamation; the flag was hoisted, arms were presented and a *feu-de-joie* fired, and the Proclamation folded and

put in an old pickle bottle and planted by the staff. We were soon on board, and all hands, after getting boats on davits, gladly helped to get the anchor on board. There must have been some feeling of 'homeward bound' in all hearts, for it was really wonderful how it came up, and in an amazingly short time was catted. Now we had a splendid view of back country. All round the bay, and coming sheer down to the water, were steep ridges. One wonderful peak, with a solitary tree growing head and shoulders, or rather stem and branches, over his compatriots, right on the top on the west side, we named Giles Peak, after our worthy paymaster; and rising gradually beyond were hills, spurs, and mountains, until a grand and peculiar range that met the heavens rose and hid all else from our view. Its furthest extremity inland cannot be more than twenty miles distant. It was unseen by us on our arrival yesterday, and may never have been seen before. I know of nothing on the other coast to equal it for grandeur. We have called the range the Ross Range, after our excellent commander; and the south peak, bearing S. by W. ½ W. from the Cape, the Lucas Peak, after the Rutland boy, the smart young lieutenant; and the centre peak, right at the head of the bay, and bearing S.W. ½ S., the Whitehouse Peak, in memory of our faithful navigator. Then comes the long mountain W. by S., about 8,000 feet above sea-level, which we named Mount Pearson, so that our kind, jolly Irish doctor might not be out of it. Then following the gulf until N. by W., the range was lost to us in a splendid bluff, capped by clouds, and which we named Mount Edmonds, after our gentlemanly, argumentative, scientific engineer. We were homeward bound, and what better than appropriate the

whole range to ourselves? There still remained more flag-hoisting, so now we were driving ahead. On our way to Huon Gulf we had much discoloured water, many logs, and in several places great patches of drift-wood, all showing that a large quantity of fresh water must fall into the sea.

6th.—To-day we are pressing on so as to be at Jabbering Island to-night, in readiness to hoist the flag in the morning. We have passed through Dyke Acland Bay, where there is some fine level country stretching well back to the ranges. We are passing the bold headland of Cape Nelson and Hardy Point. The mountains at the back come gradually to the sea, and seem on the coast as fine, long, undulating plains —in many places looking like English parks. When off Cape Nelson we, for the first time, saw canoes, two going to the eastward, and well manned; but pushing on, as we were to get to an anchorage, we could not stop to interview them.

As the afternoon advanced we neared Goodenough Island of the D'Entrecasteaux Group, which presented a grand appearance—a splendid island, quite one with the South Sea Islands. Over New Guinea a thick black cloud hung, whilst the lower land of Goodenough seemed enveloped in dense darkness, hidden under a thick bank of clouds, and the grand peak, 8,000 feet high, stood out above the whole, basking in sunshine, and showing all its scars and fissures. It was a grand sight, never to be forgotten.

7th.—Finding it impossible to get to Jabbering Island before night, we steamed dead slow, rounded Cape Vogel, and are now in Goodenough Bay. Coming along, we saw a few natives and one or two miserably small villages. The country from the

Hornby Range to this bay, and as far as we could see in to the Owen Stanley Range, was low and hilly, with apparently thick scrub everywhere. We are anchored between the Mosquito Island in Rawden Bay, and the mainland at Vago, where Gerand is chief. The natives at first were terribly shy, and could not be induced to come nearer than two hundred yards, until we went alongside the canoe in a dingy, gave presents, and our interpreter remained with them, eventually going ashore. Shortly about twenty canoes came off, and would only come near enough the ship to hand up their coconuts and get payment. Soon they all left for some reason or other, and nothing would bring them back. We then landed in a deluge of rain, and simply ran for a house, in which all were soon made to feel comfortable. They brought us coconuts, and willingly dug the hole for the flagstaff, which they helped to bring ashore and erect.

We saw pottery lying about like that made at Teste Island, but I do not think it is made here, as the country is swampy and stony. Their houses are tolerably well built, and kept very clean. The skin disease is very bad, especially amongst the women. The men are well covered, and the women wear long petticoats. We got the old chief on board, but he was much happier in his own canoe. The Captain gave him a present of a tomahawk, which greatly pleased him. In order that the natives and chief who came on board might have more confidence, we left our two interpreters ashore, and told them to prepare the people for the landing party. I was glad the Captain decided to go through all the honours of so grand an occasion, and not omit the royal salute from the Raven, or the *feu-de-joie* ashore.

At 2.30 the gig and whaleboat were away with all who were to land. We had to get out of the boats on to the reef in water two feet deep. The natives, seeing so large a number, simply cleared out *en masse*, and when we got to the village we could only see our good old friend Paulo, one of the interpreters, hanging on to an old lady, who really from bad feet could not run far. Poor body, she was in a terrible state of fear. We gave her presents, and got her to sit down. We then went after the others, but in their native bush who could find them? The Proclamation is read, the flag is hoisted, and there rings out from the Raven a sharp and loud report, and the old woman falls, or rather attempts to lie down. Twenty-one, and our interpreter Tamate comes in with his arm round the terribly frightened chief, and before the *feu-de-joie* is fired we have him seated with us. I pitied the chief when he shook and then threw himself down, at the terrible racket of the *feu-de-joie*. It was well Captain Ross decided to have all, for, right and left, the whole will be reported, and from Killerton through various dialects it will be explained. All is over, and the blue-jackets and marines are ordered on board. Some of us are anxious to meet the natives again, especially the Captain; the chief shouts, and one after another makes his appearance. They bring us a small pig and a fowl, for which they receive presents, and I think feel all is real friendship. Throughout the day they keep shouting 'Numa' (peace), and now they feel it is 'numa.' They use many of the South Cape words, and it is wonderful how we get along. The old woman is grand, and will for the remainder of her natural life remain so, and succeeding generations will remember her in song. She is now a queen all along

this coast, and much to be envied because of her pluck and wealth.

We wonder if any labour-vessel has been here, and hence their chariness in approaching the ship, and their terrible fear when the party landed. At four a.m. on the 8th we left for the D'Entrecasteaux Group. Steaming along the southern shores of Fergusson Island we saw many villages, with large and well-cultivated plantations about. It is a fine high bold island, and the largest of the group, with splendid cascades, which presented a fine appearance after the late heavy rains. We anchored in Dawson Straits. The people of this part of Normanby Island seem to live much as those of Moresby Island did in former days, scattered in the mountains, with small houses on the ridges. They have large, well-kept plantations, many of them looking like hop-gardens at this season, from the vine of the yam having grown right over their upright supports. A few natives came off in wretchedly small canoes, only capable of holding one. They would not approach near the vessel, and the slightest movement on board sent them flying to a safe distance. We found they have had a labour-vessel, and two youths were taken, and when speaking of them they became terribly excited. We landed at 4.30 p.m., the first of us in the dingy ahead of the large party, so as to have time to win some confidence. On nearing the shore the women all cleared out, as did many of the men, and the few remaining we got to dig the hole for the flagstaff. On seeing the other boats coming, all rushed off but three; and they remained until the flag-hoisting, when two decamped, leaving only one young fellow, who seemed determined to see what it all meant. When the royal salute was being fired, one

man, rushing from the bush to get his canoe, danced like a maniac on the beach, and seemed unable to find what he wanted. Our young friend sat stolid as any Stoic, and when the *feu-de-joie* was completed stood up to receive a present as if nothing had happened. On the party embarking, a few of us remained behind, when we met a number of natives. The hero of the hour was envied, and all were willing to endure the same performance again and again, if only we would give them presents. We tried to explain to them the nature of our proceedings through our interpreter Paulo; showed them how to take the flag down, and told them when they saw a vessel to hoist it at once, that it meant protection, peace, and friendship; that no one would molest them under that flag. We returned on board, and the natives went to their mountain homes, to keep watch over us all night, and to breathe more freely when the morning breaks and finds us steaming out of the straits.

So closed the proclaiming of the Protectorate over all this country or countries between Huon Gulf and East Cape, and all the islands of the D'Entrecasteaux Group. The work was well done, and Captain Ross and his officers shunned no difficulties in doing it well. It is to be regretted we did not meet more natives, and that the few we did meet were unable to hold much communication with us, and in some cases none at all. Our interpreters not being on board, a Queensland labour-vessel acknowledged freely that they could not communicate, and, from all I know, few have been the intelligent communications these labour-vessels have had with any of the natives they have taken away. Now that Britain protects the country, it becomes her duty to see that all natives, from New Guinea

and the Islands, in Queensland, are immediately returned. We hold by the Proclamation, and if Britain means to do right she must keep by that to the very letter.

We are now anchored in Bentley Bay. At first the natives were a little diffident, but after securing their confidence we were soon capital friends. We landed, and soon had an appreciative assemblage of men, women, and children. One fellow appeared, who looked like a chief, and asked for Tamate Dahuni. That gentleman being pointed out to him, he was quite satisfied, and the land lay before us. They were so friendly that they gave us all we asked for, even to their children, saying, 'No harm can come to us or them from you.' On leaving we were presented with a pig, and gave an equivalent in return. On the 10th we went back to Killerton Islands.

On our arrival at Killerton Islands on January 10th, 1885, in H. M. S. Raven, we found the Dart had been there with Captain Bridge, of H. M. S. Espiegle, and that they had left for the Louisiade and Woodlark Islands, there to hoist the British flag. On the afternoon of the same day the Dart came in, having finished successfully the first part of her work, and leaving only Rook and Long Islands and the unannexed part of the north-east coast. On the 11th I bade farewell to the Raven, and by eight o'clock was on board the Dart. We could hope for fine weather; yet the strong north-west monsoon might set in any hour. During the nights we were having very heavy rains, and the days were hot in the extreme.

The Dart is, I suppose, the smartest ship on the

station, and well suited for work of this kind, carrying much more coal than ships a good deal larger. We were soon round East Cape and steaming away north between the D'Entrecasteaux Islands and the mainland at a nice pace. When well north of Goodenough Island, we were surrounded by reefs that continued for a great distance, and, as Captain Moore says, give unmistakable signs of a great barrier reef on this coast of New Guinea, as on the same coast of Australia. It was evident our Captain greatly delighted in reefs. The present discovery is, indeed, a great one in reference to the future of this coast.

Around Cape Cretin, the most northern limit of Huon Gulf, there is apparently good land, rising gradually to very high ranges, and it is possible there may yet be found good anchorages in suitable places along that part of the coast. On nearing Rook Island, we could see New Britain and numerous small low islands, thickly wooded; and still further north, Volcano Island, which seemed to be 'alive' from the thick, heavy smoke rising from its summit. To-day (14th) was much cooler because of a steady north-west wind, and nothing could be more enjoyable than watching the scenery of the various islands as we came to them or passed close by them.

Rook Island is large and interesting, and gives signs of being at one time 'all alive.' There are several very high cones, and the principal range of mountains comes gradually near to the sea, where there is a low belt of land, fringed by a dense mangrove swamp. We found a good harbour between the reefs, and anchored near a group of islets, all on the Rook Island reef. We were not long at

anchor before we had many very fine canoes alongside. The majority came from an island about seven miles off. They are made something like those of Teste Island; a tree is dug out and then built on, only the upper sides are beautifully carved. They had two masts stepped like a V, with small mat

MANGROVE SWAMP.

sails. The outrigger was very large, and well away from the canoe. There was a platform in the centre, on which all the people sat, except those immediately required to steer. They sail well, and work splendidly to windward. In about an hour we had canoes from all round, and a large, noisy, and excited crowd of

natives. They were very friendly, and very anxious for us to land, that they might feast us. They were a splendid lot of fellows, reminding me much of my old friends of Motumotu, in Freshwater Bay. All on board the Dart say they are not at all like the New Britain natives, being in every way superior. They were terribly indignant at our supposing they were cannibals. They use a little dress to cover their nakedness, and make ornaments of small shells, such as are known on the south-east coast as taotao. Their armlets are made from the best of tortoiseshell, and beautifully carved. They have head-dresses of native cloth, shaped like Parsee hats, enveloping a head of woolly hair, as our Gulf natives—not long, frizzy, and bushy as the Motu and other tribes extending east. They are altogether different to the natives met by us when on board the Raven. The women are very modest and respectful, and respectably dressed. Their petticoats, made from the young sago leaf, are like those of their Gulf sisters, open a little at the sides, but more carefully made. The children are blithe, hearty things, shy at first, but easily won by presents. One man, Agara, was particularly friendly, and came on board, and waited until we were ready to land.

We landed about three p.m., and on a very stalwart coconut tree hoisted the flag of Great Britain. The people showed much interest, and only a very few ran away when the *feu-de-joie* was fired. There were present altogether about five hundred men, besides women and children. When Captain Bridge was reading the Proclamation all were very quiet, having been signed to at the beginning to be and remain so. When the ceremony was over, a pig was presented

to Captain Bridge, and with a supply of coconuts was put on board the boat. Sitting on a mat in the centre of the village, we soon had a crowd around us, especially women and children, to receive a few presents. Captain Bridge has a happy way of dealing with natives, and is soon at home with them, and they with him.

We walked around the village and came to a large empty house, with a long block carved into the shape of a crocodile with a youth lying at its mouth, and on the other end another carved crocodile with its head at the youth's head. We found this was the circumcision house, and here young men were received and remained for some months until they were circumcised. This is the first time I have met with a tribe practising circumcision in New Guinea or its neighbourhood. From evidence, I do not think it is practised on youths under eighteen years old. We saw very few signs of trade about, and suppose that no trading vessel has been here, and that the few pieces of hoop-iron and one very old axe seen have come from New Britain in the way of native trade. We could get no information as to any other ship of war ever having been hereabout.

In the evening about thirty canoes came off to trade. The great demand was for beads, and in some instances good tomahawks were refused and a few beads taken. These natives do not smoke, and do not seem to understand anything about it. A cat on board was held up, and they shouted with astonishment, and backed their canoes a little from the ship; but the climax of astonishment and excitement was reached when a sheep was brought on the scene—a terrific shout and a quick stroke well out.

One of the lieutenants, anxious to astonish our friend Agara, who had come on board again, tried a little bit of legerdemain. At first Agara was puzzled, perhaps thinking it was some uncanny spiritual deed; but seeing us laughing, he begged for the glass of water, two-shilling piece, and pocket-handkerchief to be reproduced, and the trick again tried. He shouted with delight at the deception, and called on all to listen and witness. He described what was done, and then had the performance gone through again in their presence. He could not understand it, and simply gave it up, with a roar of laughter and another shout. At sundown they all left us. We think they are a conquering people, working their way along the coast of New Guinea, driving back the aborigines and taking possession. They have come here, and are working along the islands in the same manner. We met a native from Cape Cretin, one with them in every respect.

Throughout the night camp-fires were burning, and we imagine there has been little sleep. On the 15th, after leaving a letter with Agara for any captain of any of H.M. ships, we weighed anchor and were off between the reefs by six a.m. By 7.30 we were in the open, in a deluge of rain, steaming to Long Island. This is another of those at one time active, living volcanoes, now dead, living only in newer life and truer beauty. From the base of the highest peak—1,500 feet—a long low ridge runs, which, when some distance off, gives the appearance of a very long island. We sailed well round it, but could see no appearance of living beings, neither house nor plantation. We could not land on the north-west side, so decided to hoist the flag on the

high south side on a prominent place. We landed, and ascended an embankment of volcanic earth, about forty feet above sea-level, and there dug a small hole, close by a stump. The pole was raised and fastened to the stump, and again Captain Bridge performed the ceremony. The opportunity was favourable to address the officers and men, and in kind and well-chosen words he told them how pleased he was with the manner in which the work had been done, and what satisfaction he would have in reporting to the proper quarter respecting Captain Moore, his officers, and men.

We were steaming all night, and in early morning were close in to New Guinea, in view of the most extraordinary country I have ever seen. Behind a great range of mountains, and running from the sea close up to them, is a succession of terraces to the height of about 400 feet, beautifully green, and having all the appearance of splendidly laid-out gardens. Would that we could land and explore these limestone, green-covered terraces; would that we could see what was at the back, between these and the mountain! But all this was left for another day. When?

Coasting all morning, we could see no signs of man. He seems to have quite disappeared from many parts of this coast, driven back to the mountains before the more robust, active Malay tribe, working to the eastward, and some of whom we met at Rook Island.

About eleven a.m. we saw a few coconuts, and what appeared to be long-deserted taro plantations; and some minutes after, a few natives. Anxious to meet natives and get information as to German annexation

or protection, we kept on until we saw a clump of coconut trees and a number of natives squatting about, when we landed to hoist the British flag, if we did not get information that another flag had been hoisted. We were kindly received by a very miserable-looking lot of natives. They reminded me much of the natives of Brady Hills behind Amazon Bay, the aborigines driven back by the Mailiu conquerors. We saw bows and arrows scattered about in the bush and quite ready for use. After drinking their welcome in their own champagne, we were soon friends. They knew nothing of a tomahawk or any other of our foreign stuff. One man who came from a distance would have nothing to do with a tomahawk, as he had no exchange present. They gave us to understand they had not seen any vessel, and when they saw us they feared terribly, thinking we had come to kill them. Their stone adzes are of the meanest kind, and many were of pieces of shell. Their bows and arrows are small compared with those used in the Gulf of Papua. These natives are black, very short, without muscle, and seem altogether far inferior to those with whom they may now be contending.

The flag was hoisted, as we have good reason to believe no one else has ever done so east of Cape King William, and these people know nothing of any other ship than this, and do not seem to have ever met foreigners. This place is called Tamate's Landing.

On going off to the ship we saw three canoes bearing down, and on getting on board we saw they were anxious to trade. They were the same in every respect as those at Rook Island, with the same kind

of canoe, dress, armlets, and head-gear. Having to stand out for sights, we found on our return they did not go near those we left by the flagstaff, but were lying more to the eastward, under the lee of very high land. They were soon alongside, and entered fully into the spirit of trade. On leaving, they showed by their shouting they were delighted with their tomahawks, beads, &c.

We left them, and stood along the coast to Cape Cretin, passing that wonderful conformation known as Fortification Point. It is a large point rising from the sea in terraces all round to a height of about 450 feet, and then to a round point for 150 feet unterraced. It was well worth seeing, but would be more satisfactory if explored.

At various times in this region there must have been many and severe convulsions of nature, as all along this coast there are many deep chasms and fissures, and some, I think, of very recent date. Many of these cracks added to the beauty of the scenery, as being the only places where trees were seen.

Thus another successful chapter of New Guinea annexation or protection was finished. Will Britain keep faith with the New Guineans? I landed with Lieutenant Messum, and met the natives. The white man ashore reported a murder on Tupetupe, one of the islands of the Engineer Group. The natives say that two men landed there to make or buy copra; a boy stole a handkerchief, and one of the white men assaulted another lad, whose parents and friends got angry and attacked the white man, who shot two of them. A youth rushed to a Chinaman's house and got a gun, fired it, and shot the white man through the skull. Tupetupe is one of the

islands visited by a labour-vessel about the beginning of 1884, when a number of youths were taken away. If white men are not punished for the murder of natives, it should stand to reason that natives should not be punished for the murder of whites.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PETER SCRATCHLEY.

THE proclamation of the Protectorate was followed by the appointment of a Special Commissioner, whose duties were to take all New Guinea matters into his charge, visit the country, meet natives and foreigners, make inquiries, and report to the Colonial Office. A well-known gentleman, Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley, was the officer appointed by Her Majesty to carry out all the duties required; and I think, of all the appointments made by Her Majesty, not one could have been more suitable than this. The General was well known in our great Australian colonies, so that he came no stranger to this peculiar and unique work. His Memoirs have been recently published, and it is evident that he accepted the position, determined to carry out faithfully all its requirements. His sudden demise has been a great loss to Her Majesty, and to the natives of New Guinea. All who knew him in his capacity of Commissioner mourn for him, and feel that his death has been a great calamity.

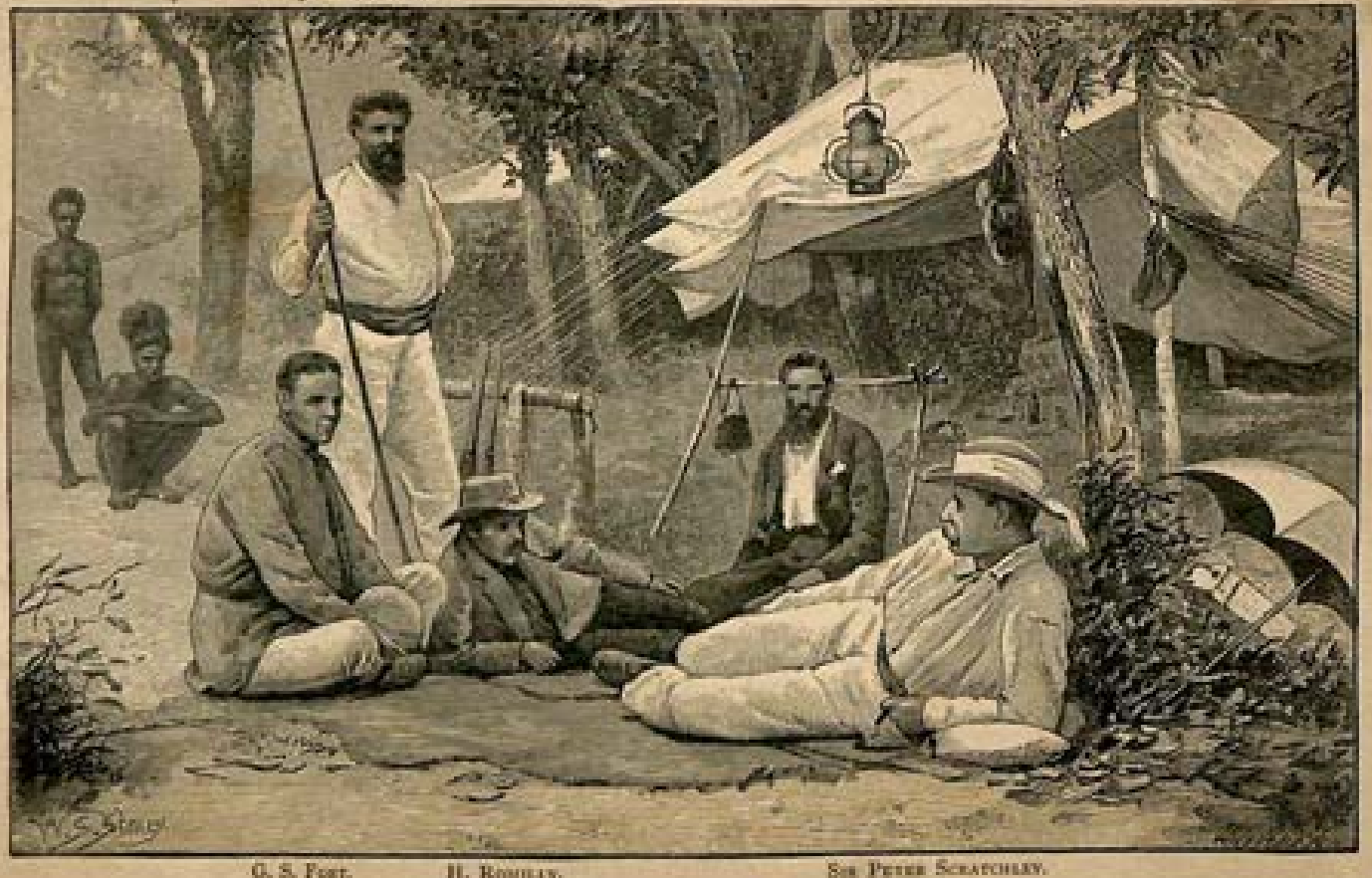
Before he came to Port Moresby, I received information that he was very anxious to meet me, and, if possible, get me to accompany him all round the Protectorate. I was really due in Britain, and after nearly twenty years' absence I thought I ought to take

a holiday and present myself at Blomfield Street, London; yet if I could be of service to the Special Commissioner and to the natives, I was willing to remain a few months longer.

In August, 1885, the Governor Blackall, the steamship chartered by the Protectorate Government, and commanded by Captain Lake, arrived at Port Moresby. The following day the General landed, and asked me to accompany him and give him the full benefit of my knowledge of the country and people. There was with him Mr. H. O. Forbes, the explorer, of whom I had heard and known much, and from whom I anticipated great things for the opening up of New Guinea. Mr. Forbes was anxious that I should accompany him and help in the work of exploration so dear to me, but I thought I could be of more service with the General, and so decided to accompany the latter.

Our first trip was to Redscar Bay, where we ascended the Aroa and visited Kabadi. We camped one night at Toutou, the mouth of the Aroa, and the following day returned to Port Moresby. We visited Bootless Inlet, when the General and his staff decided against that site as a fit place for a European settlement.

From Port Moresby we steamed to Tupuselei, and early one morning walked in through a beautiful valley to a Koiari village built on one of the hills. At Kaile we travelled inland to villages on the hills near to the Astrolabe range; and at Kapakapa, after meeting with coast and inland chiefs and insisting on their living peaceably with one another, we visited the large and important district of Saroa. The General now became thoroughly interested in the work, and grew attached to the natives. We walked from Hulā to Kalo, and at the latter place a good reception was



G. S. Fort. H. Romilly. Sir Peter Scratchley.

In Camp at Toutou with Sir Peter Scratchley.

To face page 118.

given to us; and steaming to Kerepunu, all the chiefs vied in showing the General that they appreciated his position as their protector. At Arema the chief Koapena and others did what they could to meet the General's wishes, and compelled the restoration of property stolen by natives some distance away from a white living on Coutance Island.

Along the coast to Dinner Island and all round Milne Bay the reception was everything that could have been desired. In Milne Bay two new rivers were discovered, and places visited hitherto unknown. When at Discovery Bay the General fell into the water, and some have thought that this accident was the cause of the fever from which he died. I do not think so, but feel sure that he altogether overworked himself.

At Dinner Island Her Majesty's ships Diamond and Raven joined us, and it being reported that Captain Miller of Cooktown had been murdered on Normanby Island it was decided to proceed thither at once.

On our way we met Her Majesty's surveying ship Dart, and found they had Miller's murderer, or one of them, on board. The native acknowledged his guilt, and, in accordance with native custom, hoping to make peace and friends, came on board the Dart with presents. He was made a prisoner, and could not understand why he should have been. He is still at Port Moresby, and must wonder what is to become of him. It would be a most gracious act to forgive him and restore him to his home, and it is to be hoped this has long since been done.

Demands were made at Normanby Island for the surrender of the other murderer, and he not being forthcoming, houses were burned. Such warfare is

detested by those engaged in it, and by no one more than our good General. I think every such act of war should be faithfully and publicly reported, and I have no doubt the English people would soon demand that such things should not be done under our flag. In acts of this kind innocent and guilty suffer alike; this certainly not being in harmony with John Bull's love of fair play. Questions have been asked in the House of Commons, and will, I trust, be asked again and again, until the practice entirely ceases.

Moresby Island, Slade Island, and Teste Island were all visited. On our return to Port Moresby the flag was hoisted at Maopa, Aroma, to the intense delight of the people.

When at Port Moresby the General paid a visit to Sogeri, where Forbes was camped, and was so pleased that he promised very materially to assist the explorer. On his return to Port Moresby the Governor Blackall again sailed for the east; and then the north-east coast to the limit of the Protectorate was visited.

A party of us crossed from Milne Bay to Bentley Bay, and at all the small villages in the latter were well received. On the steamship coming round to meet us we were sorry to find the General in his cot and complaining. I knew it was fever, and begged him to return to Cooktown instantly, leaving Forbes, who accompanied us, and myself at South Cape. But the General felt he ought to see Mitre Rock, so orders were given to hurry on. We had to anchor every night, and on our return could not start before ten a.m., since, the sun being in our eyes, it was impossible to see reefs. Forbes and I took advantage of the morning, and made several trips in the boat, discovering harbours, creeks, a lagoon, and several

small islands, and meeting natives who somewhat resembled those in the Papuan Gulf.

The General continued to get worse, and it was evident that nothing but a change to a cooler climate would be of any avail. He sailed for Australia, and we hoped he would return in March, 1886, and continue his work, spending most of his time on the north-east coast.

Forbes and I were left at South Cape, and on the arrival of the Raven to take us to Port Moresby we received the sorrowful news that our General was dead. We felt we had lost a friend and the New Guinea natives a true protector.

NATIVE TEACHERS.

CHAPTER XII.

PIONEER MISSION WORK IN 1884.

THE success that has attended the labours of native teachers on New Guinea proper during the last few years must be very gratifying to the friends of humanity and the London Missionary Society, and should greatly encourage them for the future. Since 1872 mission work has been carried on in New Guinea, and I know of no mission connected with this Society, or indeed any other Society, that can compare with it in results. We must do all we can to keep the South Sea Churches connected with New Guinea, and so preserve the working, sympathetic Christ-life amongst them. As our knowledge of New Guinea increases, the Church of Christ in Britain and the South Seas should be prepared

to take up the work. Hitherto the Directors have put no limit to our extending, and we have gone on doing so.

In February, 1884, our mission barque, John Williams, visited us, conveying thirteen teachers and their wives, accompanied by our old friend and co-worker, Mr. Gill, late of Rarotonga. On the John Williams leaving us we distributed the teachers amongst the old stations, that they might be near to us, and have also the care of the old and acclimatised teachers, until the south-east monsoon had really set in, when they would be placed at their own stations. Teachers on first arrival are almost sure to have fever, and it is better that they should stay where they can be attended to.

In May, 1884, we began to locate these teachers at their own stations, and a sketch of one journey may serve to show how, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, New Guinea can most rapidly and most successfully be Christianised and civilised.

The first to be located was Sunia, a Tongan, educated by Mr. Gill on Rarotonga. Having married a widow here, who understands the Motu dialect, we thought they should take Tupuselei, a village fourteen miles from Port Moresby, where formerly a Niue teacher lived. The natives were highly delighted at having a teacher again amongst them, and gave Sunia and his wife a good welcome. Since the death of their old teacher they have had much trouble with the hill-tribes, old scores thought to be forgotten have been paid and repaid; but now a teacher is with them they will be able to live peaceably.

From Tupuselei we continued our boating to Kapakapa, where there were two new teachers and their wives living with the old teacher appointed to Saroa.

the fine large district behind Round Head. For long the Saroa natives had been expecting teachers, knowing when they got them it would tend to secure peace all round. For the last few months they had been busy paying off compensations (for murders committed by them) and making peace.

On our arrival at Kapakapa a large number of men

CANOE OFF TUPUSELEI.

came in to carry the teachers' goods, and they told us it was now all peace. The following morning we started with a large company, and, taking it leisurely, arrived about ten a.m. at Rigo, the first of the Saroa villages. A new house had been finished for the teacher, and from it the view is unsurpassed on New Guinea. After placing the other teacher at another village, about two miles further east, and visiting other villages, and hearing entreaties for more teachers, we returned to Rigo.

Having some students and several Port Moresby natives with us, we went into the village and spent several hours singing on one of their large platforms. It was a beautifully clear moonlight night, and leaving the singers we walked to a good position at the west end of the village, where the view was splendid. I have travelled much in this great land, but have seen nothing to surpass the view of that night for picturesqueness.

On our right were the Gerese Hills, and on our left the Coast Range, and lying before us the hills and valleys of Saroa and Manukolo, and behind these the higher hills of Kerema stretching away to the Astrolabe Range. Further inland, as if guarding these and rising dark above them all, is the Owen Stanley Range, ending in the high unvisited mountain of the same name. Everywhere near us were well-watered valleys and ridges, with plantations and villages scattered here and there, containing kindly-disposed people. It is to be hoped there will soon be sufficient teachers to occupy all the principal villages. We returned to Port Moresby, and after spending one night sailed in the Ellengowan for the west.

Ever since Mr. Lawes joined the mission, the one cry of the Motu natives has been 'Westward ho.' The largest population, and the freest, kindest, wildest natives are there. They, especially those in Freshwater Bay, care for no one, domineer the other tribes, and think their sweet will is law. I know them well, and my cry has also been, 'To the west—to the west with our youngest, strongest, bravest, best teachers.' Again and again have the natives of Motumotu asked for teachers, promising to treat them well, and to live peaceably with their neighbours.

They have them now, and they feel our promise is sure, though often long delayed, through no fault of ours.

We found good anchorage in two fathoms just outside Alice Meade Lagoon, about two miles from Motumotu.

The foreign ladies, Mrs. Lawes and the teachers' wives, caused great excitement, but the excitement *par excellence* was Taui, the infant daughter of one of the teachers, who had been baptized by the Rev. J. Jefferis, at Pitt Street Congregational Church, Sydney. From before sunrise to after sunset she was nursed by nurses innumerable. She is a pretty child, nearly as white as an English-born infant, but during our stay, by the too kindly attentions of her nurses, was made as black as a Motumotuan. She was often washed, only to be made as black as ever.

Motumotu is at the mouth of the Williams River. I had often wished to go up this river, and visit a reported large village, Moveave, for years at enmity with Motumotu, but could never before find sufficient time. We intended spending a few days with the teachers, so as to give them a good start with their new demonstrative friends, and we decided to ascend the river. We got a canoe, and paddled up one of the branches into a small creek, where we were dragged through more mud than water up to the village. As we neared the village our friends from Motumotu were somewhat fearful and anxious; and not until after we had been some time in the village did they gain confidence. The population is very large, the houses are well built on posts, and there are many dubus. Our old friend, Semese, proclaimed words of peace, which were reiterated by the Moveaveans, and all felt that it

was well, and friendship was restored. We were at first met by a large armed party, with bows and arrows innumerable; this was speedily converted into a noisy, demonstrative peace party, and increased much in numbers. Before we had finished our visit to the village and dubus, not a weapon was to be seen. Fires were started, and pots containing queer viands were soon placed on them.

We ascended one dubu to the platform, twenty feet from the ground, where we sat down on a mat given for the purpose. So great a crowd followed us that the platform gave unmistakable signs of a very hurried and unpleasant descent. Several posts and cross-beams gave way, and we thought it advisable to get off as quickly as possible. In the street in front a temporary shade was erected for us, and mats spread, on which we squatted, with more than a thousand people around us. We received presents of areca-nuts and betel, pepper and coconuts, bananas and yams, and various dishes of cooked food. On the islands of the west highlands of Scotland the poor people make porridge mixed with shell-fish. At Moveave they make sago porridge mixed with the same; also with dried fish and other things. Taking one of the dishes, and thinking it contained sago and dried fish, I began eating heartily, until I noticed peculiar claws and a rather long tail, and on inquiry found I had been relishing stewed iguana!

After the crowd had enjoyed a smoke all round, there were loud and persistent calls that we should sing; so getting our singing companions near us we sang, to their great delight, and were encored again and again. But the sun kept hurrying down, and before he dipped we wished to be at Motumotu; so

we had to get up and bid them good-bye, promising soon to return again.

We arrived at Motumotu before sundown, and were in time to see one of the most interesting and fairy-like sights I have yet witnessed on New Guinea. When some distance from the village we heard drums beating, and knew that a dance was on. From the sound of the drums and the loud singing, we could tell it was a lively one. Ere long we were in the village, and sitting beside them. A thorough fancy dress ball, the beginning of a series, was being held. This afternoon's was for the little children, assisted by young men and women. In front the young men, to the number of thirty, were drumming, dancing, and singing; and to their time young men and women, arm in arm and facing them, were singing and dancing; and behind them again younger ones, arm in arm; and behind these, children holding one another's hands, all earnestly engaged in the same occupation. From the child of four years old to the young man and maiden of eighteen and twenty, all were happy and terribly in earnest. Every head was wonderfully cropped; some had squares, others circles, and others triangles; their faces were painted with many colours, variegated leaves hung from their arms, waist, and legs. The ladies had beautiful petticoats, made from the young sago palm leaf and dyed various colours, and all had fastened on to their backs, rising over their heads more than two feet, and hanging gracefully in a curve like a Prince of Wales feather, the youngest leaf of the sago nicely prepared. Tied round their knees and ankles was plaited bark with tassels attached. How happy all were, and how pleased at being admired! Mothers everywhere are alike, and here they were standing by, each thinking

her own child or children the best, and every now and again throwing out a suggestion or giving an encouraging word. When the sun set all was over, and they retired to their homes.

One afternoon, walking through the east part of the village, we saw a young swell with two men and one woman dressing him for some very important occasion. He was being dressed in his very best, and the best also of his parents, for that afternoon he was to be married and take his bride home. Every hair on his head seemed in place. He wore a coronet of plumes made from the feathers of various birds, conspicuously the *Paradisea Raggiana*; on his forehead a frontlet of small shells; hanging from his ears a number of tortoise-shell ear-rings; in his nose the much-prized shell ornament; his face beautifully marked in small squares with red, yellow, and black. Round his neck were strings of shell beads; hanging on his chest a large pearl shell; round his waist a finely carved and painted bark belt, and as trousers a new sihi. He was gorgeously got up, and many friends looked on and admired. Standing close by the house were quantities of sago and bananas, and some women tying up bows and arrows into bundles. We returned to our camp, and were squatting at tea, when we observed a large crowd, and as they passed we saw our swell masher in the centre, hand in hand with a buxom, handsomely dressed lady, who was well besmeared with red ochre. They were preceded by a crowd of shouting urchins, and followed by a number of old women carrying bananas; behind these came a small army of young men and women carrying sago and bananas, and last of all an old man with several bunches of ripe bananas, from which he plucked a few, and from time to time threw over the

heads of the married party into the crowd ahead, when a scramble took place, all evidently being anxious to secure one. The bride and bridegroom on arriving at home were received by the bride's friends, who took all the food, and gave a large return present.

One morning very early we were awakened by drums beating and loud wailing. A long time ago a man had died and was buried close by; to-day his widows leave his grave and don the knitted garment of widowhood prepared by them during all the months they have been indoors with the dead. We visited the grave, which was covered in. Several were sitting by, some mourning, others fitting knitted gaiters on the widows' legs; up till now they have been quite naked. Outside, under a shade, was a banana stump dressed to represent the dead, with all his dress and ornaments on, and all round it the old men of the village were sitting, looking solemn and speaking of their dead friend. Afterwards food was brought, and placed before the supposed dead, who was said to have given his last feast. The old men divided the food, and ate it in his memory; and when finished, they took his dress and ornaments and divided them amongst the relatives. When the feast was over, the widows came out into public dressed in their knitted garments, which covered them close from the neck to under the knees.

On the Sunday we had two well-attended services, for singing and preaching, but prayer drove the crowd helter-skelter to their homes. Some years ago, on the occasion of my first visit, the same happened. I asked an old Motu friend to prepare them for prayer, and having done so, he began by shutting his eyes, and at the sound of the first words the earth trembled with the stampede.

THE CHIEF'S HOUSE AT TUFUSELEI.

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Securing Motumotu means our filling up the whole Elema district in a few years, and then pressing inland. I think 20,000 is too low an estimate for the Elema population, and they being once under tuition, Namau and Vaimuru will follow in no far away future; and so an extensive coast-line will be open, or rather, is even now open to Christianity and to commerce.

We bade our friends farewell, leaving these young men and women, who for Christ's sake and from sympathy with Him in His great work of redeeming the race had left their comfortable homes, peace and plenty in Eastern Polynesia, willing to endure sickness, want, and trials, relying upon His care who alone can care for them. They are certainly the heroes and martyrs of the nineteenth century.

A strong south-easter having sprung up, we tumbled and tossed for forty-two hours in the Gulf, when we anchored in Hall Sound. We rested one night, and on the following morning got into our boat and pulled away to Maiva to place the Kivori teachers. We landed some miles to the east of Maiva, fearing the sea was too rough for us to land at the first station.

We anchored our boat safely in a creek, and then went to a point close by to satisfy our hunger. Our luncheon was ample, and only just a little spoiled by being somewhat gritty from the sand blown along before the strong south-easter.

The tramp in rain along the beach was certainly better and more enjoyable than the sail in the rough sea outside would be. We had good fun crossing a large creek: the tide being well out, we waded across in three and four feet of water, but when in the middle we met with soft sinking sand, and in some places sank down so far that it became necessary to swim.

On our arrival at Maiva we had a hearty welcome from the teachers and friends, and we felt as if at home. How changed everything had become in a few years! Once we sojourned with the Maivans, sleeping in their out-places, platforms, streets and dubus, wondering if our lives were safe; now, we were lodged in comfortable teachers' houses, near churches where every day life in Christ is preached, surrounded by friendly, peaceable natives, whose one anxiety is to make us comfortable. We always liked the Maivans, but more so now that they have listened to words of peace, and a few we trust have believed the words of eternal life. They are our friends and the friends of all, and are anxious to live as such. Only the Gospel of Christ as lived by the teachers could have produced such results. God's power unto salvation in the past is His power now, and will ever be so.

We had now been hard at work for nearly three weeks by land and sea, and often day and night, and felt very pleased with the prospect of a rest—a rest broken only by a few days' work leisurely spent placing teachers at Kivori, near Cape Possession. We left Maiva one morning with quite an army of natives, some carrying boxes, &c., the property of the teachers, others our swags, articles for trade and food. Other friends accompanied us who were anxious for a holiday, a change from their otherwise never-changing life. The Kivori natives received us well. They had the one teacher's house finished, a fine large one, where soon we were camping and feeling at home as if at an old station. After a short siesta (much needed, as we had walked along a sandy beach in a burning sun and little wind) we were barricaded with numerous dishes of food and coconuts. We showed every respect

to our numerous hosts, tasted several dishes, held on to one because of its thoroughly excellent quality, and disposed of the others amongst our followers. We met all the chiefs, spoke to them of the teachers and their mission, and then received their sincere promise to treat the teachers kindly. On Sunday we had services, and as usual the singing was greatly enjoyed. At services in the house we dispensed with singing, because of the crush it caused and the difficulty experienced in getting rid of the excited crowd when it was over.

On Sunday afternoon we returned to Maiva, when we met five people anxious for baptism—one, a good old friend, who begged earnestly to be received into the Church of Christ. On the Monday there was one of those soul-stirring gatherings that are met with in these heathen lands, composed of a crowd of natives who have come to see the first native converts baptized into the Church of Christ, the converts themselves, and the mission party. Only after a long period of preparation as catechumens and receiving instruction, and after a thorough public profession of faith in Christ, do we baptize them. In this instance the five were men who have been for a long time connected with the mission, taken part in the services, and held short services in other villages. The wholesale baptizing of natives simply because they would like to be, or were told to be, or because they were willing to do lotu by taking a piece of cloth or shirt, is surely not Christianity, and can only be done for effect. If the mere adhesion to the mission and the willingness to have clothing is sufficient, then thousands connected with us should long ago have been baptized. But of what use would it be, as they

are still heathen, though friendly? The enlightening goes on, and one after another is led from the dense darkness through the glimmering light on to the full light of glorious freedom in Christ and His cross,—set free from their superstition by His truth. But not in the present or following generation will the superstitions of these people be entirely overcome. There are nearly 2,000 people being taught on New Guinea connected with our branch of the mission; and it may safely be hoped the young will know little of the past, and they will be free from much their parents believed.

On our leaving Maiva we walked along the beach to the boat, where the sea was breaking very heavily on the bar of the creek, and a light boat being best for our weak crew, we decided to walk along the beach to Aoo Point; and instructing the crew how to manage, we sent them off. They got over the bar, with only a few 'tops' getting on board, and stood away for the Point. The walk for eight miles barefooted was most enjoyable. By this walking we have found that we can visit Maiva in all kinds of weather.

We reached Delena about sundown. At night I could not help feeling that perhaps for *quiet* picturesqueness we have no station to surpass this. The mission premises are on a flat about seventy-five feet above sea-level, and surrounded by extensive banana plantations; on the side of the hill there is a tall bush, and on the coast dense mangrove scrub, over which the mission-house looks; the village nestles at the foot of the hill on the shore of Hall Sound, where our vessel, the Ellengowan, is at anchor, and across the Sound is Yule Island, and away beyond that the Gulf of Papua, stretching to Torres Straits. The night

was still; not sufficient wind to rustle the leaves; the moon was in the west, near the first quarter, with a cloudless sky, and stretching a silver band from the station across the Sound and over the Gulf to herself. Our thoughts were varied, but one was uppermost—God binding us all to Himself by the band of love, and so blessing all the present Christian work in which we are engaged.

The following morning after an early breakfast we were away again on our road to Naara, behind Cape Suckling, to give our Queen Koloka her long-promised teacher. The weather was fine, but there was a long heavy swell breaking on the reef, from the south-west, and causing a nasty sea inside. Once or twice our boat, which was fairly laden, eighteen all told, besides teachers' goods, was nearly swamped. We had to keep baling all the way until we entered the creek, where we left the boat and took to walking. We had six miles to walk to Namoa, Koloka's village, where we had the usual kind reception. All were delighted that at last they had their teacher. Koloka said, 'I did not think you intended keeping your word; it has been long to wait.' We slept in the large house built for the teacher, and the following morning returned to the boat. The sea was much better, and a light south-easter was blowing; we gave sheet, and were not long in getting to Delena. We rested there, and went on board the following morning, and in thirty-six hours landed at Port Moresby.

There we heard a report that foreigners had been murdered inland of Aroma, and knowing Aroma's liking for that kind of business, we felt uncomfortable. One gentleman who was said to have been murdered had been kind to the natives, and very kind to our teachers,

and by his example had done much to assist them. But in the course of a few days we heard truthful news, and learnt that our friend was well, and would be at Port Moresby soon. So we felt more comfortable in going on with our work of locating teachers.

We did not now require the Ellengowan, so she was sent to Murray Island; and we took boat and started for Boera, where two Samoan teachers and their wives were anxiously waiting to get away. These were the first to come to New Guinea from the Samoan Mission, and they were removing to one of the nearest, quietest, and best districts.

By nine o'clock on a fine clear moonlight night we left Boera, with three boats all heavily laden. We had a fine strong breeze with us through Caution Bay into Redscar Bay, where the wind dropped to a calm, and we had to pull to an anchorage in the Manumanu. By half-past two a.m. we were all asleep, beautifully packed, sardine-fashion. By six a.m. we were again under way and pulling up the Apisi Creek. At nine o'clock we anchored, landed everything, and then marched away across country, through stinking swamps to Kabadi.

For some time, owing to raids by the Motumotu and Lese natives, the coast-villages of Kabadi had been nearly deserted, and the natives had been living on their plantations, very much scattered. We had one teacher for the coast, and one for the villages inland, on the right bank of the Aroa river. The natives were glad to see us, and promised to finish the house for the teacher immediately. We slept one night there, and the following morning walked inland, where great joy was expressed on seeing their teacher. The old chief, Naime, told us he did not know what to

think; he did not like to think we should break our promise, but so long a time had passed since the promise that he certainly was afraid that no teacher was coming. Now it was all right, and the great event was celebrated by a feast. We spent a few very pleasant days at Kabadi, and then returned to Port Moresby.

On the 23rd of July, 1885, I got my boat out, packed in the stores, and started for a trip to some of the stations east of Port Moresby. It took us all day to get to Pyramid Point. Being dark, the wind blowing fresh, and the sea breaking heavily against the Point, we anchored for the night, and the following morning at daybreak, in calm weather, we pulled to Tupuselei, where we breakfasted. Leaving Tupuselei, we stood well out to the Barrier Reef; the wind freshening, we put about and stood well up for Kaile, where we anchored early in the afternoon. At sundown the wind ceased, and we pulled to Kapakapa, leaving teachers' supplies, and pushed on until we got to Round Head, where we met the south-easter again, with rain. We kept on until Friday morning about two o'clock, when we anchored and waited for day.

By daylight we were away again, hoping to get to Hulā, i.e. Hood Point, early, but the wind increasing and the sea running heavily, we did not reach our destination until four p.m. All were tired, and I decided to remain there until Monday morning. On Saturday I distributed presents from the Government of Queensland to the natives, who had rendered timely assistance at the wreck of a beche-de-mer vessel, the Pride of the Logan. On Sunday we had several well-attended services of old and young.

Ever since the visit of H. M. ship Wolverene to Kalo, in 1881, of which an account is given in Chapter VIII, when the natives were punished for their cruel massacre of the teachers, they have been anxious to have a teacher again stationed with them, and had promised to treat him well. From the last band of native teachers from Eastern Polynesia we selected one, Tau and his wife, from Rarotonga, to go there. During the few months that had elapsed since their arrival they had had fever, but were well now, and anxious to get to work. A good house was built by the Kalo people, under the superintendence of the Hulā teacher, and after the house was finished many were the visits paid to Hulā, to know when their teachers would come to live with them. The week before I arrived, several came in to Hulā, determined to carry their teacher and his wife off, saying they were afraid we were only going to deceive them.

On the Saturday I sent a messenger to inform them of my arrival, and on the Sunday we had quite a number of them at each of the services. The two leading chiefs were also present, and in the afternoon they said they would return and prepare for our arrival, and get plenty of food cooked.

On Monday morning Renaki, the senior Hulā chief, and a number of young men came, and we started, taking with us all the things that Tau and his wife wished, leaving the most of their goods at Hulā. There had been a good deal of rain the night before; it was still raining a little and the grass was wet, so the walking was not very pleasant. Arriving at Kalo, we at once took possession of the house, which was soon crowded with an enthusiastic and rejoicing lot of natives. After a little while I paid for the house,

and then sent for all the chiefs, four in number, to whom I gave presents, and begged of them to be kind to Tau and his wife, which they cheerfully promised. The chief's son, with whom the former teacher lived, and who was one of the active murderers, told me that the piece of land belonging to the Society had never been touched, and he hoped that as the past had been forgiven Tau would take possession at once, and begin planting. Kulu, a chief, who had had nothing whatever to do with the massacre, told the Hulā teacher that they were all afraid and ashamed, but that now they felt more comfortable, and would assist the teacher. All assured me they would take care that our trust in them would not again be forfeited. In the afternoon the eldest son of the chief Quaipo, who planned the attack, came with a pig and a large quantity of food. At one time we received twenty-four dishes of cooked food, and several hundreds of young coconuts.

In the evening a number of our Hulā friends returned; but, anxious to show the Kalo natives that I trusted them, I decided to remain, and to return to Hulā the following morning. Shortly after sundown we were left alone, and at first I doubted if I had done right in remaining, lest I should be the means of leading our teachers and their wives and my boat's crew into trouble. No Europeans had slept there since the massacre. We were quite at their mercy, being in an unprotected house and unarmed, and had they attacked me we should all have been killed. In one sense it was foolhardy, as the natives had often said that nothing would satisfy them but my head. On the other hand, if all went well, it would be the best augury for future success. I did not feel quite at my ease,

and had fully intended to keep awake and watchful through the night. But after evening prayers I rolled myself up in my blanket, feeling it very cold. In spite of my prudent intentions, I soon was sound asleep, and never woke until the next morning at daylight. The people were pleased that I should have shown such confidence in them, as they all knew we were quite unarmed. May He who protected us soon become known unto them!

On Wednesday, the weather being fine, I proceeded to Aroma, calling at Kerepunu. All were well and glad to see me, as they had long expected me, and the teacher and his wife appointed to Belerupu, M'Farlane Harbour, were wearying to be at work. Both had suffered a good deal from fever, but were now much better. For some time their house had been finished, and the people were anxious to have them both amongst them. The next morning by 3.30 we were off in two boats, and by nine o'clock were ashore and in the house. The people appear to be quiet and kind; they received us well, and appeared delighted that at length they too had their teacher. There are about six hundred people in the village, half living ashore and half at sea in the harbour. The Clara River (so named by the late Mr. Beswick, he being the first to ascend it) enters the harbour close by the village. The people, although now apparently quiet and friendly, have had, I fear, a good deal to do with the various murders on the coast at Cloudy Bay. Belerupu is the most easterly village of the Aroma district, and the one holding the most communication with the Mailiu district, especially with Mailiukolu, or Toulon Island. The inhabitants seem to be under the Maopa natives, and our old friend

Koapena has some power over them, for to him they give tribute, in food, pigs, and fish. Anxious to get back to Parimata, the most westerly of the Aroma villages, and near to Keppel Point, before it began to blow again—for when blowing hard it is dangerous to cross the Keakalo Bay in an open boat—we left in the afternoon.

I was glad to find at Aroma, that at last there were a few who were anxious to be taught, and were inquiring more diligently into the Gospel preached to them during these last few years. I spent a very pleasant, and I trust, to all, a profitable evening at Parimata. In speaking to Koapena of the teacher and his teaching, I asked him when he was going to receive and believe the Gospel. Turning to a teacher who was interpreting for me, he said, 'Teach me more, only keep teaching me, and if you had done that, I might have been the first to understand and believe.' Well done, Koapena; faith, blind faith without knowledge you are not willing to have; mere acquiescence would never become my big, strong-minded friend. He is said to be the finest physical specimen of a native in all the Western Pacific.

By daylight the next morning I was in the boat and bowling along before a fine steady breeze. Calling at Kerepunu, and finding that all was right there, we continued to Hulā, just in time to avoid a strong south-easter and dark dirty weather. There I received a letter from Tau, saying he and his wife were well, and the people and chiefs were treating them kindly. We also received a few limes from a tree planted by the former teacher. Next year, Tau says, they will have oranges.

Fearing the weather might get worse, and being anxious to get back to Port Moresby, I left Hulā at

night, running before a strong wind, in some places not at all pleasant because of the many reefs, every now and again pulling up or running off. At Pyramid Point it was particularly nasty, and very dark; but we passed safely, and bowled along at a grand rate near the Barrier Reef. By 4.30 a.m. we landed at Port Moresby, ready for a good sleep. And so east and west we keep extending, and I trust will continue to do so until New Guinea is occupied with earnest men and women preaching Christ and leading thousands to Him.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME NEW GUINEA CELEBRITIES.

I. *Granny: one of the early Friends of the New Guinea Mission.*

In 1872 the mission on New Guinea proper was begun at Manumanu. Six teachers, with their wives, were left there by Messrs. Murray and Gill, in the hope that as they became acquainted with the people they would strike out on either side and possess the land. During the earlier days visitors were numerous, and came in from every direction. Among these was a smart, kindly woman, who determined to make these foreigners her friends, and to help them in every possible way. Her name was Keua; she was a widow, and had a child sixteen months old. She was constantly moving around the teachers' house, and as they became familiar with the dialect, they found that her one and constant exclamation was: 'You are in the wrong place. Come to Hanuabada, the largest of all the villages on this part of the coast. It is my land, and the centre of this tribe. We are one. Come and see.'

'What does this woman mean by a large village, not very far away, and more healthy than Manumanu? Let us see for ourselves.' So reasoned the teachers; and they hoped to return with her to her home; but

fever set in, and one after another died from it. Keua returned to her home, but ever since that time she became intimately connected with our mission. In all the older missions of the South Pacific there were a few who came to the teachers at the outset, and who, with great consistency, have adhered to them throughout. Many have gone home, both men and women, who were faithful unto death, and a few remain, who await the time when they too shall go.

The teachers were removed from Manumanu in 1873, and were placed at Port Moresby by Mr. Murray, the father of the New Guinea Mission. Soon the active widow appeared on the scene, and claimed peculiar friendship with the new arrivals. They were all placed on the eastern side; her home was on the western side. She thought it unjust that her side should have no teachers, and expressed herself accordingly. But the old chief objected, saying, 'They will bring us sickness, and we shall all die. You,' he said, referring to Keua, 'brought them here. What right had you to tell them of our land? and who but you invited them to come and live amongst us?'

She came daily to the teachers, and helped them in every possible way—carrying wood, getting water, and cooking for them. The people tried daily to persuade her to leave them and have nothing more to do with them, but she persistently turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties. She began to relish foreign food, such as rice and biscuits, which she used herself and gave to her child. Her friends grew frantic with terror, and became assured she had gone mad. A few months passed, and she delivered up her child to Ruatoka's wife, who accepted it by giving it a new name, Sema, which the youth now bears.

A year passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawes arrived. As Keua had not sufficient work to keep herself employed at home, she went over daily to assist Mrs. Lawes. Had it not been for her, they would often have been without wood and water. During the two years Mrs. Lawes was in the mission, Keua hung on, frequently helping herself to things not her own. It was her failing that she did not understand the law of *meum* and *tuum*. Often she stole things that could have been of no use to her, and when she was accused she was, according to her own account, ever innocent, never guilty. On one of Mr. Lawes' inland trips she proved to be one of the best carriers in the whole party, never flagging under her heavy burden.

On the arrival of the John Williams on one occasion, she went off with others to see the vessel, having taken the precaution before leaving the house to get a paper on which was written in large letters, 'This is Mrs. Lawes' servant.' When she arrived on board she was greeted by all the white people as a friend, and cast all the other natives into the shade. She says, 'The foreigners would come and look at my mark, shake my hand, and smile, and would then give me tobacco and cloth.' As she smokes, tobacco was a very valuable present to her.

When Mrs. Chalmers and myself arrived in New Guinea, we found her about the mission-house. We soon made friends with her, giving her the new name of 'Granny.' She became very much attached to Mrs. Chalmers. She religiously keeps dresses given her years ago, wearing them only on very extraordinary occasions, and when asked, 'Granny, why not wear that dress?' she replies, 'No, it was given me by Tamate Vaine, and I must keep it.'

As she was a good-looking native woman, strong and active, I often wondered why she never married again, and I once said to her, 'Now, Granny, how comes it that you do not marry? Motu women soon marry after mourning for their first husbands, and still you are unmarried.'

'No, never again, never!' she replied. 'My first husband beat me, and see on my shoulder the mark of a spear which he threw at me. Men are bad; they are wild and passionate; and only think of women as beasts. Many prefer their pig and dog to their wife. I will never, never again marry! I am happy now, and I shall remain as I am.'

On another occasion she said, 'No Motu man could ever propose for me, the price he would have to give would be much more than any one could ever collect.' The price of Keua was as follows:—three pigs, one tusk, dresses, two large bundles of sago, eighteen arm-shells, and large pieces of dugong and turtle.

Women are much better treated on the coast than they are inland. Inland they are often speared or clubbed to death for the slightest offence. Once when we interfered to save a woman from some men who were running after her to spear her, an old Koiari woman said to us, 'Why do you interfere? Don't you know the Koiari man kills his wife when he likes, knowing he will soon get another?'

On the coast, I fancy, they have too much to do and say, and it is only when they are terribly exasperated that the men beat their women. Generally the woman will leave her lord after a beating, and go to her own friends; but the quarrel ends in the lord eating humble-pie, and coming to the friends as a suppliant, confessing his fault, and begging for his

A Dobo for Women at Koiari.

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wife. He will on such an occasion bring a pig, an arm-shell, or some other present to appease the wrath of the friends—a peace-offering, or a token, I fear, of his submission.

My friend, Oa of Maiva, tried hard to get Granny to accompany him to his home. I was appealed to, and, fancying the lady rather inclined to it, I said it was for her to decide. Her sons—married men—on hearing it were wild, and entreated their mother to give up all thought of it. Their tears brought her back to her former determination, and she told Oa that she would never marry again. Her sons were doubtful, and, as the time drew near for Oa's return to his own home, they armed themselves, and jealously watched their mother day and night, afraid lest she might change her mind, and, in some secret way, disappear. Oa, attracted by a younger woman, formed a new friendship, and gave up all idea of our friend.

One night, when camping on the Astrolabe hills, Granny entertained us with an amusing account of her husband, when he wished to introduce a second wife into the house. For a long time he had looked on this woman, and wished much that she could share his house, but he had some fear about it. At last he told his relatives, and they assisted him. Granny said, 'I often wondered why he was collecting shell-armlets, and, at times, I feared it was for a second wife; but I was determined that no second wife should ever live with my husband while I was alive. I did not know that he wished another, and always thought myself a good wife, and sufficient for him. One morning his friends entered my house, bringing a woman with them; also several earthenware pots, and

various kinds of food. I knew well what they wanted, but appeared ignorant. I said, "You need not come here to cook: I am young, and strong, and well, and can do that. You need bring no food here, my store-house is full of all kinds; and as for pots, these I can make as well as any woman in the Motu tribe. Away with you now, and for ever." I then took their pots and threw them out, and sent the food after them. My husband's friends were wild with anger. He himself was silent, and hung down his head. I told the woman that as the sun was high she could wait until the cool of the afternoon, but then she must leave my house and my husband for ever. In the evening she left, after I had given her something to eat. I never expect again to see her, although she lives only a few miles from here.'

'You know,' she continued, 'I was a very proud, haughty woman.'

'Indeed you were, Keua; and hard to please,' said some natives, who stood close by and heard her words.

'No,' she replied. 'Two women in one house cannot agree, and I would never consent to such an arrangement.'

In many of my inland and coast trips, Granny accompanied me, as I found her to be a most useful help. When we could not get carriers, and each had to carry our own swag, Granny never grumbled at having to carry camp utensils and other things; and, besides that, she was always ready to cook food and attend on us. Often she has been left entirely in charge of camp, with all our barter goods open, but never have we missed anything. She is a marvellous woman in accommodating herself to all kinds of

circumstances; able to sleep anywhere, or to do without sleep; to eat anything that we had, or to go without food; in sun or rain, by day or night, always contented. She could hold conversation with all the tribes we met, and we everywhere found her invaluable as an interpreter.

She had no difficulty in making herself at home with the women; and naturally they gathered round her to hear her wonderful tales of the white people who lived in her land, far away on the coast, and of all the tribes we had visited, and the countries we had seen. It was amusing on these trips to hear her speak disdainfully of the dark heathen people amongst whom we were sojourning: they were not like her people, who were now enlightened. She seemed never to be afraid, though always keeping a good look-out. On several occasions we were in rather peculiar circumstances, and had reason to suspect that things were not all right, yet Granny kept apparently calm.

Granny is good for coasting, as well as for inland travel. She is never sea-sick, and is always ready to get a fire and cook when we land.

Time wears on, and the work of past years, and the continuous listening to reading and prayer, and—when at home—the constant attendance at school and services, are seen in what we believe is a changed life in dear old Granny. She too has learned to pray, and says she does desire to love Christ—to be His alone. Her knowledge of Christ, and of His Word, is scant indeed; but looking to her change in life, and to her expressed desire, we could not but baptize her as one of the loving Saviour's own disciples. Since her baptism, her mode of life has not been inconsistent

with the profession which she makes. May she live long, and see her children, and their children, all followers of Christ!

II. *Kirikeu and Quaiani of South Cape.*

Upon first reaching a new station there are generally two or three men who take to you and you to them. Sometimes they are men of influence, and become great helps. They are not always the first to receive the Gospel; it more generally happens that some unknown outsider is the first to come forward and declare for Christ and His Word. The two men I am now going to sketch were old when we arrived at South Cape, and being men of influence and much respected, were indeed very helpful to us in many ways. Kirikeu belonged to Suau, and Quaiani to the mainland in Catamaran Bay. The natives of this bay have had a bad name from of old, cannibals, not respecting life, and delighting in robbery. They were all thieves, and took everything they could lay their fingers on, causing us much trouble and great anxiety.

The first time we went to South Cape we anchored in the evening, and in the morning were surrounded with canoes full of noisy natives, who came on board and made themselves quite at home. One old man, who seemed to think he had a right to go everywhere in our schooner, found his way aft and made friends with Tamate Vaine (Mrs. Chalmers). He wore round his neck a string of bones, and offered these as a mark of friendship, but they were not accepted. From these bones he was called ever after 'Bag o' Bones,' and for a long time was known by no other name. His real name was Kirikeu. When he knew that we

wished to stay and build, he was very anxious we should live near him; and on our deciding for his village he was perfectly satisfied, and then, I now believe, became our real friend, resolved to help us in every possible way. The strip of land now belonging to the London Missionary Society was bought from him and paid in trade. Remembering the many things said against missionaries cheating the natives in land purchases, I determined to pay for all land bought for mission use what I considered a fair price, so that in future it might not be said we had outreached the natives. I paid at the rate of thirty shillings per acre—a good price, I think, for unused land. The old man and his friends were highly delighted, and now he looked upon us as his children. When we were in great danger, surrounded by a painted and armed crowd while living in Manuegu's house, the old man was in the bush. On hearing what was taking place he hurried in, advising me to accede to the demands; but on finding I would not yield, he got the chief to lead his party away into the bush. The old man returned home, asking me for something, to which I answered, 'No, no; never to threats.' He left, and after some time came and sat by us until late at night.

He was the great talker of the village, and at night, or very early in the morning, would get on to his platform when all were asleep or near it, and express his thoughts on things general or particular. That is very common throughout this part of New Guinea. Pent-up wrath often explodes on the platform. Hunters returning unsuccessful from the chase let forth on the sorcerers and evil spirits. Fishermen, after a weary day or night trying the net in many places, but 'catching

nothing,' will, in the weary, sleepy native hour between eight and nine at night, pour forth their fulminations of wrath. They may contain themselves till the morning, but when the morning star has climbed the near hills they begin, and continue until light has spread itself like a gauzy garment over all nature. Then wrath is gone, and they hope for more success in future. Our old friend was great at this work.

When we were passing through what we called the Mayri troubles, he was our adviser as to where we should go and what we should do; and I believe *now* he used his influence for our preservation. During that time he always came to us armed with a large knife, assuring us that he and his son would defend us with their lives. He often came looking anxious, and besought us to keep a good look-out and not go far away. On the day of the burial of a native who had been shot, when great crowds were about our house, he would not go to the meeting, but remained by us all day, taking an occasional walk round in the bush. Knowing that sorcerers were being employed to pray us or exorcise us dead, he employed two old sorcerers from the mainland to use their powers on our behalf. Quaiani was one of them, and was considered one of the best sorcerers in that part. Having faith in the latter as a chief, and knowing him to be a man of influence, when he visited us on the day of the funeral, at the request of Kirikeu, I gave him a present. On the morning when, worn out with anxiety and with the constant threats of the natives, I invited them to attack us, saying that we should defend ourselves, he was one of those I detained in the house to see the preparations for defence, and he it was who returned to report progress and tell us it was peace.

Some time after, when opening a box, I brought out a bag of pease; Kirikeu was assisting me: he thought they were shot, and at once left to inform them in the village that we were terribly armed, and they must be careful. When he returned in the afternoon I spoke sharply to him; but he thought them shot until he saw them boiled and eaten. Our tinned meat he, with other natives, believed to be man; and long after our arrival would he shake his head incredulously when we would try to assure him it was poro (pig). He came to me once in great trouble. A chief came to the house one morning, and was very troublesome, saying, 'You are useless as a chief, having no arms; wherever you go, you are unarmed.' I told them I was a man of peace, had come to preach peace, but if necessary should defend myself. I brought out two bottles—one containing sulphuric acid and the other muriatic acid. I poured a little of each on the ground close by him; the fumes went into his face. Frightened, he started and ran, I believe, quicker than he ever did before; he got to Mannegu's house, and complained of being ill, assuring them that I had killed him. There was great consternation, and the old man came to inquire and beg of me to remove the evil influence. I told him it was all right, that nothing would happen. He was quite satisfied, and left. A fortnight after the chief returned, wishing to make friends.

As time wore on it became evident my old friend was very jealous of the attention shown to Quaiani; and once when the latter came to see us and was in the house, Kirikeu rushed down to the beach and began breaking the canoe. I ran down and dragged him away; he was in a terrible passion. We

were house-building at the time. I stopped the work, and told the people unless I was allowed to have my friends come and see me unmolested I must leave. They insisted on the old man giving compensation to me; and knowing well it was a native custom, when he came with his armlets I accepted them, saying I was sorry for what had happened, and hoped we should have no repetition of it. In the afternoon our whole party went to him on his platform, where he sat very disconsolate, and presented him with things he liked much. Now all was right, and we became good friends again. He accompanied me once down the coast, introducing me as his son to many of his friends. On the night of our return he helped to exorcise the wind. One boy becoming ill, he assured me that he was inwardly speared by some power! Sitting enjoying an evening pipe with friends, we were astonished to hear our old friend beginning one of his wrathful harangues. Curiosity brought us out to see and hear him. He was on high pitch, and laying forth with great energy.

'Kirikeu, what is the matter, and why are you so angry?'

'Have you not heard what a Bonorua woman has done?'

'No! what is it?'

'She dug up her buried husband to feed her friends who came to condole with her, she having no pig.'

'And what of that? it is only what you all do—eat human flesh.'

'What? Who can let such be done? When I die, my wife might do the same with me. No; the whole crowd of women must go, go for ever. There, they

can take these canoes; let them be gone before morning, or they will be killed. Will you have them? Take the whole crowd, and never return.'

A woman challenged the old man, and marched up and down in front, telling him to be quiet as long as he eat human flesh. It looked serious for that woman, as he threatened to come down to her.

On hearing of Tamate Vaine's (Mrs. Chalmers) death, the old man cried bitterly.

I left them for a long time, and then returned to find my good old friend in great trouble: he had lost his only son—a man thirty-five years old. Instead of painting his body black, he had got on old clothes given him by the teacher, but I would certainly have preferred him in his native mourning. He attended all services in the teacher's house, and was never absent from services in the chapel. Everywhere he advised the natives to give up cannibalism, and spoke on behalf of peace. When some of our teachers were poisoned at Isiuisu, he advised the teachers on no account to accept of cooked food from the people, and be careful who went for water. On recalling the past, I cannot but feel thankful for so good a friend in those early days; may he receive the light, and be made free!

Quaiani was a different man; much more likeable, very much more excitable, but not so determined. I could not think him guilty of doing much killing; but Kirikeu would glory in nothing so much as those he killed, and the more the merrier. Quaiani was the first to listen to my proposals of peace between the natives of Catamaran Bay, including Suau and Tepauri and Garihi. He gave toeas to the Suau friends of Tepauri, and asked them to negotiate for peace.

Wherever he went he might be seen with cassowary feathers hanging down behind from his arms and on his head. He attended all native feasts, and was considered a great dancer, and all round that region he was very much respected.

When I first visited him in his own village of Varauru, he presented me with taro, yams, and sugar-cane, and a dog that he wished to have slain at once; but I objected, not desiring to have to eat any of it. My not doing so, if once it were cooked, would annoy him. He brought me all his friends, and it was through him I got to know natives from all about Cloudy Mountain and the ranges extending to the west and east. On my first long walk in New Guinea, described in an earlier chapter, when accompanied by Mr. Chester, Quaiani was our guide, introducer, and interpreter. When we reached Vagavaga, the village in Possession Bay, he resigned us entirely into the hands of the chiefs, saying, 'I have done, I have led you safely over; now your friends will look after you;' and assuredly he did leave us. He was much pleased with the presents he and his people received. He has never made any profession of caring anything about the Gospel, but has remained a good friend of the mission right through. It is strange that two men so very unlike should have become our fast friends.

III. *Ribuna and Rabena.*

Years have gone since I first met these two men; they were then cannibals, pure and simple. Ribuna lives at Suau, and is a man of much influence; he has a very white skin for a native, and his hair and whiskers are of a sandy colour. Rabena lives at Didutuna, a

village about two miles from Suau; he is a very quiet, deep man, such as could be a good friend, or a nasty, underhand, sneaking enemy.

Of the former I know more than the latter, simply from seeing him every day, and having had frequent quarrels with him. On our first arrival at Suau, Ribuna thought us all insane; and as we became acquainted with him and the dialect, and began teaching the people of the one living and true God, and of His infinite love to all mankind, and that we came to teach them about that God of love and His Son Jesus Christ, he thought it was only falsehood, and that our mission was truly a useless one. Often he laughed when we spoke of the Great Spirit, and of His willingness to save them.

He was a terrible pilferer, and used to pick up small things on every occasion. Once he was in a great passion with us, because of a pig. He rushed up to the house, threw great stones at it, and pulled down part of the fence. I had to speak very plainly to him and warn him off. When he went to his house I followed him, and found him surrounded by a number of men armed. I tried to make friends with him; it was of no use. He sat all day, surrounded by a large party, till nearly sunset, when he came to me, and asked me to be friendly and forgive him for what he had said and done. I remember that once there was a serious fight on the beach, of which he was the cause. Spears were thrown, and stones followed, one striking him on the head, and knocking him senseless on the sand. When he recovered he was full of wrath, but I interfered, and got him away. He nursed his wrath all that night, and the following morning was preparing for another fight, when the opposite party

came and made friends. During the time of our troubles at Suau [1], when many sought our lives, he at one time was against us, but afterwards decided in our favour, and resolved that we should live. He was not a man we could trust, yet he professed to be a friend, and came frequently as such to see us.

Rabena came occasionally to service, but seldom visited us, and when he did so it was to pick up something. A few weeks after our arrival our camp-oven was stolen one night. We did not discover who took it till some years after, when I was informed Rabena was the thief. It caused us much annoyance at the time, and we were pressed to offer a reward, and it would soon be returned; but having done so once, we repented, and decided never again to offer a reward for things stolen. Hoop-iron, or iron of any kind, was much sought after, and was our principal article of barter. Rabena thought the camp-oven would make good iron for tomahawks, and so in the dead of the night stole it. For long after he never came near us, his wife only appearing with food for sale.

When I knew these two men first they were good friends, but later on they became deadly enemies, only kept from attacking one another by the influence of the mission—Rabena afraid to come to Suau to attack Ribuna, lest the latter should be helped by the mission. The enmity arose through the following circumstances. Ribuna's wife had been on the mainland, at one of the neighbouring villages, visiting friends. She met an old man, Rabena's uncle, and in conversation with him took some betelnut from him, and chewed it with pepper and lime. She returned home, and soon

[1] See *Work and Adventure in New Guinea*, p. 52 *et seq.*

afterwards died. Ribuna and his sons said she was poisoned, and determined on revenge. Nothing was said until after the burial, when the sons armed, and crossed to the other side. They had not long to wait before they saw Rabena's uncle coming towards them along the path, not suspecting any danger. When he came opposite to them, they rushed out, speared him in several places, and with a club broke his skull. They left him dead on the path, hurried to their canoe, crossed to Suau, and reported what they had done, glorying in the deed. When Rabena heard of it, he hurried across to the mainland, mourned with other friends for his relative, and at the burial vowed revenge. Ribuna repented of the deed, and made friends by payment to the relatives. All accepted payment but Rabena, and he would have none of it, saying that he would be satisfied only when Ribuna had been eaten by him. A long time passed, and they did not meet. Ribuna was now attending all our services regularly. Rabena and his wife began coming frequently to the mission-house, and became much attached to the teachers; both became anxious to be taught, and attended services, though they sat at different sides of the house. The teachers frequently tried to bring the two men together, but without success: all Ribuna would say was, 'Teach him and leave him alone; it may be the light will remove his hatred.' Ribuna was anxious for peace and friendship; and had it not been for the Gospel, the difficulty would have been settled long ago, in the death of one or both. Time passed on, and the entrance of light softened Rabena, his wife helping much. She had learned more than her husband, and used her influence to bring him to a right state of mind. As the months

passed on, several from various parts joined the catechumen class, and became anxious for baptism—amongst them Rabena's wife. She was an earnest, intelligent woman. In 1882, twenty-one were baptized into the Church of Christ, and amongst them Rabena's wife. When the service was over, Rabena expressed a desire, through the teachers, to be made friends with Ribuna, which was accordingly done by exchange of presents, the teachers assisting both parties. After shaking hands, they sat down together, and prayer was offered for them both, and for all present, that they might live in peace and true friendship, in holy and sincere love to Christ. Since then, Rabena has joined the classes, been baptized, after an earnest profession of faith in Christ, and received into the Church. Thus in the case of these two men the teaching of the Gospel prevented murder and cannibalism. Who shall say it has lost any of its glorious power?

IV. *Oa of Maiva.*

In 1879, visiting Port Moresby from South Cape, I found several strange natives living with the Motuans, and on inquiring whence they came was told from Maiva, a district in the west, but then without any chart position. They were a little different from the Motu natives, being physically larger, with hair not so bushy, and more respectably dressed, having nearly as much covering as is necessary. When they came to call on me each had a piece of native cloth hanging down his back. They invited me to visit their home, speaking of it as a place vastly superior to Port Moresby, with plenty of food of every kind, sago in special abundance. I found the principal man was

named Oa, and that he was a great chief. He spent some time at Port Moresby securing armlets and shell beads.

Oa often visited me to have a smoke, and, as the Motuans were short of food, to get some from my servants. At home he had several wives, but he had set his heart on one young damsel here, and have her to take home with him he must. The young lady did not wish so old a lover, and her friends were against her going so far away. Oa was about fifty years old, five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, a very determined expression on his face—a man who could not easily be turned aside from his purpose, and, I believe, a most inveterate enemy to those he disliked. He made up his mind to carry off the girl, and succeeded in getting her some miles away, when he was overtaken by her friends, who with great crying and many presents so softened Oa's heart that he yielded and gave her up. He told them that when he returned, if she still remained unmarried, he would certainly take her to Maiva. She was sold soon after, and on Oa's next visit she was safe in her husband's house.

We became excellent friends. He was a great sorcerer, and much feared in Maiva and the surrounding districts. All the tribes were ever anxious to make and retain friendship with him, and for him the best pigs were reserved and the best portions of food at all feasts. Although beyond the age when men, civilised or savage, as a rule think much of dress, he was very dressy, and adorned himself with a strict regard to fashion. I visited Maiva two or three times, but was never fortunate enough to find him at home. In 1880 they were building a large dubu, or temple, in which he took great interest. The following October he

came to see me, and invited me to visit him soon. He had finished the dubu, and they were now preparing for a season of retirement. I gave him some presents, and amongst them an American tomahawk, telling him to proceed on his return, and when the moon was near the hill-tops at sunset I should set out to visit him. He was greatly delighted, and all along the coast told the natives I was coming to visit him and Maiva.

About a fortnight after, I followed, but, on getting to Delena, heard that Oa was dead—that he had died suddenly. Some fears were entertained as to our reception, and we were advised to be careful as to what we ate, and that we should cook our own food. My crew at one time refused to go with me, and suggested returning or remaining at Delena. To the latter I did not object, only telling them I thought they were cowards. When near starting, and asking for another crew, my own crew all came, saying they would go to live or die with me.

On arriving at Maiva I was first led into Oa's house, and made to sit on a mat spread on the top of his grave. And then the terrible wailing began, the pulling of the hair, and cutting of the face and head with sharp shells. The present I intended for him I placed on his grave, and retired. Many things had been buried with him, and at the head of his grave were stuck spears, bows and arrows, and, hanging on them, frontlets, armlets, necklaces, and large ear-pendants.

Oa was a most vindictive man, and never forgot an injury, and he was able to hide his intentions under a studied friendship. A good friend, a terrible enemy. Many years ago some Maivans were killed by Boerans on the small islands on the Barrier Reef, near Boera. Maiva learned what had become of their lost friends,

said nothing, but pretended true friendship; and Oa and his people came regularly to Boera, the latter thinking Maiva knew nothing of the tragedy. The time of vengeance at last came. Three trading canoes from Boera that had been in the Gulf for sago were overtaken when off Cape Possession by a severe storm and ran into Maiva. The crews were at first well received, and advised to take their lakatois well up the creek. The gale was abating, and they were hoping soon to get out and away home. Maiva, at Oa's instigation, rose in mass one night and slew 177; three escaped to the bush, and worked their way through bush, swamp, and river, over hills and dales, travelling at night through districts inhabited by hostile tribes, to Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, where they thought they were safe. Tired, hungry, and thirsty, one ascended a coconut tree, and had begun to throw the nuts down, when the owner and son came along, listened to their story, and decided on killing them. Being friendly with Maiva, the Manumanu felt they could easily destroy the only informants and witnesses of the dastard deed. They speared the two on the ground, ordered the third to come down from the tree, and despatched him in a like manner. They buried the bodies close by, and returned to the village saying nothing. Long after, Boera heard of the deed, while a teacher was with them, but being too weak and anxious for peace, they said nothing. Once, I believe, Oa was taxed with the slaughter, but all he said was, 'My children murdered at Baava are paid for; let us keep peace.'

A month before these events took place, the whole side of a limestone hill near Boera village gave way, falling with a terrible crash. Men, women, and children mourned with great mourning, assured that something

terrible was to happen to those trading in the west. Omens innumerable were seen, but none that caused so much consternation.

It was during my visit that I became acquainted with Meauri, Oa's eldest son. He could not enter the dubu where I lodged, because of having touched the dead and having attended thereon. He used to call me outside and inquire as to my comforts and wants, telling his friends to see well to me, and not suffer me to be neglected. He had already six wives; and when one left, *ten* applied to be received in her place. He lacks stability; and if ever he takes first place, it will only be after long and patient uphill work.

A few months after my visit the large dubu was burnt down, only two small stumps of posts being left. One afternoon a woman was weeding near it, and when she had finished her work she set fire to the weeds. The wind came up strong from the south-east and blew some of the fire about, some resting on the dubu, which was soon in a blaze, and, in a few minutes, gone.

KOAPENA.

V. *Koapena of Aroma.*

Not many years ago Aroma appeared on the chart for the first time, and in 1880 the first white man

landed, and visited fourteen villages in the district, and then he and his party were in great danger of being speared and clubbed. It was the most desperate plight I have ever been in in New Guinea, and I have had a few narrow escapes. Here in 1882 seven Chinamen were murdered by the natives, their heads boiled and cleaned, and to-day the skulls adorn the sacred place of the largest village. In 1881 teachers were placed at Parimata and Maopa, and the head chief promised to care for them. Long before their arrival the chief, Koapena, begged for teachers, and when told that the people might kill them, he laughed at the idea of any interference during his lifetime. In December, 1884, we visited Aroma, and opened the first two churches. A goodly number attended the services, and the feasts afterwards were thoroughly appreciated by the natives. At Hulā and Kerepunu fears were entertained that we should all be murdered, as a meeting of all the missionaries and teachers would be a suitable occasion for the old Aroma spirit to assert itself, and cause the natives to surround the party and murder all. But remembering we were in good keeping, we feared no ill; and after spending some time at both places, experiencing great kindness from the people and much attention—especially the lady of our party, who was the first white lady ever to land in this part of New Guinea—we returned home.

All this, however, merely by way of introduction. I wish to say something about the chief, Koapena, who is certainly the finest man in this part of New Guinea,—from Bald Head to East Cape, a distance of about five hundred miles. How he loves his children, and how they love and respect him! It would astonish you to see his attachment to the missionaries, and how anxious

he is to make them happy. I remember many years ago seeing Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace, and the one thing that struck me most was the trustful simplicity of the lion visage. In Koapena I can see in his peculiar face and in his great frame that same simplicity—a terrible enemy, but a friend in time of need. He is about five feet ten inches high, splendidly built, having the appearance of a perfect Hercules—every muscle well defined, his gait erect and truly proud, as if conscious of power and superiority. I noticed him the other day, when he stepped out of our boat some distance from Keppel Point to bathe, preparatory to landing and meeting his wives and friends. Having finished his ablutions, and the boat having got ahead of him, he rushed ashore sending the water flying all around. He has on his body over fifty tattoo-marks, representing that his people have killed over fifty men, women, and children. I have seen many large clubs in the various districts known to us in New Guinea, but none will match with his; it is fastened to the outer post of his house, and is seen by all who enter, warning intruders to beware. He has an arm that can wield it, too. Once he said to me, 'Who dare touch you? Should any injure you, or speak ill to you, where can they go? Will they ascend to heaven, that I cannot find them? Will they sink underground beyond my reach? No, no one must injure you.'

After the murder of the Chinamen he said, 'All of your country are my friends, but Sinito (Chinese) never; I will kill all who land here.' They certainly did give the greatest provocation. I said, 'Koapena, Victoria has many different kinds of children, and she would certainly be angry if you killed any belonging to

her, be they white, black, or yellow, and you had better beware.' 'Tamate, I will kill every Chinaman who lands here; all other foreigners, white or black, are my friends.'

I hope he is now more agreeably disposed towards the Celestials, and would even be willing to make friends with them. He has great influence over the whole Aroma district, and from all parts receives presents. He is always referred to in other villages along the coast, when anything serious is brewing; and it is generally, 'What does Koapena say?' not, 'What does Aroma say?'

Commodore Erskine visited Aroma lately. Koapena went on board to see the great chief. He was much struck with all he saw, but what astonished him most was the band playing. He shook with fear from head to foot, and, ashamed of it, sat down. At our opening service of the Maopa church he gave a short address, something like the following:—'Now listen; it must be peace with us and the foreigners; they' (referring to the teachers) 'have brought us words of peace; it is time we received them. If any of you think you can do as you like with the foreigners, that they are not strong, let me tell you to visit a ship such as I have seen, and see for yourselves, and you will never again speak boastfully. I have seen guns, large and small, the sound of which is too much; I have seen men in numbers greater than all Aroma can speak of.' (He thought they were different men he saw in different parts of the ship, and the continual movements of the men astonished him much.)

At one time he was very anxious to visit the Straits or Cooktown; it was arranged that he should pay a visit to the former. The day before leaving,

two of his wives asked to be allowed to visit the mission steamer and see for themselves where their lord was to be accommodated. They were taken over the vessel, and at last he was anxious that they should see the engine-room; but they would not leave the deck, satisfied with what they could see from there. The furnace-door was opened, and they ran back in great excitement, saying to him, 'You must not go; see, these foreigners keep this great fire to burn up all they kill.' The next morning he came off when ready to start, saying, 'I cannot go; I have spent a miserable night; my wives have done nothing but cry over me all night, and I must stay. By-and-by, when they become more accustomed to you, and your wife can stay here with them, we can go and just do as we like.' He has been to Cooktown since, and was greatly astonished at all he saw. He is kind and attentive to the teachers, and helps them in many ways.

A short time ago when, at Aroma, my boatman, Bob Samoa, of D'Albertis celebrity, was taken very ill and died, Koapena showed great sympathy, and insisted on digging the grave, assisted by two other chiefs, and would allow no others but themselves to descend into the grave and receive the body.

When walking one day through his coconut plantation, I saw, hanging up in various places, old coconuts with the husk much torn. Wondering what they could mean, I inquired of his nephew, who was with me. 'Oh, that is a warning to coconut thieves that any stealing Koapena's coconuts will have their heads served in the same way.'

After the massacre at Kalo, and before Aroma had heard of it, the Aroma teachers were removed, as we feared the murdering contagion would spread,

as it was said by the natives on all hands it would. Koapena wondered much why the teachers should so hurriedly be removed, but on their leaving he gave orders that no one was to go near their houses. A fortnight after, I visited him, and had to land with caution, as we could not tell how we should be received. We landed at Keppel Point, and were only met by a few people. Always when landing before, Koapena was soon there to meet me, but this time my friend was not to be seen. We walked along the beach to Maopa, but met no Koapena; up the sand-hill and over to the village, and there on his platform with a few old men was the chief, with his back turned to me, and no word of welcome. I wondered if our friendship was so soon broken, although I felt we had done him an injury in not trusting him; but as I drew near, it was too much for the warm 'savage' heart, and he turned round and saluted me. 'Oh, Tamate, how foolish you have been; but come.' Then meeting me he threw his arms round my neck, saying in a very sorrowful voice, 'Tamate, you might have trusted me with your children; you know well no one belonging to you will be injured here.' We went to the teacher's house, and there everything was just as it was left; a knife and tomahawk carelessly left in front of the cook-house, with a few yams, were untouched, and just as when they had been put down by the teacher's wife, on her hearing of the murders. When the teachers were returned, Koapena was greatly delighted.

At a national feast, when numerous pigs were to be slain, I have seen him dressed in European clothing, in his hand a branch, surrounded by his wives carrying all his and their treasures, and twenty men gaudily

dressed with feathers of every description, beating drums, he dancing and moving backwards, leading the great procession very slowly through the various narrow streets, followed by the pigs gaily dressed with leaves, and borne by the young men to the Aroma sacred place, where human skulls hang, and where only pigs can be slain.

Remember, he is not a Christian, and makes no profession of desiring greater blessings than he already possesses. He only dresses in European clothing on great occasions, and is perfectly satisfied with the small clothing he is accustomed to.

Koapena in shirt and trousers is not half the man he is in his strings. May we not hope that when he receives Christ as his Light, Saviour, and Friend he will use his influence for the advancement of the knowledge of His name? It may be now he is being led by the hand of Light to light, and that soon that light will break forth in him.

Such are a few notes on my interesting friend Koapena, a savage, it is true, but one whom I love.

VI. *Semese of Motumotu.*

Amongst all the various tribes I know in New Guinea, there is no one to compare with the Elema, extending from Oiabu at Cape Possession to Orokolo in the west. It is the largest, occupies most country, and is most independent. To that tribe belong the Motumotuans, who live in a very large village in Freshwater Bay. I have not yet met a people so free and independent, so fearless, whether at home or abroad; caring for no one, and for no tribe, and glorying only in bloodshed, murder, rapine, and robbery. The Leseans are an offshoot from them,

and retain all their characteristics, and generally, when fighting, both go together. Some years ago, when Kabadi was attacked one afternoon, and men, women, and children ruthlessly slain, it was done by the Leseans assisted by the Motumotuans; and a few years after the same people attacked Paitana of Hall Sound, and destroyed part of the Lolo tribe living there. Returning victorious, they killed one man at Maiva, and robbed the plantations as they went along. Of many such crimes have they been guilty.

Tokea is an offshoot from Lése, so that Motumotu, Lese, and Tokea are one people, with like propensities.

They have many chiefs, men who not only talk much, but act much, and cause a great deal of trouble. Of all these chiefs the most important is my friend Semese[1], a fine specimen of the simple, gentlemanly savage. Well-nigh seventy years old, he is still upright in stature, and has a face from which years have not worn off the bold, daring, dashing look. He stands close on six feet, with a good frame; at one time it must have been ponderous. In his younger days he was a great fighter, and once had one of his eyes destroyed by an arrow. He can make good use of the one that is left, however, and the way in which he regards it reminds me of the one-eyed Scotchman, who, endeavouring to interpret the sign of a German *savan*, the latter holding up two fingers, thought it was meant as a gibe on his one eye, and he held up his finger to signify that his one eye was as good as the German's two. One would think that old age would cool his youthful ardour for the fight, but, it is said, he is still hot and impetuous, and the slightest insult to his family or any of the Motumotuans must

[1] He has died quite recently.

be avenged fourfold. He and I are capital friends, and he constantly inquires after me, and is ever anxious to know what I say, or if I have heard anything bad of him or of Motumotu.

It is now years since I first met him, and I then thought him an enemy, and the further away the better; but one who if a friend, though a savage, would be true as steel. I landed, accompanied by the late Mr. Beswick, and was led up to one of the dubus. I was very anxious to see the god, Semese, and had asked to see him, being told by the Motuans who were with me that there would be no difficulty. The Motumotuans, thinking I was anxious to see their chief Semese, led me to his dubu, where I met my one-eyed friend. He presented me with his small bag containing betelnuts, peppers, and lime calabash, but not being initiated into the burning mysteries of betel-chewing, it was left with our followers to do the needful for us. I then gave him our present, and it was such as to make and seal our friendship for the years to come.

Time passed on, and I again visited Motumotu in a whale-boat. When inside the river and near the landing, the crowd acted as if they were about to seize the boat, until Semese stepping into the water ordered all ashore, and called on us to back in for him. He stepped on board and then talked to the people ashore, and gave orders to the crew to pull further up and nearer his house. We had several earthenware pots on board, which he appropriated, paying for them faithfully in sago on our leaving. My swag he picked up, and gave orders for the trade-box to be carried to his dubu. A great crowd had collected on the platform in front of the dubu. He ordered them all down, and

gave special injunctions that no one was to molest me in any way. He himself could not ascend the dubu, as he had just lost a son. He came many times to inquire if I was comfortable, and if his sons attended well on me; he kept me supplied in coconuts, sago, and betel. The first evening at sunset he gave his eldest son orders to mark out a large space where no one must go, that it was his foreign son's, and must be sacred, and, if I wished, no one was to ascend the dubu after dark until sunrise; but I told his son I preferred people about, if they would not come too near me.

During that visit I became much attached to the old savage, and he to me. When the morning of my departure came he was up by three o'clock, and talked incessantly until after sunrise, lauding his new son's excellent qualities, and warning all, right and left, lest they should offend him in any way; the slightest offence would be regarded as personal, and he would certainly avenge it. He and his friends would have sunk our boat with presents had I not stopped them. On that occasion I spent a Sunday with them, and I shall never forget the stoicism of the old man in standing out a short service. The singing drew a large crowd, but the first prayer drove men, women, and children away in all directions, and the old man looked as if he too would like to run.

Some time after we heard that the Motumotuans and Leseans were preparing for another attack on Kabadi. We sent two teachers down, with special instructions to go to Semese. They did, and the old man called all the chiefs together, and told them it was enough, and Kabadi must not be touched. The following year we had a large crowd at Port Moresby, and after

trading all their sago away the young bloods were anxious to try their strength on Kabadi, and secure much of the valuables which Kabadi was reported to be rich in. Semese fortunately was with them ; we sent for him and the other chiefs and stopped that game.

VII. *The Motu Robber Chief, Aruako.*

In all the tribes of New Guinea there are numerous chiefs, but in ancient times it was not so. They had one, and one only, whose word was law for war or peace. In the Motu tribe, the ancestors of Boi Vagi, the late chief of Port Moresby, who died in the Christian faith in 1886, were great chiefs, and in his father's time he alone held the power. Wherever he went he was looked upon as the ruler of the Motu tribe, and was treated accordingly ; pigs were killed, food was cooked, and large presents given to him. Since his death the chiefs have never been able to obtain all his power and influence, although the chief at Port Moresby is looked upon as the principal chief of the Motu by the people of that and other tribes. The younger branch of the family held the power of making raids to secure property, and the father of the robber chief was a noted man all along the coast in that particular science. When he proposed a raid on any particular village, he always had a large number of daring spirits to listen to his proposals, and who longed for such work.

The son, Aruako, it seems, took after his father, and, as he grew up to manhood, was well educated in that particular department. When I knew him first he was a wild-looking savage, with the largest, longest, frizziest head of hair on the coast, or that I had seen in New Guinea. He in no way made any friendly ad-

vances to the missionary or teachers. His expression was sour and repellent, and gave the impression that he was always angry. He is about forty-five years of age, well-built, and about five feet eight inches in height. He has two sisters as wives. He says that being sisters they do not disturb him by quarrelling, as the younger always submits to the elder. He would certainly be an ugly customer to deal with as an enemy, and some years ago the less any one had to do with him the better. He used to punish the slightest insult to himself or his friends, at once and satisfactorily, not by taking life, but by robbery.

The arrival of the teachers, and Boi Vagi's becoming their friend, rather spoiled Aruako's vocation, and he settled down in a sulky manner to watch the changes that might take place. To make things worse, he was a man who believed much in witchcraft, and was full of superstition, the kind of man that any one would find difficult to win over. He says he never robbed without a cause, and never killed in his robbing raids. Once, when at Manumanu with other canoes returning from Kabadi, they were waiting until night to get along the coast. He saw that the people of Manumanu had been fishing, and were very successful. He expected to get some fish from his friends, but after waiting some time and no dish of fish appearing, he went up to the village and asked for a few cooked fish. One of the chiefs said, 'Yes, wait on your canoes.' He returned and waited, but no one came near them. It was too much; he could wait no longer, and he called those in the other canoes to come with him and help themselves. They helped themselves so freely to everything that some of their canoes came near sinking. The Manumanuans said nothing, and

dared not resist; and Aruako says they have a lively recollection of it to the present day, for never again was he or any other of his tribe insulted by them in like manner.

There is a good deal of magnanimity amongst savages. A Boera man was killed at Naara, and Aruako took up the quarrel. Naara had always been friendly with the Motuans, and it was not meant to make them enemies now. A large party of young men were got together, and at night surrounded the village. At daybreak they entered, telling the chiefs and people not to be afraid, that no one would be hurt if they did not resist, but they had come to help themselves. They were very free with the Naara goods, and when each had enough to carry and were going away, the chief said,—

'Stay and part friends; you will not return to kill.'

'Certainly not, it is finished.'

'Then here, accept of our hospitality.'

They did remain, each by his stuff, and had a glorious feast of pig and yam, then started for the coast, and returned home quite elated.

Another time, they were returning from Redscar Bay, in company with many other canoes, and on arriving at Boera they found the well, where they usually drew water when on journeys, filled with refuse. This was reported by the women of the party, and the chief went and saw for himself. He was full of wrath, and at once called on the others to be up and doing—to enter the village and help themselves. This was soon done, and their booty was abundant. The Boerans submitted, and acknowledged that their children were to blame. He told them to teach their children that everything belonged to Motu, in order

that they might never again do the like. It never happened again. What Motumotu is now, or has been, on the coast, so Motu was in former days. On one occasion he said to me, 'You remember what I told you, I never robbed without cause. We could stand no insult of any kind; we knew we were the strongest tribe, and were ever feared; and wherever we went everybody treated us well, so as to keep friends with us.'

His cousin, who is married at Manumanu, hearing they had plenty of sago at Port Moresby, came to her cousins to get some, and they assisted her freely. She returned the following day with great gladness, until she arrived at Boera, where a number of Hulā canoes were assembled. Two came out to meet her, and, on seeing the sago, helped themselves, she crying bitterly, and saying, 'I am Aruako's cousin, and it was he and the others who gave me the sago.' They replied, 'Shut up! who is Aruako, and who is afraid of him?' When they had taken all, they left her to proceed with an empty canoe. It was more than she could do, and she returned to Borebada, where her sister was living, and told her tale. The sister at once started, and arrived at Port Moresby in the evening. She went straight to Boi Vagi's house, and on the platform outside began: 'Yes, here you all are quietly at home, when others are suffering; tears are falling, which I suppose none of you care anything about.' She went on in this strain for some time, and would give no explanation of what she meant. Aruako, hearing her from his house, came out and approached towards the platform. On seeing him she addressed him pointedly, saying, 'Here, take my rami, give me your sihi; I'll play the man, you the woman.'

Several times she said this. He was impatient, and grew angry, and demanded an explanation. Seeing that she was successful in rousing him and others, she then said,—

'You gave sago to my sister, your cousin.'

'Yes, where is it?'

'Other birds ate it; she will never taste it, though she is alive and in my house.'

'Who dared touch her or it?'

'Hulā has robbed her of everything.'

Canoes were got ready, and away they went for Boera. On arriving at Borebada they met the people attempting to get away, but, on seeing the Motuans, they came together. As the Motu canoes drew near, some shouted, 'We had nothing to do with it; those canoes in the centre did it.' All were ordered to clear away and leave the centre ones alone. Aruako stood in his canoe, which was the first to approach. Renaki, the head Hulā chief, was sitting on one of the canoes. Aruako made straight for that one, leaped on board, and with his thick stick dealt Renaki a hard blow across the back that pitched him into the sea. The canoes were seized, and everything taken, including all the sago. He wanted to kill Renaki, but his friends would not have that. They considered they had done enough and would leave. The Borebada people assembled to assist Hulā, but were told if they spoke a word even they would be robbed and every house burned to the ground. On leaving, Aruako took Renaki's best canoe; and the latter, having recovered, got into it, crying bitterly, and saying, 'Oh, take everything, everything, but leave me this.' He was helped by others, and they pulled the fine new canoe away with Renaki still in it. The chief continuing to cry,

A Dobo or Tree House, Koiari.

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Aruako turned round and said, 'Finish him off and pitch him into the sea!' and acting accordingly, he seized his stick and was making for him when he was prevented by others. They closed in shore, and Renaki had to land. On landing he was told that it was all right again, and they must be friends, but that they had brought it upon themselves. He was presented with a large bundle of spears, and told to go quietly away. Long after, Aruako went to Hulā and made friends with Renaki.

Such was our friend Aruako on the arrival of the teachers. Some time after Mr. Murray (of whom they still speak as an old friend) left, Aruako attempted to burn his house because he had no share in presents, and Boi Vagi somehow or other was left out. He did not wish the teachers to remain, and would rather they left. A few years ago he began attending services, and soon took an intelligent interest in them, which grew into a desire to change his mode of life. He is now a reformed man. His fierceness of expression has gone, the determined look remains. He is a man of will seeking to do right. He has become an active preacher of Christianity, and evidence of this has already been given in Chapter III.

VIII. *Valina Kina, or 'Saul' of Kalo.*

On my first visits to Kerepunu, and before I visited Kalo, I had often seen a fine strapping youth marching about with an air of great superiority, and on inquiring who he was I was told he was from Kalo. The first time I saw him to real advantage was at the Kerepuna harvest feast of thanksgiving, when he came dressed in a manner well becoming him, in shell and feather ornaments, with long streamers of bleached

pandanus leaves hanging down his back. There were many natives from other places, one and all gorgeously dressed, and admired by all the lookers-on, but, although not dressed to kill, as some were, Valina was the most admired. With his white head-dress of cockatoo feathers he stood above his fellows, and with his drum in hand and gracefully moving about in the dance with a couple of the best-looking damsels by his side, and his altogether aristocratic appearance, he was certainly worth noticing. Even then many were jealous of the notice taken of him, jealous of his prowess, and jealous of his power over the fair sex.

He was a brave youth, with several warrior marks tattooed on his back. He was then unmarried, and the difficulty would have been for him to select from the many who flocked around him, had the selection been left to him, but parents and friends had that business on hand. We then became friends, and our friendship remained unbroken up to his death. When I placed the first teacher at Kalo, Valina took little interest in him or his teaching, being more occupied in what was to him the more congenial occupations of dancing and fighting. He was then looked upon as the greatest warrior they had, and was feared by all the tribes not on friendly terms with Kalo. He soon after married, and settled down a little more to home duties; still he was ever to the front in feasting and dancing time. When I placed their teacher, we remained two days at Kalo, and saw much of him. H.M.S. Sappho was then at Kerepunu, and the captain and a few of the officers came to Kalo, and all were much interested in Saul, as we now called him, on account of his height. They

taught him to sing an English-Chinese song, and long afterwards when we met he would begin with 'Laugh Kai ha!' We had some leaping; but when Saul stepped to the front and easily walked over our highest mark, the interest died out, and we thought it time to give it up.

I am not aware he ever attended school or services, still, he was always friendly, and showed no opposition.

A year or two before the Kalo massacre, the Kalo natives went inland to fight with Quaipo, a hill tribe. Saul was not interested in the attack, and went somewhere else to hunt wallaby. In the afternoon word was brought to him that his friends were surrounded, and likely to get the worst of the fight. He at once armed and started, broke through the cordon to his friends, and taking the lead fought so desperately that he brought them all safely back, carrying with him to the village one head, for which he was tattooed and highly honoured by the people. The custom on such occasions is to drag the head round and through the village, casting indignity upon it, and in song praising the brave who secured it. The head is then taken and cooked until the skull can be cleaned, when it is fixed on their sacred place. According to the rank of the slain, the feasting continues at short intervals for several months; if a man of no note, a woman, or a child, the feasting is soon over.

Another engagement with Quaipo took place, in which the chief's daughter and a warrior were killed, and their heads carried in triumph into Kalo. The old chief was inconsolable for his daughter, and vowed that nothing would satisfy him but the head of Saul; but as Quaipo had killed several Kalo natives it was thought advisable to make peace—

Kalo supposed abiding peace, but Maopoa, the Quaipo chief, only intended it to last until opportunity offered to gain his object. During this time of apparent friendship, Saul had many skirmishes with other tribes, and always came out scatheless. It was during this time that the Wolverene visited New Guinea, to punish the massacre at Kalo. After identifying the body as that of the dead chief who was the instigator of the massacre, and who assisted in it, Saul came on board the war-ship, and was well received by the Commodore. At that time it was thought and hoped he would become chief, but he cared nothing for the position. The Commodore gave him presents, and handed over to him two natives who were made prisoners on the morning of the attack. He bore himself well, and although it must have been difficult for him to conceal his feelings, he did not show the least fear or excitement. He told me he was glad Kalo was punished, and it was good for Kalo that the chief Quaipo had been shot—that it would be peace truly, and foreigners need not now fear. He was much astonished at the clemency shown to his people by the Commodore, and said, 'Only a great chief and powerful people could act so.' Hearing I was at Hulā a few months after the Wolverene visited them, he came over, bringing with him his cousin Kulu, the fighting chief, with a present of food. He accompanied me in the boat to Kerepunu, and then told *me* the story of the massacre, and of the feeling in Kalo of the justice and mercy of the punishment, and the fear amongst the people that it was not all over yet. I assured him it was true and lasting peace and friendship with us so long as they remained friendly to foreigners. He returned home

and narrated the story of our interview, and told the people he believed all he was told and trusted the word of the 'white man.' From that time he had several skirmishes with outsiders, and seemed pleased to have a fight when others quarrelled, but never, so far as I am aware, stirring up strife himself. He had long been persistent to have another teacher, and when at length he was told another was appointed, he returned with joy to his home to cheer the hearts of all the Kalo natives. We appointed Tau and his wife, both Rarotongans, and during the time they were at Hulā waiting for the completion of their house many were the visits made to them. They were located, and one of their best friends was Saul, who promised to see they were 'never hungry, and that no one should molest them;' but for school and services he had no taste.

A few weeks after leaving Tau and his wife at Kalo, Saul and a few others went wallaby-hunting, and joined a party of Kerepunu natives who were planting between Hood Lagoon and the Quaipo hills. When the wind had increased they set fire to the grass, and were soon scattered in various directions, looking out for their prey. They had not been hunting long when they saw a few hill natives, and the Kerepunuans shouted to the Kalo natives to run, as the Quaipo natives were in force and hidden in the long grass. All started and soon left the hunting-ground far behind them; but Saul and his cousin, being nearest to the enemy, and not feeling inclined to run, the former turned to the Kerepunuans and said, 'No, I shall not run, but fight; and carry back with me two heads.' He and his cousin were soon surrounded. They fought splendidly, it is said, Saul holding his own well against the force

of the enemy, who determined if possible to have him whom they feared so terribly. He broke through the cordon with a spear hanging to his thigh, which he pulled out and threw back at his enemies. He was going to run, when he heard his cousin call, 'Will you leave me here to be killed alone?' and he fought his way back to his side, and for long kept off the enemy. At length, speared in the chest and several other places, he fell with his cousin, and both died near each other. On his falling, Maopoa, the Quaipo chief, rushed in, and with his feathered bamboo knife cut his head off, then his thumbs, and last of all the marks he had on his body. His cousin's head was also cut off, and both were dragged to the hills to be defiled, spat upon, trampled on, and finally boiled, in order that the clean skulls might be fixed on the sacred place,—an offering to the spirit that assisted them so signally that day in securing their hated foe. The headless and mutilated bodies were brought afterwards into Kalo, and buried with much sincere grief, loud wailing, tearing of hair, and scratching of faces until blood flowed copiously, for it was to Kalo a day of woe indeed; she had lost her greatest fighter, the man most feared by surrounding tribes.

I arrived at Kalo the following week, to find all stricken, all courage gone, and a great fear of the mountain tribes. I visited Saul's grave, and gave my small present and returned to meet the chiefs. Their one hope was to get the white men to assist them, and they begged hard for it; but I assured them it was useless, as no white man could interfere in their quarrels, at all events to avenge. They admitted they could do little fighting in the hills, and feared to go far beyond the Kemp Welch River.

They were not averse to peace, if it could be brought about in any way so as not to degrade them before the other tribes. I knew they were to blame, and according to native custom Quaipo had only done right, and would probably now be willing to make a lasting peace. Kalo would like me to say decidedly they must remain quiet, and on no account seek payment for Saul in murdering others; but to do so at once would never do, as Saul was my friend, and thought much of by the people, and to seem to pass his death over lightly would look to many as if I had little regard for friendship, and cared little about the death of my friends, and placed little value on human life. So I had to be cautious, and during my stay put off the decision, on the ground that it would not do to be precipitate, and it would be useless for them to go to the hills. At Kerepunu I could act more freely, have more time, and bring the Kerepunu influence to bear on Kalo. At Kerepunu I met the chiefs, and they strongly advised peace, seeing the Kalo people were to blame, and Quaipo only paid old debts.

I found that Kulu, the fighting chief at Kalo, had for many years been unfriendly with Kiniope, the principal chief of Kerepunu, and I also knew that the former held strong feelings against Kerepunu for their not helping Saul—they even went so far as to say that Kerepunu enticed him to the hunt, having previously arranged with Quaipo. To bring, therefore, Kulu and Kila, son of the chief who was shot at the time of the Wolverene's visit, and the Kerepunu chiefs together would be very good work. I sent to Kalo for the two to come to Kerepunu, and I also despatched a messenger to Quaipo to my old acquaintance Maopoa to come in the following day, or, if he preferred it, I

would go to the hills, but only if he was willing for peace. I gave the Quaipo messenger a knife and a stick of tobacco for the chief, that he might see I was really at Kerepunu, and no trap had been laid for him.

On the Sunday forenoon the Kalo chiefs with a number of followers came in, met the Kerepunu chiefs and people in my presence, had a long and animated talk, and finally made friends. Kerepunu offered to assist me in making peace with Quaipo, and agreed that to continue fighting would be of little use. Kalo natives and chiefs seemed pleased, and I believe were glad of the opportunity of making peace, as they could say it was Tamate who did it. It would be peace with honour, and they would add, they have now a teacher, and they wish for nothing but peace. We had Sabbath-school and afternoon service together. When at the latter the Quaipo messenger returned, and I could see that his news was unsatisfactory, from the strange anxious look on the Kalo faces as the messenger sat down beside them and told them the result of his visit to Maopoa. When the service was concluded we all retired to the Mission House, where the messenger reported something near to the following :—' I return your knife and tobacco, as Maopoa says he cannot now accept them. He cannot come to Kerepunu, as the spirit would be displeased, seeing it is his sacred time after so successful a fight. He is now sacred, and must remain so for some time, because his hands are stained with blood. He will not again seek to fight, and says I am to tell you that he has already put aside his spear and shield. You are not to go in now, but wait until this moon now beginning in the west is gone, and another comes, and then he will come to see you here,

and bring you back with him.' The Kerepunu natives said it was satisfactory; the Kalo natives thought otherwise, and at once departed.

It will take long for Kalo to believe in the peace and friendship of Quaipo—not until teachers are placed in the Quaipo district; and I hope that time will not be far distant.

IX. *Bob Samoa.*

In the South Pacific and Torres Straits there are many white celebrities, known all over the islands, and the knowledge of many of whom extends to the colonies; but I know of no native who is so widely known as the subject of this sketch. The publication of Signor D'Albertis' volumes has spread his fame more widely still. He was a true celebrity, well acquainted with Eastern and Western Polynesia, Torres Straits, and New Guinea; and, I fear, to the natives in many of these places he was celebrated for other than deeds of kindness. In 1882 Bob joined me, 'anxious to return to New Guinea to lead a quiet life, and to get away from the meanness and deceit of the white man.' During many boat trips I had heard much of Bob's life; and I often thought he was not so black as some of his employers painted him.

Bob was a man about forty-five years old; not very tall or stout, and not at all like his great burly fellow-countrymen, the Samoans. He was about five feet seven inches in height, with high cheek bones and fine black hair. He spoke English and Rarotongan better than his own dialect, and in either could tell a good story to while away the long tedious hours of night.

He was born on the island of Savaii. His family

has given many good teachers to the mission work, but Bob's bent did not lie in that direction. He was sent to school in his youth, where he learned to read a little; but getting a birching he determined to leave. Running away from home, he found his way to Apia, where he boarded a ship and left Samoa for many years. Only twice to my knowledge did he return to visit his home, and on both occasions for a few days only. He lived and married on Tahiti. He subsequently visited the Fijis, and for many years lived there. It was there he first met the renowned 'Bully Hayes,' of whom he had many stories to tell. He seems to have been much trusted and liked by Hayes. He spent two years with him on the New Zealand coast, and saw the drowning of the first Mrs. Hayes. Had investigations been a little more strict in those young colonial days, it is possible that the career of Hayes might have been sooner ended. Before leaving Fiji for New Zealand, they had made some interesting visits to several of the islands, and filled up their vessel with very little expense. At one island Hayes wished to have some repairs done to his vessel, and employed a German carpenter living ashore. The man, not knowing Hayes, engaged willingly to do the work. Bob seems to have known the German, and warned him. The man was now on his guard, but he would do the work. His plan was the following: the vessel must be beached, and he would beach her at spring tide on a bank where she could only get off at the return of the same tide many days later. Hayes suspected nothing, and the vessel was beached; the work was well executed, and they were ready for sea. The carpenter asked for his money. 'Oh yes, as soon as I am afloat.' Many days had yet to elapse before

that, and the constant application of the quiet, patient German had its effect, and Hayes had to pay the amount.

Returning from New Zealand to Tonga, Bob was told by a countryman that a man-of-war was in quest of Hayes and him, and if caught both would be hanged for deeds of violence done at Fiji before leaving. Bob was wealthy, possessing several chests of clothing; but of what use would clothing be if he was strung up by the neck? So he decided on leaving. He and a native of Oahu climbed over the stern into the whale-boat, one midnight, when all the others were asleep, and steered away for some distant island, and hoped never to see Hayes again. Hayes got to know of their whereabouts from one of the missionary schooners, and at once ran down, to find the boat pulled up in front of the chief's house, and saw the youths quite at home inside, shamming asleep. Irons were put on, and both were marched to the boat, and taken on board. Bob was soon restored to favour, but the other was kept in irons for many days and nights. Instead of making for the Fijis they tried the Hervey Group, and here Bob successfully left Hayes. They called at Atiu for oranges to take to New Zealand. Bob was appointed interpreter, and after making arrangements on the beach with the young chief and pilot, the boat was returned to the vessel in charge of the native pilot, and Hayes and Bob went up to the village for Sunday, which was the following day. Hayes was armed with two revolvers; and on their arrival at the teacher's house these, with his coat, were given in charge of the teacher, to be delivered to no one but Bob or the owner. The former soon made friends with the natives, and especially with the old chief, who

begged of Bob to remain, promising to help him if he would. This suited Bob exactly, and he at once determined not to return again to the vessel. Knowing Hayes well, and remembering the revolvers, he went early on Monday morning to the teacher, and told him Hayes wished for the revolvers, to see how they were. They were at once delivered, and Bob decamped with them to one of the Atiu labyrinthian caves. When Hayes found how he was sold, his passion knew no bounds, but he was powerless. He had to leave and seek oranges elsewhere.

Bob settled down for a long time, was married again, and intended ending his days on that pretty gem of the Southern Seas, until an old New Zealand captain friend came along and tempted him away. He again wandered over the islands, finally getting to Melbourne, West Australia, Sydney, and Queensland ports. He was long in Cooktown, and not unknown to the police. For some time he was a kind of mate on board of a vessel there. One night, when lying alongside one of the wharves, Bob went ashore and got some grog. Feeling sleepy he returned on board, and found the captain entertaining some friends aft, where Bob had a bunk. 'Hallo! what you do here? clear out;' and to the captain, 'You too clear out, take friends elsewhere.' Bob would not be quieted; he was to be master, and ashore they must go. Knowing that Bob was dangerous in that state, the invaders did retreat, but, when on shore, the captain sent a policeman down to take Bob in charge. He stood with a blind lantern on the wharf; the new master was having a last smoke on the poop.

'Bob, Bob!'

'Yes; who are you? what you want?'

'Come here, I want you.'

'No, you come down here and we speak.'

'No, come up here, Bob, and have no row.'

'No fear, you come here. Who want to make row? I all right, I no want make row, so go along.'

'Bob, you must come up.'

'No gammon; you 'fraid; go home.'

The man of law, fearing the water on a dark night, and knowing he would be *landed* there by this terrible South Sea Islander, did clear out, and Bob turned in for the night, to get up an hour afterwards to seek a cooler in some near public-house, but found it between the vessel and the wharf. Falling into the water, he took some time to make out where he was, but, drunk or sober, being a good swimmer, he eventually made the shore.

Once, when at Somerset, having met some friends, and having partaken too freely of the enemy, Bob sallied forth into the settlement and challenged right and left. Many trying to quiet him were glad to get away with whole skins. Having got hold of an old saw, he was now supreme, and had the settlement in charge. The entire police force were called out to take this wild Samson in charge, but who dare go near him? Bob backed into the water, the police stood on the shore calling on him to surrender, but it was a case of 'no surrender.'

'No, come on, one fellow, every fellow, come on, take me.'

'Now, Bob, come ashore at once.'

'I say, no gammon; you fellow no good. You want tie me up, I no tie up, I fight,' and waving his saw he bade defiance to all and sundry. Fortunately the son of the police magistrate came riding along. Bob liked

the young Englishman, and would listen to him. He rode out to him and said,—

'Hallo, Bob, what now? come along with me, you all right.'

'Come on, I go along you, my boy.' So off he walked quietly to the lock-up, where he had a good long rest.

On another occasion our friend was rather outrageous, and it being mail time all the secure accommodation of the settlement was fully occupied. He was made fast to a tree not far from the lock-up, and was quite contented with his quarters. By-and-by another islander was walked up, and on passing Bob remarked,—

'Well, Bob, you here; what you want here?'

'Oh, you go along, what for you speak me? you no see I all fast, shut up, lock up, so go 'long.'

Bob, I believe, sickened of such a life, and knowing that it was impossible to keep clear of his terrible enemy when in close proximity, came to New Guinea, and for two years led a quiet and peaceable life. During that time I saw much of him, and he spent many days and nights in my company. By land and water we travelled very many miles together, were often in queer company, and had some narrow escapes. Once Bob and I lived alone for a month with the Lolo tribe, and during that month I got to know much of his thoughts and feelings. I knew long before that thoughts of another life, not hereafter only but here, occupied his attention; his Samoan Bible was more frequently used than ever before in his life, not ostentatiously, but when he thought I was well out of the way, and prayer—something new for him—was frequently engaged in. We have together knelt in prayer, and I

have often been much affected with my friend's touching expressions and his earnest desires to live for Christ, who died for him. Again and again has he said, 'When Samoa friends hear I am with you I wonder what they will say. I wish I had been here long ago.'

On a profession of his faith, and of his longing desire to unite with the Church of Christ, he was included among those received at the first forming of the Church in New Guinea; and on that ever-to-be-remembered occasion, the first Sunday of the year 1881, sat at the Lord's table.

He never would allow me to go out alone, and his every thought seems to have been to make me comfortable. Wherever we went, to new places or places well known, Bob was the general favourite all round. At Motumotu he had a large circle of friends, many young fellows who would do anything for 'Babu,' and who, when they heard of his death, shed tears of true sorrow. East or west, if I went out without Bob, it was on every hand, 'Where is Babu? why did he not come?' He was kind to all, and received much respect and kindness in return. At Port Moresby, where he was well known, natives wept for Babu as for a brother, and many, old and young, refused to eat for several days.

I was going to Aroma, and Bob must needs accompany me. His wife, knowing he was not well, and suffering from an incurable complaint, begged of him to remain. 'No, Tamate goes, I go.' We arrived at Aroma about noon on the Saturday; at one p.m. he said, 'I feel very ill, I lay down.' He became seriously ill, and suffered great pain. All that we could do was done for him, but nothing was of any use. On the

Sunday night he died, trusting only to the merits of Christ his Saviour for reception into the loving Father's presence. On the Monday we buried him. Koapena and other chiefs insisted on doing all the work. On lowering the coffin into the grave, Koapena descended to receive the head, and ordered another chief to descend and receive the feet; and the big savage shed a kindly tear as he gently laid the coffin down. The news soon spread along the coast, and various tribes in various dialects spoke kind words of their dead friend.

X. *Lohia Maraga of Taburi.*

Towards the end of August, 1879, I had been travelling for a whole week with a party over new country and carrying our own swag, when we rested for the Sunday at a village, Keninumu, on the top of the Vetura range. On Monday morning, September 1st, we started again, determined to spend another week travelling eastward at the back of the Astrolabe. It was about midday, the sun was hot, and we were somewhat tired when we neared the village of Chokinumu. At the cross-roads near the village we came upon a posse of natives, who on seeing us were so frightened that they ran for the bush, leaving their spears and clubs behind. They had never before seen a white man, and the apparition was too much for them. They must have signalled to the village, for, as we came up to it, men, women, and children were running away, and the more we called the quicker they ran. The village comprised about a dozen houses built on a rock, with a very pretty background of hills studded with trees.

LOHIA MARAGA AND OTHER KOIARI CHIEFS.

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We were hungry and anxious to cook some food; but before beginning operations we thought it safer to meet some of the natives, tell them who we were, and see how they would take it. We were sitting on our swags smoking, when one man appeared with his lime calabash and chewing betelnut. We called on him to come and hear what we had to say. Keua, old Granny, spoke to him, and on seeing her he gained more confidence and came up close to us. When he heard who we were, he was delighted, and at once gave a long, loud, peculiar 'cooey,' which brought his wife and some others back. He had often heard of me and of white men, but had never before seen any. Now he was glad that the first foreigners he met were friends. He told us his name was Lohia Maraga, and that he would be our friend. His wife was soon cooking yams, and those who returned with them were away getting sugar-cane. It was not long before we were feasting like lords.

Anxious to get on further, if possible to Makapili, a district that seemed to be at enmity with all parties, we told Lohia that we must be going, and asked him to send one of his youths to show us the track. He had made up his mind that we were to remain with him for some time; but I told him we had been so long inland that our time for returning to the coast was near, and I was anxious to see as much as possible in the allotted time. Of course we did not know where any of the places were, nor how long it might take to reach them. I insisted on going. Then he and his wife had a long conversation; after which he told us, through Granny, that they would accompany us, and some of their youths would go part of the way and carry our swags; at which I felt

happy and much relieved. Lohia told us that for a long time the Taburians, his tribe, and the Makapilians had been at enmity; and although he and Kunia, the chief of Makapili, were near relations, they had not met for years; but when war parties went out, he always gave them strict injunctions not to harm the old man, whom he hoped to meet some day. Some time had elapsed since they had had any fighting, but no formal peace had been made, and no advances in that direction had begun on either side. However, he and his wife, a Makapilian, would risk a meeting, and, bringing them such important personages, he was almost sure that no harm would come to them; and as we tried everywhere to make peace among the tribes, now would be a splendid opportunity to meet the old man and arrange for peace.

Lohia's wife picked up my swag, Lohia another's, and a few youths the others. We walked for some hours until we arrived at a stream which we were told divided the Taburi and Makapilian districts. Just beyond was a large village on a table-rock, with a stockade all round it, but it was deserted. Not long before, the Sogerians, a tribe further in towards the Owen Stanley Range, attacked them at night and killed several of them. We trudged on along spurs of the Astrolabe until we came to another small stream, close by which several men were burning grass, and who commenced to run away when Lohia called to them; they stood for a few minutes, and then disappeared. We sat on large stones in the stream, and presently an old man, unattended, appeared. Lohia rose hastily, and, crying bitterly, went to meet him. They embraced, and both sat down, and with arms round each other and heads together cried long

and loud. When they had finished, the old man, Kunia by name, came to Lohia's wife and embraced her; she then seized him round the knees and wept bitterly, at times chanting, and then breaking out into a long loud wail.

Old Kunia then came and sat down beside us, telling us, as if ashamed of his weakness, that years had gone since he had seen Lohia, and he knew he was then alive, because of the former's thoughtfulness, and that was why he cried; his stomach was full of feeling, and he could not help himself. After some time, the old man 'cooeyed,' and some younger ones came, picked up our swags, and marched off. Lohia and his wife proposed returning, but I objected, and Kunia said they need not fear; only over his body could they be injured. At sunset we reached the half-finished village; but, preferring to camp by ourselves, we ascended one of the neighbouring spurs and there pitched our tent. Lohia kept close by us all the time, and heartily rejoiced when the day came for our return to his village. He had arranged for peace, which was afterwards concluded.

Sept. 3rd.—We remained at Chokinumu for a few days, visiting about, and during that time received great kindness from Lohia and his friends, the former going everywhere with us. Anxious to visit Janara and Epakari, he told us he would lead us to the mountain top and then show us the way. He and his lads accompanied us, and when on the top of the Astrolabe he pointed out these districts to us. After this we were picking up our swags, having bade them adieu, when he suddenly rose, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'No, I cannot leave you—I must see you to Epakari.' He then ordered his boys to pick up

the swags and proceed. Of this we were glad, as it was a long day's tramp. The following day he kept close by us, although we had more carriers than we required. On the following Saturday we arrived at Epakari, and then again bade him farewell, he telling us that he was now off for home. Before going he got us splendid quarters, and gave such instructions that nothing seemed too good for us. On the Sunday after breakfast, when we were having a short service, fancy our astonishment to see our good friend appear. He told Granny they had left at daylight and gone a long way, when they felt such a desire to be with us that they returned, and would not leave us until they saw us fairly on our way to our main camp; and they kept their word.

When our time was up we returned to the coast. Not long after, Lohia, who had never been to port before, came with a large party and remained some days, greatly delighted that the way was open for them to come and go as they liked. When the Sogerians heard that Lohia had been to the coast, they too soon followed. Not knowing the roving habits of the Koiarians, I gave them teachers—one at Moumiri, and one at Munakahila and Taburi. Lohia treated his teacher well, as did the others; but their tendency to move once in every year or so was a tax our teachers could not stand, and we removed them to open up work in the Gulf. One of our New Year meetings brought large crowds from inland. I remember it well. It was one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended. We had natives from Orokolo, Kerema, Oiabu, Maiva, Kabadi, Manumanu, Boera, and all the villages along the coast east to Aroma, and inland natives from Munakahila, Eikiri, Sogeri, Favere, Makapili, Taburi,

and other villages nearer. There were addresses, one of which was delivered by Lohia. He was excited and astonished. He said it was difficult to believe that now, when he was grown old, the way was open from the sea to the far-back mountains, and he hoped it would continue so.

Many foreigners have followed since, and to all Lohia has been kind, remembering his promise, that for our sakes he would care for all foreigners and treat them kindly. Some years ago one of his men was killed on the hunting-ground by some Munakahilians, and since then he has been at feud with them. With a large party he once surrounded one of their villages, and killed several. Another time, he was out with his men, when he met a few Munakahilians, and killed three. A few weeks ago, he led a party to the top of Mount Elsie, surrounded a village, and killed five. He says he is satisfied, and willing for peace; but I question whether the other side will have peace—at all events, not for some time. We hope soon to have New Guineans as teachers amongst them, who will be better able to adapt themselves to their mode of life, and may yet get them to settle down. Lohia will ever be a warm friend of the mission, and will care much for any teacher or teachers settled near to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BURNING JEWEL OF DEATH, AND OTHER SKETCHES.

I. *The Burning Jewel of Death.*

THERE have been many references in this volume to the tribe of sorcerers, the Koitapuans, and how they are dreaded by the coast natives. In the present chapter I want to sketch a great Maivan sorcerer who is much dreaded by his countrymen, and who is said by them to have very great power. I had often heard of Veata and his doings, before I came to know the man personally. On one occasion when in Maiva, at an inland village, I was presented with a broken crystal. On inquiring if there were many such stones to be found, I was informed that there were plenty, and that they all came from the vicinity of Mount Yule; but one, surpassing all others in grandeur and power, was said to be in the possession of Veata. It had, however, never been seen by any one, as no one could look on it and live. One of our teachers, hearing of it, and thinking, I suppose, it was some precious stone, offered the sorcerer several tomahawks to be allowed only to see the crystal, but Veata would on no account exhibit it.

On returning from my inland journey I went to

a friend of mine, Miria by name, and asked him to use his influence with Veata to enable me to see his 'burning jewel.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but I am afraid; I have never seen it, although he is my cousin; and should he show it to you, will you not die?'

'No, Miria, that cannot kill me.'

Then I told him of the many charms, &c., I had from other places. He was evidently much distressed, for after a little thought he said,—

'Were there only two Tamates, it would be right, one to die and one to live: we have only one, and cannot get another.'

'Miria, do not be alarmed; I can look on all Veata's things, and know I will live.'

'Well, I will ask him.'

After some time, Veata and Miria came into the house, sitting down in front of me, and I asked the former if the latter had spoken to him of what I was anxious to see. Veata looked steadily at me and said,—

'My friend Tamate, I would, but I am afraid—very much afraid. No living soul except my sister and I has ever seen these things, and you know how very frightened Maiva is.'

'Veata, friend, do not be afraid; your kohu (things) cannot injure me, and I alone will see them.'

'To-night I will return, and you will see them, and no one but ourselves must be in the house.'

'Good, friend, now do not deceive me.'

Veata was about forty years old, about five feet eight inches in height, well made, but with a peculiar restless expression of face, and dark quick-glancing eyes. He would have been killed long ago but for

his party, which is large and influential, all of whom would rally round him, because, apart from relationship, he procures for them food and property. Long droughts bring large quantities of yams, bananas, sugar-cane, betelnut, coconuts, pigs, fish, tobacco, arm-shells, ear, neck, and forehead ornaments, as presents to propitiate the sorcerer. Similar presents are made by the friends of the sick; but, if death follows, the sorcerer is blamed. When my old friend Oa died, Veata had to leave for some time, until it was shown by his friends that he could not have caused Oa's death, and it was then attributed to another.

This superstition is the source of constant trouble in the Gulf and amongst the inland tribes on the Owen Stanley Range. As an instance of this, I may mention that the Motumotu, on their return from Port Moresby, where they had been trading, recently attacked Kivori, a district near Cape Possession, and killed three men, they losing two. Since then they have threatened to return, but were afraid of the teachers at Maiva; and my old savage father, Semese, said he would not consent to the expedition, as he did not wish to break faith with his foreign son. Some time after Lese invited the Motumotu to a feast; a large crowd assembled, and when the time for talk came on, Kivori alone was the subject of conversation. Many were excited, and determined on fighting. When the talk was at the highest, a strange native stepped into the circle and said, 'I am a Kivorian, I wish you to kill me, or, if you spare me, I shall lead you to Kivori. A dear friend has been killed by a vatavata (spirit), and Kivori will not assist me to my revenge on the sorcerer. I do not wish for life, still, if you spare me I shall be yours, and live simply

to revenge.' Some advised killing him at once, but Semese rose and declared that he must live. Then stepping over to him, he took his net bag, giving him his in return, exchanged head-dresses and armlets, and then took him by the hand, saying, 'This is Semese, he is I, and lives.' After this, Semese took the man home to Motumotu, and the following week landed him on the beach near Kivori, telling him to make known to the Kivori his great wish for peace, and that he and his son would be found in Maiva with the teachers. Soon a messenger came in begging Semese and his son Rahe to go out, which they did, and made friends and peace.

At sunset Veata returned. Looking very serious, and sitting down near to me, he said,—

'Oh, Tamate, are you sure it will be right for you to look on these things? what if you die? where shall I go? Every tribe in New Guinea would seek my destruction.'

'Nonsense, Veata; I am very anxious to see your kohu, and you will find that I shall continue to live.'

He left me in great doubt, but I was determined not to be balked. I have had a good deal to do with these gentlemen, the most troublesome men in New Guinea, and have managed them pretty well in the past, and I thought I would yet see Veata's articles of power, especially 'the burning jewel of death.'

The sun had long set, and a very dark night had come, when I sent for Miria, and asked him why Veata did not return.

'Oh, Tamate, we are all afraid; were there only two Tamates, one to die and one to live, it would be right; but to lose you now, and through my friend!'

'Miria, do not be afraid, die I shall not; but, should

I, there are others to take my place. Come, and we will go to Veata.'

He consented, and we started, and walked for nearly a mile, when we came to Veata's village. At this season, the Maivans turn night into day because of the mosquitoes. They walk, sit about, and smoke all night, and sleep during the day. In walking through the village during the day, groups on mats, fast asleep, may be seen everywhere. Except Rakaanga, of the Humphrey Group, I know no place to equal Maiva for these pests. One of my boat's crew said, 'Their song in the night is loud as Rouna [a large waterfall], and their bite so terrible as to be beyond description.' A teacher, walking through the village one evening, saw a man killing and eating these enemies, and said,—

'What, are they nice, that you eat them?'

'No, but they take my blood, and I kill and eat them in revenge.'

Veata, with his wife, was sitting on his platform in the dark, afraid to have a light near that would attract the mosquitoes.

'Friend,' I said, 'I have come to see your kohu, and especially the burning one.'

Having strongly impressed on Miria the necessity of his assisting me, I found now I was about to obtain my object.

'Tamate, you shall see it; they are all with my sister. Whilst with me I lost father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, and children, and being frightened I gave them to my one sister to keep, and she hides them in the earth.'

After chewing the betelnut, we started for his sister's, where he begged us to remain awhile, promising to follow us in a short time. On arriving at the mission-

house, Miria told the natives about to keep away, as Veata was coming with his kohu. The teacher's wife had to leave the house, and the teacher and others waited long. The wife, tiring of the long delay, returned and informed us it would be long ere Veata came, as he was 'going through his prayers;' and there, sure enough, he was on a platform near our house busily engaged with his bags in front of him. After a long, long stay, Miria entered and saw the house cleared; then Veata came, put down a curtain that made my end of the house private, and asked me to take the light inside. He pointed to where I was to sit, and warned me on no account to lean over his things. Again he began muttering, and when finished said,—

'Tamate, I think it is good, and no harm will come to you, but no Maivan or Motuan must see them.'

'Yes, it is good, and no harm will come to me.'

Muttering hurriedly to himself, he pulled carefully each finger, cracking all till he came to the ninth, when there was no crack; then came more earnest muttering, and an appealing look to me.

'Tamate, is it good?'

'Yes, Veata, good, very good.'

A long hard pull and a crack followed, and then the tenth; so all was right. In some places pulling the fingers signifies friendship, and everywhere it is done by friends to any one taken suddenly ill. When all the fingers crack it means life, when only a few the omen is doubtful. I remember once at Aroma a chief not much accustomed to smoking had two or three long pulls from a bamboo-pipe. He was sitting close by me, and thrust his hands towards me. I did not know what he wanted. He turned to the other side, and a

friend caught his hands and pulled his fingers, evidently not at all happy when one failed to crack. The man, I found, was smoke-sick, and this was the cure.

I was going to ask Veata what it all meant, but he insisted on my not speaking. The first thing produced was a small net-bag containing two large seeds. Attached to one was a very good, clear, and well-shaped crystal, and underneath small shells to represent noes and ayes; that was the male, and the other unadorned was the female. They were never appealed to except for death, and were the cause of death to many. He now asked me if I felt fear. 'Oh, dear, no,' I replied; 'go on.' He next produced a piece of bamboo ten inches long, in which there was a black stone of basalt, and another very small one. The one was father and the other child: these were for the seasons, and gave plenty or scarcity. In taking the large stone out it fell, which much disconcerted him, and he had again to go over his incantations. Next came a cup-like *spongiole*, obtained from the end of an aerial root of the pandanus. He took the lid off; and, wrapped in various kinds of weeds, was another stone, which he handled very carefully. This was a partner with the last one, and together they produced sickness and death. The latter was the female. He then laid down a small parcel done up in native cloth very carefully, and whilst undoing it maintained a very solemn demeanour, muttering all the time. From this another stone was produced, wrapped in weeds with two small stones, enclosed in a small net-bag, besides some other substance wrapped up in leaves. These had power to bring children, and were appealed to by the barren, only they were never to be seen by women. He then said that was all. I said,—

'No, Veata; I want to see the bright burning stone, but never mind just now; will you sell these?'

'No.'

'Then put them up and go and get the other.'

After a little deliberation and a good deal of muttering, he asked what I would give him if he would sell, and on my mentioning a tomahawk, native beads, arm-shell, and tobacco, he was satisfied; and I packed my purchases away, lest repentance on his part should deprive me of them. Miria, being consulted outside, was quite favourable to the sale. We went out to Miria, and I told him what I wanted.

Veata left, and in about an hour returned with a small parcel of crystals. We again retired, and the small crystals were produced. I bought them, and then in great secrecy he brought out a large piece of clear quartz in a small net bag, and said that was what I had heard about, and no one must look on it but myself. It was the 'death stone,' of which all the Maivans were afraid. Night was now advancing into the small hours of morning, and I wished my friend would go, but he lingered long, instructing me as to the uses of the various stones, and begging me not to exhibit them.

The next morning there was trouble. It was noised all over Maiva that I had obtained possession of these things, and my inland friends begged me to have nothing more to do with them, or our boat would sink, or we should all die, or I might live, but Motu would suffer. I packed them carefully away in a small trade-box, and got them on board.

No one on board knew where I had them until after leaving Yule, when my stroke asked me, and I told him they were in a box under his seat. He resigned

his oar, and on no account during the voyage would he return to it. In crossing Redscar Bay we had dirty weather, and it was a very dark night. All this arose from Veata's things, so there was but one wish among the crew, that I would throw all overboard. They were terribly frightened; they begged for a reef to be taken in, but, anxious to get to Redscar Head by daylight, I would not consent. I heard them saying amongst themselves, 'What folly to keep these things on board! He is not afraid; they will not affect him, but what of us?' We got home all right.

A few weeks after I had a very bad attack of fever, and all the natives said that Veata's crystals were to blame. No one would look at them, and they wondered why I kept them in my study.

II. *Famine Time and a Feast.*

Many think of New Guinea as a land flowing with gold, milk, and honey, where the inhabitant never hungers, never knows what want is, and where daily the three meals are spread. How different is the reality to all this—how often is hunger known, and for many days little is found between the teeth! There are often seasons when there is the greatest difficulty to keep death by starvation from the home. It may have been in such a season that smallpox, sixteen or seventeen years ago, swept along the coast, and cut down the people in hundreds, wiping out whole families, dead bodies lying about to be devoured by pigs, no one being strong enough to bury them; others were put into canoes and sent off to sea. In some homes both parents were dead, and only little children were left to care for one another. In other

homes infants were left all alone, father, mother, brothers, and sisters all dead. God only knows how any survived.

In a season when food was scarce, the severity of the epidemic would be all the greater. Although more frequent in the Port Moresby district, yet these famine seasons are not confined to it, but extend all along the peninsula to East Cape, and I have met with famine inland also. In 1880 I left Kerepunu in our small dingy, accompanied by Anederea, Taria, and a Kerepunu native, and pulled up through the Hood Lagoon into a large salt-water creek, marked on the chart as the Dundee River. Pulling up this creek for some miles, we left our boat and tramped away through swamps to the hills, the eastern part of the Macgillivray Range. We ascended over a thousand feet, when we came to villages scattered over the top. We had a splendid view from our position, stretching far east and west. At first we saw but few natives, and these in a poor condition. When we came to the second, third, and fourth villages, the miserable condition of the people was more evident. The pictures of famines in Persia and India would well suit what I saw in Animarupu. Little children scarcely able to crawl, and with little or no flesh on their bones; men and women like skeletons lying about, unable to work; a few stronger women in the gulleys close by, digging for any kind of roots they might be fortunate enough to find; many in the houses ill and unable to come out. Ah! how I did pity them, and wished much I could help them; but they were a long way from the coast, and I was a long, long way from home, where I could have got them rice and arrowroot.

They had a long dry season; month after month passed and not a drop of rain fell, their taro all died, and the sugar-cane refused to stretch; the banana plants died from the top downwards, as the multitudinous cells dried up, and long ago most of their wild yams had been dug and consumed, and the few that might still be found required stronger women than those we saw to find them. To add to the distress of a dry season, they were at enmity with Aroma, and dare not go down to the valleys. The week before we arrived, some, seeking food on the low ground, were attacked by Maopa natives and all killed. Nor were the Aroma natives the only ones they had to fear; the strong, light-coloured, muscular natives of Quaipo, on the hills to the west, caused them much trouble, and occasionally killed a few of them. A more harassed tribe, and one more afflicted, I have not seen.

Soon after our visit rain fell in abundance, their sugar-cane soon shot up, and they were saved. I sent word to Quaipo to be friendly with them, and I afterwards heard peace had been made. When I became well known in Aroma and very friendly with Koapena, I begged of them to leave my Animarupu friends alone; and since then they have visited the coast, and Koapena and others have been into their villages.

Sometimes the natives at Port Moresby are very badly off, and men, women, and children may be seen sitting about looking very haggard, and with their skin hanging loosely. Then, services and schools are ill attended, and when anything is said the reply is, Who can go to school or church when so hungry? During these seasons they made excursions along

FRUIT SELLERS COMING OFF TO A VESSEL.

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the coast in quest of food. In former days, before the mission was started, it was on such occasions that raids were made on the villages along the coast; men took what they could, and if opposed, murdered those attempting to resist. When it was known that the Hanuabada natives were out foraging, or about to go out, the people of the villages to be passed used to pack up and fly, living in the bush until it was known that the marauders had returned.

They live much on the fruit of the mangrove, which is prepared by first cooking, then peeling and cutting up fine, putting in a net-bag, and hanging on a pole in the sea for some days and nights; it is again cooked, and when ready looks like a pudding, and is eaten with coconut sauce. The breadfruit is also much used, and prepared in the same way.

When in Thursday Island, I got half-a-ton of rice, and on my return, finding the people very badly off, I made work in order to give them food. One week it was blowing hard for some time, and they were not able to go west to Lealea or Manumanu for the mangrove fruit. On the Sunday I walked through the village, and found children lying down in the sun, and many crying. The noise and laugh were gone; childhood's jollity disappeared before the qualms of hunger. I returned to the house and asked my good friends Ruatoka and his wife to assist. They entered heartily into my proposition, and so did all the girls and old women. It was a sight not quite Sunday-looking, perhaps—wood-breaking, roaring fires, rice-washing, pots with rice placed on fires, and soon boiling.

'Now, my lad,' to our bell-boy, 'go and ring your bell through the village, and bring up every girl and

boy, that they may have a good feed of rice.' They came in swarms, and sat down looking happier certainly. They soon cleared off all we had cooked. Begin again, cook as much more, and again it is finished. On pots again, and now the children sing, and are more noisy: soon the large tin dishes are again before them, but this time they cannot eat all, so I tell them I am glad, and they must take the remainder to their homes. That Sunday afternoon was a rather noisy one, but I do not know that I could have felt happier than when I saw those dear bairns quite satisfied and heard their loud, hearty laughing. Since then many a hungry stomach has been satisfied at the mission premises. Lest it should be thought we give it only to our adherents, I beg to state we give it to all, and make no stipulations about attending services or school.

From Yule Island in the west to East Cape in the east, with a few exceptions, there are many seasons when there is not much more food to be had than suffices to keep soul and body together. The exceptions are Naara, Kabadi, Hulā peninsula, including Kalo and part of Aroma; and even in these in an over-dry season, when the drought has been long, there has not been too much food. The introduction of pumpkins, melons, and papao apples has been a great blessing. Once when at Yule, the natives had no other food but pumpkin, and every morning and evening large pots of that vegetable might be seen boiling inside their houses; they told me that it saved them, as they knew not what they should have done without it.

We are introducing various kinds of peas, and hope soon to have the guava flourishing, so that in future

hunger will not be so often felt. Another great help to Port Moresby, Boera, Porobada, Tatana, Pari, and Vapukori is Hulā. When the teacher Taria first landed, the Hulāns had no plantations, and lived entirely on food brought from Kalo, Papaka, and Kamali, with the fish they caught. Fishing was their only source of supply. Taria secured a piece of land, and planted it with sweet potatoes, yams, and sugar-cane. The soil being good, he soon had returns. The Hulāns perceived it would be a good thing to do as Taria had done, and planted small plantations; then, finding they could sell their food, they planted larger ones, until now they all have splendid plantations, and in the season large quantities of food, which they sell along the coast, and when out of season they trade largely in coconuts.

As the people receive Christianity and foreign products are introduced, famines will disappear and plenty abound.

III. *Kerepunu Feasts and Burials.*

May in all the Christianised islands of the Pacific is the one month of the year for great feasting; then the tribes assemble with great rejoicing, eat and are merry, and give of their substance to help on the great work of Christian missions. In heathen lands also, the same month is a great time for feastings and rejoicing. On Rarotonga, where I spent ten years, it was the custom of the natives in heathen times to hold their greatest feasts in that month, when their best food was cooked and their finest pigs killed.

On coming to New Guinea, I found in Hood Bay the same custom in the same month, and twice have I been present at the May feast of Kerepunu. Inland

and coast tribes assemble; for days they are coming, and it often happens on the last day fighting takes place, and many are killed. Sometimes a weak tribe is attacked, to pay off an old score that they were led to believe they had made peace for by the gift of tocas (armlets), tomahawks, spears, and pigs. A few years ago at Kalo two men of an inland tribe came to a feast. On the afternoon of the last day, when returning home, they were attacked. One was killed, a poor old man not able to run; the other, a younger man, got into the bush and away.

But, of all the feasts I have attended in New Guinea, none was so interesting as this at Kerepunu. The great work begins by getting trees from fifty feet to seventy feet high; small superfluous branches are cut off, the larger ones are left. These trees are brought into the principal village and planted upright on both sides of the street; they are then hung with bananas and coconuts from top to bottom, so thickly that no wood is seen. As they are set deep in the ground, there is no fear of their falling. Some days before the grand day, the dancing begins, and is carried on from sunset to sunrise without intermission, and during the day at various times. During that time, friends arriving are entertained by their own special friends. All are elegantly dressed. For head-dresses the white feather predominates, and at Kerepunu, so that they may always have a good supply of white feathers, cockatoos are kept, and may be seen in front of nearly every house. Before the feast-time these poor cockatoos are plucked, and made to look very wretched indeed. The feathers are fastened on to the end of long combs, and when stuck in their hair the white bouquets look well.

At last the morning comes—the morning of the greatest day of the year to them. Long before daybreak the loud screaming of pigs is heard from all quarters, and some of the very fine pigs, weighing three and four hundredweight, that were running about yesterday, are already fast and on the poles. After sunrise, all the pigs appointed for this day's feast are ready to be carried into the sacred place, where they will be speared by the two men who alone in all Kerepunu may do that work, and whose ancestors have done it from of old. The sacred place is at the back of the village, and consists only of two platforms on a swamp, with a long pole in front. Formerly there was a house, in which a priest lived, to whom all pigs were brought to be killed, but of late the house has fallen into disuse. A story is told of one of these priests feeding tabooed pigs. He wore his white bouquet of feathers; one of the pigs, mistaking it for coconut, tried to get it, and bit his nose off! Since then the white feathers have not been worn on the sacred place.

Food is now being collected on the platform, and betelnuts in abundance. Youths, whose years range from twelve to twenty-six, handsomely dressed and feeling important, wend their way inland with the crowd. The pigs are carried one after another, and placed in rows in front, just under the long pole on which bananas are hung. The crowd increases, but keeps at a distance. On my first visit I was not allowed nearer than fifty yards; on my second I had a good position about twenty yards off. The youths, to the number of twenty-two, sat on the lower platform; eleven women, sisters of chiefs, ranged themselves in front, holding drums; and all the chiefs with drums

stood near. On no head was there a white feather, but those on the platform wore a profusion of many-coloured feathers. The women strike up, beating their drums and chanting in a very low, pleasant key; all the time their heads are bent, never once looking up. When this is finished the youths leave the platform, split open a few old coconuts, take out the meat, and each one strings a piece and proceeds to tie it on the heads of the women, the piece of coconut looking like a frontlet. When finished, the women again beat their drums and chant in the same manner, all the chiefs and those on the platform standing. When this is over, the same youths leave the platform and take eleven bunches of bananas from the long pole in front and hang one on each woman's shoulder, when they return, and all join in singing.

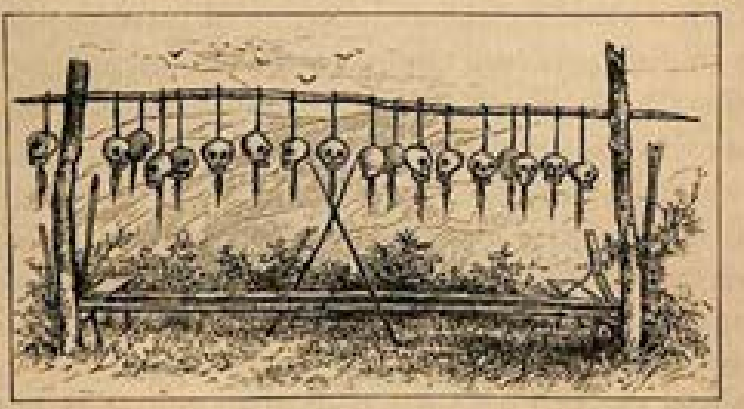
The women then have finished their part, and now the chiefs slowly march round the platforms and pigs, beating their drums and reciting. The two men who have to kill the pigs advance close to them, and with blunted spears begin sticking. The pigs are hanging feet up, and the spear enters just inside the left fore leg. The work of sticking takes some time, being very slowly done, the chiefs surrounding the place until it is finished. Two pigs are reserved. Two young men descend from the platform and sit on improvised chairs made over the two pigs; a number of men take hold of the poles attached to these chairs and lift pig and youth at once. The chiefs and their sisters beat their drums; all on the platform stand up, and all turn to the east, chanting in a more lively manner; they then turn to the west, beating drums and chanting as before, and the same is done to the north and south. The two youths are now initiated, and have taken the place

of their fathers, who died during the year, and will now be permitted to give food and pigs on such an occasion as this. They ascend the platform, and the pigs are placed in front again; the chiefs walk round as before, and both the pigs are stuck. During this last performance the food on the platform beside the youths is divided, half remaining and half being placed on the higher platform. Next, eleven men ascend the higher platform, eleven remaining on the lower; the chiefs and women in front beat the drums and chant a lively strain, those on the platforms holding in each hand a yam and bunches of betelnuts. All turn to the east. The chanting is much more lively, and all appear more joyful. Then they turn to the west, and in the same manner to the north and south.

The crowd now becomes excited, and those who have brought the little hand-nets try to get in front. From both platforms the food is scattered to the crowd, and the desire to possess some of it must indeed be great if the noise and excitement are any evidence. The pigs are now removed, each young man taking his own, to the villages, when they are divided amongst the families and friends, and the bananas and cocónuts are taken down from the high scaffolding and distributed to the visitors. I may mention that here, and nowhere else, can pigs be killed in Kerepunu, and by none but Kerepunuans.

The skulls hanging on the long pole in front of the platforms are heads of murdered natives. One was lately brought by the natives of Hulā. Formerly there was no village at Hood Point, all the Hulā natives lived at Kerepunu in the fishing village, and were the fishers. The Kerepunuans interfered with their women, and quarrelling, they had to leave. Having

no sacred place at New Hulā, they bring in the heads of those murdered by them to Kerepunu. When recently fighting with Papaka, from the many they killed they brought one head to the opposite side of the mouth of the Hood Lagoon, and called on the Kerepunuans. It seems that only one man can cross and receive the head. He crossed, got the head, and returned to the village, the Hulā natives returning home. He fastens a string to the hair, and, when near to the beach, throws the head ashore. The string is seized, and the head is dragged through the various



SKULLS ON A NEW GUINEA DUBU.

streets of the different villages. Every indignity possible is heaped on that head. It is kicked, spat upon, and the mouth is filled with filth. When finished, friends or relatives of the murdered man, some of whom are certain to be living at Kerepunu, come and pick up the head, place it on their platform, and mourn over it with loud lamentations. In about an hour it is again given to the populace, who treat it as before for some time, when the man who received it from the Hulāns takes it up and home, where he boils it, to remove all the flesh. When clean, he places it on the sacred place.

The day is spent in cooking and feasting, and soon after sunset the last great dance comes off. Men and women, young and old, chiefs and commoners, in two long rows, drums beating, advance slowly along the main street, return, advance several times, then up at right angles another street to the finest-built house in Kerepunu, at the side of which is the famous upright log named 'Alamakea.' Of this log it is said several tribes tried to lift it and remove it, but all failed except the Lovalupuans. This was in a far misty past, and the log is where it was planted by their forefathers, near the house of the custodian of their ancient sayings and mythology, and the priest who presents their offerings to the spirit or spirits. In front of this house the dancing is indeed slow, and the beating of drums and chanting low and monotonous. Then it becomes a little more lively, and I, who have watched them for three hours, wonder when they are going to stop. Then my old friend Koapena speaks, quicker dancing follows, backwards, forwards, backwards, back, back, right into the lagoon, when a loud shout arises and the drums are all bathed and made useless, to be put aside for another season. So ended the Kerepuna feast.

Connected with offerings, the following may be interesting. Natives never believe in being sick from anything but spiritual causes, and that death, unless by murder, can take place from nothing but the wrath of the spirits. When there is sickness in a family, all the relatives begin to wonder what it means. The sick person getting no better, they conclude something must be done. A present is given, perhaps food is taken and placed on the sacred place, then removed and divided amongst friends. The invalid still being no better, a pig is taken on to the sacred place and

there speared and presented to the spirits. It is then returned and divided to be eaten. When death comes, great is the mourning, and the cause, if not already known, is still inquired into. It may have been breaking some taboo, or doing something the spirits did not like. Soon the body must be buried, and generally a grave is dug under the house. The older women of the family stand in the grave and receive the body, holding it in their hands if a child, laying it on one side if heavy, saying, 'O great Spirit, you have been angry with us. We presented you with food, and that did not satisfy. We gave a pig, and still that did not satisfy. You have in your wrath taken this. Let that suffice thy wrath, and take no more.' The body is thus placed in the grave and buried.

At every feast, large or small, and often with ordinary food, a small portion is placed beside the principal post in the house, as the spirits' portion.

Hamea is the name of the sacred man, priest, or holder of all ancient mythology. He is the sorcerer of the place, foretelling events, and through him the spirit speaks. When anxious to go to war, they first consult him, and if the spirit appears to him with coconuts in hand they may go out and fight, for they will be prosperous. Should the spirit appear with a wooden rareva (sword) in hand, there is no use going out; any attempt would be futile; many would be killed, and they would return to mourn, not to rejoice.

IV. *New Guinea Life in its Native Happiness.*

It is often said, Why not leave the savages alone in in their virgin glory? only then are they truly happy. How little those who so speak and write know what

savage life is! A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He fears ghosts and hobgoblins; these midnight wanderers cause him much alarm, as they are heard in falling leaves, chirping lizards, or disturbed birds singing; but, besides these, there are embodied spirits that he has good cause to fear, and especially at that uncanny hour between the morning star and glimmering light of the approaching lord of day, the hour of yawning and arm-stretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted and the first smoke of the day is enjoyed. The following narrative explains what I mean.

Paitana is a village up one of the creeks from Hall Sound, near Yule Island, surrounded by mangrove swamps; but in the village, coconut, betelnut, and bread-fruit grow luxuriantly. The natives have always been looked upon as treacherous, but having visited them some time ago it was hoped they would become more friendly. On my return to Yule, I found that on my previous visit some had arranged to have my head, and I can remember many things that looked very suspicious. Some years ago two foreigners were killed in Hall Sound by the Paitana natives. They have also killed people from Delena, Maiva, and other villages, but the climax was reached when they killed a man from Lese who was visiting them as a friend. When the news of the murder reached Lese, they determined to have revenge, but resolved to wait until the planting season was over.

For long the Paitana natives lived away in towards the hills, but thinking Lese had in the meantime given up all idea of 'payment,' they returned to the village. During all that time the Lese natives were preparing revarevas (war canoes), and keeping very quiet as to the time of their attack; but it came at last, and a

terrible payment it was. Paitana, in her fancied security so far up a creek, in through very long grass, and surrounded by thick mangrove bush, little dreamt of what the morning would yield. All the revarevas were got ready, and men and women shipped.

When visiting Motumotu some time ago, we slept in our boat one night between Lese and the former. I was very tired, and had been over a week in the boats. About two a.m. I was awakened by shouting, and on looking over the gunwale saw to my astonishment a fully equipped revareva. Forty men are carried in each canoe, with paddles, and a number of men stand on the centre platform with bows and arrows. After hearing who we were, we soon became friends and exchanged presents. The revareva is composed of two very long canoes lashed together by long poles, with a platform between.

Twenty-four of these were got ready by Lese and started. Pulling all night, they arrived on the south-west side of Yule before daybreak, and there they remained until the following night. After sunset, and when quite dark, they pulled for the creek, where they met a canoe with a man and two women belonging to Lolo in it. They made the man prisoner, saying they did not mean to kill him, but that to save his own life and that of the women he must become their guide to Paitana. To that he consented, and they allowed the women to depart. He led them up the creek, through the swamps, long grass, bush, &c., close to the village, when they allowed him to return.

They then surrounded the village, sending a strong party into the main street. All sat down quietly and waited for a little more light. The morning star was up, and soon there would be light for their dreadful

work. A native awakes, lights his baubau (pipe), has a smoke, a yawn, and a stretch, looks out and sees people in the village. He calls out,—

'Who are you?'

'We are Leseans come to pay for our friend you murdered. Long have we waited to see you paid for your murdering propensities, but all seem afraid. You have tried on us, and now we shall see.'

In other houses the aroused natives are in a state of confusion, the arrows begin to fly in showers, and men, women, and children are wounded in their houses. Many fleeing are caught and clubbed, or their brains are beaten out with clubs. Many remain in their houses, hoping that they may be omitted from the general carnage. The houses are entered and everything valuable is carried away, and then the whole is set in a blaze, when the dead, those dying from wounds, and the living are all burnt in the one great fire. Men, women, and children all suffered; mercy was shown to none. I asked a native who got through the environment how many were killed. He said it was impossible to tell the number of the dead, but only ten who slept in the village that night escaped.

Flushed with victory and weighted with loot, the Leseans returned to their revarevas, pulled down the creek and along the coast, with horns blowing and men and women dancing and singing on the platforms of the revarevas.

Mercy the savage does not know, but still he can appreciate it when extended to himself.

While staying at Maiva, where those who escaped are living, a child six years old was brought to me as a Paitana child. In the first scrimmage he got

through the surrounding army unnoticed, and ran away into the bush, where he remained until he heard the Leseans departing. Then he returned to the village to look for his mother, brothers, and sisters. He found the dead charred bodies of them all. A man told me that little children were caught by the feet and dashed against the coconut-trees.

On their return home the Leseans had feasting and dancing; and ever since they have gloried much in their great bravery, and they recount again and again the scenes of murder, of rapine and robbery. Lese wishes to have a teacher, and will treat him well: they are now very good friends of mine, and promise to remain quiet.

Savage life is not the joyous hilarity that many writers would lead us to understand. It is not all the happy laugh, the feast and the dance. There are often seasons when communities are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, under rocks, in other villages, and far away from their own. Not long ago, inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting-party camping in a cave were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. When travelling inland, we found the Makapili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, and in hollow trees.

At Port Moresby they say that now for the first time they can sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's Word they mean to keep to it. Being themselves pirates, robbers, and murderers, they might well fear others.

Some time ago the large tribe of Saroa came over the hills in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the

villages, killed men, women, and children, old and young, from the poor old grey-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty got away to Kaile, but soon had to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn Kaile if they continued to harbour the fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but in vain; Saroa said all must die. The quarrel began about a pig.

And so it has been all along the coast of New Guinea for ages past. But a better day is dawning. We are doing better than leave the fine, active, intelligent New Guinea natives to their 'happy' state of savage life. The Gospel is pre-eminently to them a Gospel of peace, and it is only during the last ten years that the inhabitants of New Guinea have begun to know what real happiness is.

V. *A few New Guinea Stories.*

When sitting about in the various dubus, amongst the various tribes, we often hear peculiar stories, many of them ridiculous in the extreme, some affiliated to ancient Greek and Roman myths.

We have at Port Moresby a comical man who can tell a good story, and tell it well. Hearing I was going west to visit the country inland from Redscar Bay, he asked to be allowed to accompany me, but fancying him too old I declined his company, when he volunteered the following:—

'Well, you are going to Kabadi, and, I hear, further inland than that. Now be sure you ask to see the tailed people who live on the mountains; they are well worth seeing.'

'Come now, friend, no lies; speak only of what you have seen, and not what you have heard.'

'What! I not see them? Do you think I would tell you a lie?'

Then throwing himself into a peculiar attitude he said: 'I once travelled inland with some Kabadians, and at a village in which we stayed we met some natives of a distant tribe. I was much interested in listening to their peculiar language, but, to my astonishment, when they turned their backs, I saw they had tails; yes, short stumpy tails. They had long sticks with them, and when they wished to sit down they stuck these sticks with force into the ground and made a hole large enough to admit the tail. Taking the stick out they sat down, placing the tail in the hole. After talking for some time, and night coming on, we retired to the houses close by. Some of the tailed people went to the house I was in. I noticed that before sitting down they looked for holes in the floor, and near to these they squatted. When they lie down they never lie on their backs as we do, but always on their sides.'

'Now, have you seen all that, and is it all true, quite true?'

'Yes, I have seen it all, and it is perfectly true.'

'I believe none of it, and question if you have ever been inland of Kabadi.'

In apparent wrath he again asserted the truth of his statements, adding: 'When you go where I have been, you will then see for yourself that it is no lie, but the truth, which I have been telling you.'

When I visited Kabadi, and far inland, I told them my lying friend's story, and all exclaimed, 'What a lie!' They said they had often heard stories of tailed people, but never saw them, and 'no one else ever did.'

Wherever one goes inland or on the coast the same story is told, but no one has ever seen these people with tails. On my return I met my friend, and told him of his falsehood; but he only laughed, and asked for a smoke.

Another story told by all the tribes is of a Cyclops, or tribe of them, living on the mountains. They are of fearful size, with one great eye in the centre of their foreheads. They are fierce and savage in the extreme, and allow no other tribes to approach their district. They need never fight, for the sight of them is enough to drive all enemies away.

A very favourite story is of the long-eared tribe. They also live very far away on the mountain tops, in the midst of perpetual cold; but Nature, ever kind, has cared for them in supplying them with a covering. They have long ears—so long and broad as to serve the purpose of a pair of blankets. When retiring for the night, they spread one ear under them, and use the other as a covering, thus making themselves very comfortable.

VI. *Words expressing Relationships.*

Tuputama	Ancestor.
Tupuna	Grandfather; nothing distinct beyond this.
Tamana	Father.
Sinana	Mother.
Natuna-mero	Son.
Natuna-kekeni	Daughter.
Kakana	Elder brother or sister.
Tadina	Younger brother or sister.
Taihuna	Brother or sister, when used by brother or sister, and *vice versa*.
Tadikaka	Brethren of same family, or cousins by brothers.
A brother's children . . .	Natuna, nephews and nieces, and down.
A sister's children	Vava, nephews and nieces, and down.

(Just as in grandfather, father and son, and after vava.)

Brother-in-law . . . . . Ihana.
Sister-in-law . . . . . Ihana.
Uncle by marriage . . . . . Lalana.
Aunt by marriage . . . . . Lalana.
Nephew by marriage . . . . . Lalana.
Niece by marriage . . . . . Lalana.
(An uncle would be Tamana, his wife Lalana, and to her brother-in-law's or sister-in-law's children would speak of him or her as the same.)
Cousins by uncle or aunt . . . . . Mauribamo.
Fathers and mothers-in-law . . . . . Kavana.
Sons-in-law and daughters-in-law . . . Kavana.

Relatives do not marry. They prefer sons to daughters, because their daughters leave them, but the sons bring wives home to their parents and friends.

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